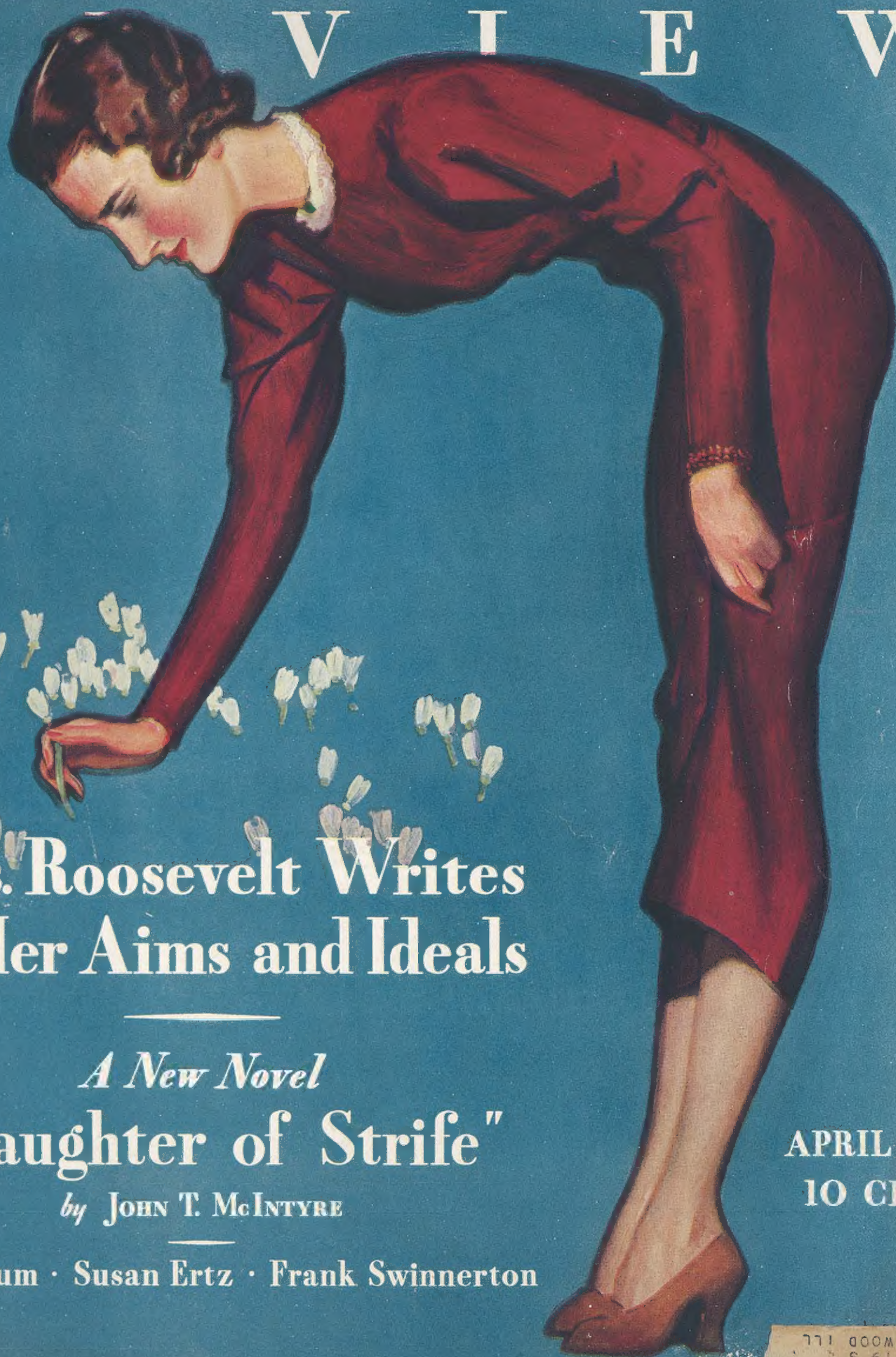


PICTORIAL REVIEW

SUBS.



Mrs. Roosevelt Writes of Her Aims and Ideals

A New Novel

"Daughter of Strife"

by JOHN T. McINTYRE

Vicki Baum · Susan Ertz · Frank Swinnerton

APRIL 1933
10 CENTS

MAYWOOD ILL
1933

VITAMINS MEAN SO MUCH TO HEALTH —make doubly sure you get them!



Even American diets found often lacking in at least 3 important vitamins. Everyday foods may vary widely in vitamin values.

Why miss the safeguard DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" offers—on so many of the foods your diet needs?

Studies of actual American diets, made in just the past few years, tell a startling story.

They show a distinct tendency for the foods we eat today to be deficient in vital health-essentials. They indicate real dangers to health and well-being, where this fault is not corrected!

Take a moment to read the facts—as recognized authorities on nutrition and public health now give them to us:

- 1 There is a marked tendency for the average American diet today to be deficient in at least three important vitamins—A, C and D. (1) (2)
- 2 These vitamins, together with mineral salts, are more apt to be lacking than any other food essentials. (2)
- 3 Deficiencies of these health-promoting elements often lay the groundwork for future trouble, without immediate, definite symptoms. (1)

These are not theories or chance opinions, remember. They are the findings of experienced food scientists, based on careful studies of typical American diets.

They do not say *your* diet is faulty. They do not say that vitamins are the only food elements you need to think about.

But in the face of such a warning—can you afford to take the slightest chance that these health-promoting elements are lacking in *your* meals?

Remember that fruits and vegetables are among your finest sources of vitamins and mineral salts. Serve them regularly in abundance.

But don't forget that even fruits and vegetables may vary widely in vitamin content. (3)

Here is where DEL MONTE is such a practical, *dependable* help in planning healthful meals.

Because of the care with which all DEL

MONTE Foods are selected, the special care and speed with which they are canned and the way they are cooked—DEL MONTE protects the vitamins these foods naturally contain.

When you buy DEL MONTE, you *know* you are getting the finest fruits and vegetables grown—picked at the right stage of maturity for proper vitamin development—protected against vitamin loss *after* picking—guarded against vitamin loss during cooking.

"Menu-insurance"
—at no added cost

Yet DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" costs you *nothing extra*! Have you noticed today's low prices on DEL MONTE Foods? The difference in price—even between DEL MONTE and *lower* grades—is now so small, you can enjoy DEL MONTE's goodness and finer flavor more frequently and more generously than ever!

And don't overlook the tempting variety this label offers—right in line with your everyday needs! Check the partial list of DEL MONTE Foods shown at the left. Use it in your daily menu-planning.

For the health-protection your family deserves—for the quality and flavor you always want!

The vitamins most important in your diet and some of their common food sources, "vitamin-protected" under the DEL MONTE label

VITAMIN A	VITAMIN B*	VITAMIN C
Aids growth; strengthens resistance to colds and similar infections.	Promotes nerve health and aids appetite.	Prevents scurvy; most easily destroyed of all vitamins.
Apricots Prunes Asparagus Pumpkin Carrots Salmon Cherries Spinach Corn Sweet Fresh & Juice Potatoes Prunes Plums Tomatoes Grapes Prunes Tomato Grapefruit Raisins Juice	Asparagus Peaches Spinach Carrots Pears Strawberries Cherries Peas String Beans Corn Pineapple Sweet Fresh & Juice Potatoes Prunes Plums Tomatoes Grapes Prunes Tomato Grapefruit Raisins Juice	Apricots Pineapple String Blackberries & Juice Beans Carrots Raspberries Sweet Grapefruit Sauerkraut Potatoes Loganberries Spinach Tomatoes Peaches Straw- Tomato Peas berries Juice
	*Vitamin B is slightly reduced by heating, but the amount of reduction is very materially lessened by DEL MONTE methods of selection and process.	VITAMIN D Aids bone growth; prevents rickets. Especially important in child feeding. Particularly good sources: DEL MONTE Salmon, Sardines and Tuna.

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Del Monte
vitamin-protected
Foods
CANNED FRUITS
VEGETABLES AND
OTHER FOODS

He—OWNS A YACHT

Money will buy a lot of things! But it won't buy healthy gums. Because modern foods are soft and creamy, only care will prevent "pink tooth brush"!



She—PUSHES A BABY CARRIAGE

Exercise—whether you get it at sea or in the park—is splendid! But gums need exercise, too. To be firm, they need daily care with Ipana and massage.



Neither Wealth nor Health keeps "Pink Tooth Brush" away!

MILLIONAIRES have "pink tooth brush" and stevedores have it. The debutante is no more immune to its threat than the shop girl—the wealthy dowager no more than the scrubwoman. For "pink tooth brush" is a condition of the gums brought about by the soft foods of our 20th century menus.

There's no mystery about it. Like every other living tissue, your gums need exercise. The vigorous chewing of hard foods once supplied the stimulation they need so vitally. But the soft foods of our modern day—the tender cuts of meat, the entrées and fluffy

puddings, the creamy sauces and soufflés give them no stimulation—leave them dormant, soft and flabby.

Naturally, they become sensitive and tender—develop a tendency to bleed. Naturally, some morning that "tinge of pink" shows up on your tooth brush.

And make no mistake—"pink tooth brush" is serious. Ignored, neglected, it may lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, or to the much more dreaded but fortunately rarer pyorrhea. It's serious because it may even endanger sound teeth.

Do something about "pink tooth brush." Today—

get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste that really *cleans* the teeth, yet can't possibly harm the delicate enamel.)

Now—each time you clean your teeth—rub a little extra Ipana lightly into your gums.

Ipana contains an effective toning agent known as ziranol. This, with the daily massage, will bring your gums back to a healthy condition. Slack circulation is speeded up—the gum walls recover the firmness they had when you were a child—and you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

*A Good Tooth Paste, like a
Good Dentist, is never a luxury*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

OUR "FIRST LADY"

IT IS fitting that the first woman to speak to us from our Prophet's Page is the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The gracious wife of our new President, the woman from whom much is expected as the mistress of the White House, will tell you something of her aims and ideals on page 4.

A GREAT NEW NOVEL

WE WELCOME the opportunity of introducing John T. McIntyre to the pages of Pictorial Review through his highly colorful new novel, "Daughter of Strife" (page 7).

In this intensely dramatic tale the author of "Blowing Weather" and "A Young Man's Fancy" brings the story of a woman so alluring that her beauty, her appeal, are the burden of her life. These things attract men indiscriminately. Most women long for charm that will bring them masculine admirers; but Anna Maslova might have asked for less had she been allowed to choose for herself.

This girl in a little Polish village that has been overrun by soldiers at the beginning of the War, and the same girl later in sophisticated New York, is a character that women will understand.

QUEEN CELLULOID

ANOTHER first lady is Helen Hayes, who won the trophy from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best acting in 1932. Though Miss Hayes is the new Mary Pickford of the movies, her vogue supplanting that of Garbo, she places her married life far above her career in importance, as she explains in her interview on page 14.

Her husband is the charming Charles MacArthur, famous wit and playright, who wrote "Lulubelle," and then, in collaboration with Ben Hecht, the two great Broadway successes "Front Page" and "The Twentieth Century." He is the leading author of the cinema, having written the scenario of "Rasputin and the Empress" (in which all the Barrymores are starred) as well as "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which placed his wife as the foremost actress of the screen to-day.

AND NOW—VICKI BAUM!

HOLLYWOOD is always seeking for something; so is Broadway; so is Publishers' Row. And along came Vicki Baum! Her "Grand Hotel" brought fortune and fame to the show business, the movie magnates, and the book publisher. Vicki Baum had been seeking for something, too—for recognition as a musician. It was when writing for her own amusement, while convalescing from an illness, that her friends discovered her talent for words and plots. And now the people of two continents wait eagerly for the newest stories from her pen. Pictorial Review readers will be glad to know that the "The Silver Fox," on page 12, is only the first of several stories that Miss Baum will contribute to this magazine.

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MARITAL ADVENTURE

MARY BORDEN has been speaking very frankly to us each month, and in "The Honeymoon," on page 20, she is more outspoken than before. She is so earnest and so sincere in her plea against the "emotional extravagance" of the honeymoon that, whatever your viewpoint, you must appreciate her motive, which is to advise young people how to act in order to get the most happiness out of married life.

Next month she will write about the family budget and the rights of wives. Perhaps she has the men in mind more than the women when she deals with this subject, because it is the men who must learn common sense about the wife's contribution to the family income. We women think we have it.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

WE WAGER that if a vote were taken in all the major colleges in the United States, offering each girl the proverbial three choices, each one would vote for popularity all three times. A girl can live down a snub nose, tortoise-shell glasses, or a Phi Beta Kappa key if she possesses that elusive something that makes for popularity.

There is no recompense for the girl who dances past the stag-line time and time again with the same partner. Seba Hecksher was not a girl to pass the stag-line unnoticed. With care and thought she had built up her popularity. Her thoroughness was worthy of a business man amassing a fortune.

Barbara Rex has written Seba's story in "Popular Girl," which will appear next month. We hope you are watching Miss Rex's development as an author with as much interest as we are, since she is one of our "discoveries." You will remember her recent stories, "Born Invited" and "Waltz Time." This brilliant young society girl from Philadelphia is recognized for her crisp, scintillating style and as the embodiment of the spirit of the younger generation.

A GYPSY ROMANCE

WHEN a sculptor turns author the "chemical reaction" is bound to be unusual. Alexandre Finta is one of six brothers, four of whom are sculptors. They are Hungarian descendants of a noble family that is over a thousand years old. Mr. Finta was a pupil of Rodin. In the last three years he has been busy making a name for himself in New York.

"Trial by Steel," the story he and Jeanette Eaton have written for our next issue, is an exotic and startling tale, with his own Hungarian plains as a setting. Perhaps you have read "Herdboy of Hungary," his first book, published last fall, which is to some extent an autobiography of his stormy career and, incidentally, it is a horse story worthy of Will James.

"Until a Girl Marries," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, and "Pearsoll's Plan," by Will Payne, are other stories to look forward to in May. And there is a surprise in store for the "very younger generation."

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



*If it's bad, you won't
be welcome... Play
safe... use Listerine*

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things... it may mar friendship... kill off a romance... or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe... use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Everybody Has It

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

Only Listerine Succeeds

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS... (BAD BREATH)



What I Hope to Leave Behind

by MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I PERSONALLY have never formulated exactly what I would like to leave behind me. I am afraid I have been too busy living, accepting such opportunities as come my way and using them to the best of my ability, and the thought of what would come after has lain rather lightly in the back of my mind.

However, I suppose we all would like to feel that when we leave we have left the world a little better and brighter as a place to live in.

A man said to me recently, "I would like before I die to live in a community where no individual has an income that could not provide his family with the ordinary comforts and pleasures of life, and where no individual has an income so large that he did not have to think about his expenditures, and where the spread between is not so great but that the essentials of life may lie within the possession of all concerned. There could be no give and take in many ways for pleasure, but there need be no acceptance of charity."

Men have dreamed of Utopia since the world began, and perfect communities and even states have been founded over and over again. One could hardly call the community that this man likes to visualize Utopia, but it would have the germs of a really new deal for the race.

As I see it we can have no new deal until great groups of people, particularly the women, are willing to have a revolution in thought; are willing to look ahead, completely unconscious of losing the house on Fifth Avenue as long as somewhere they have a place to live which they themselves may gradually make into a home; are willing to give up constant competition for a little more material welfare and cooperate in everything which will make all those around them acquire a little more freedom and graciousness in life.

If a sufficient number of women can honestly say that they will willingly accept a reduction in the things which are not really essentials to happiness but which actually consume a good deal of the money spent by the rich, in order that more people may have those things which are essential to happy living, then we may look, I believe, for the dawn of a new day.

When enough women feel that way there may grow up a generation of children with entirely different ambitions, and, before we know it, a new deal and a new civilization may be upon us. Perhaps this result is that which technocracy is preaching; but though I have read a little on the subject, I am not yet quite clear just what is the ultimate result that technocrats desire; but I gather that they do expect a revolution of some kind unless we make right use of the information which they have gathered.

If these methods of theirs bring about the type of community which I have in mind, the type of education and the ability to appreciate and enjoy, then technocracy has served a good purpose. But if that result does not come to us through technocracy, I still believe it may come to us through the efforts of the men and women of this generation in using their common sense and their dreams.

If I had Aladdin's lamp and could wish for whatever



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The New Mistress of the White House

I desired, and see my desires materialize before me, I think the world would be a perfect place to live in, but I doubt if it really would be any more interesting than it is to-day, for in a way we all of us have wishing rings or something of the kind at hand all of the time. These age-old fairy tales were told simply to remind a generation of people, who happened to learn things more readily by stories, of the realities of life.

We learn things to-day just as readily by tales, only our tales are a little different. Aladdin's lamp, interpreted, means an individual's will to accomplish, and the wishes are the purposes, the dreams, if you will, the point on which we shape our lives. Of course, we may not be able to make all our dreams come true, but it is an astonishing thing how often, in the words of Peter Ibbetson, we can "dream true."

Unconsciously our characters shape themselves to meet the requirements which our dreams put upon our life. A great doctor dreamed in his youth that he would save people, that he would help a suffering humanity. He completed his long training; he steeled himself to see suffering in order that he might alleviate it. Instead of sliding out from under responsibility, he accepted it because he knew that he had to develop all those qualities of mind and heart if he were going to be a great doctor or a great surgeon.

Most women dream first of a happy family. The instinct for reproduction is inborn in most of us. If we have known happy homes, we want to reproduce the same type of thing we have had; and even though we may always be critical of some things in our past, time nearly always puts a halo around even a few of the disagreeable things, and most women dream, as they rock their babies or busy themselves in household tasks, that their daughters will do the same things some day.

In some intangible way it satisfies our hunger for eternity. We may not actually figure it out, but the long line that we see streaming down uncounted years, going back of us and going on beyond us, comes to mean for us immortality.

For a number of years it took so much vitality to keep the home going, and that home represented so many different kinds of activities, that none of us had any urge to go outside of this sphere.

Gradually in every civilization there comes a time when the work of the household is done by servants, either human or mechanical.

When the care of the children ceases to be entirely in one person's hands, then in the past, as in the present, women have turned to other things. Some have changed the map of the world, some of them have influenced literature, some have inspired music. To-day we are dreaming dreams of individual careers.

I find I have a sense of satisfaction whenever I learn that there is a new field being opened up where women may enter. A woman will rejoice in her freedom to enter on a new career. She will know that she has to make some sacrifice as far as her own life is concerned, and for that reason you will find more and more women analyzing what are the really valuable things in human life, deciding whether a job of some kind will be worth

while for them from several points of view, whether it will give them sufficient financial return to provide for the doing of certain household things better than they could do themselves, and whether the job they do will give them more satisfaction and make them better-rounded people and, therefore, more companionable and worth while in their associations with the human beings that make up their home life.

What is the real value of a home? To me the answer is that the value lies in human contacts and associations—the help which I can be to my children, which my husband and I can be to each other, and what the children can be to us. These are the real values of home life. A sense of physical comfort and security can be produced quite as well by well-trained servants.

I feel that if holding a job will make a woman more of a person, so that her charm, her intelligence, and her experience will be of greater value to the other lives around her, then holding a job is obviously the thing for her to do. Sometimes a woman works not only to make money and to develop her personality, and be more of a person in herself, but also because she is conscious that she wishes to make some kind of contribution in a larger field than that of her home surroundings.

In all the ages there have been people whose

Please turn to page 45



Three forms to suit your taste . . . a Cake, a Powder and a lovely De luxe Bathroom Package.



Your hands Your bathtub *both* show what kind of a cleanser you use

Many bathroom cleansers do two things—things that are easy for anyone to see. They gradually dull and wear away the lustrous surface of your bathtub by scratching it. And they roughen and redden your hands . . . make them feel and look dry, puffy or puckered.

But *Bon Ami* is *entirely different*. It cleans thoroughly, quickly and well but doesn't dull and mar bathtubs. Nor does it irritate and redden your hands or harm your fingernails. Instead, *Bon Ami* leaves the enamel or porcelain smooth, shining and unscratched . . . your hands, soft, nice and unroughened.

To save your bathtub—to protect your hands . . . *use only Bon Ami*. You'll discover, too, that *Bon Ami* doesn't leave gritty sediment in the bottom of tubs and basins . . . doesn't collect in and clog up drains . . . and that it is odorless.

BON AMI

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Copy. 1933, The Bon Ami Co.

☞ Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Say "Yes" to Crisco pies

for the sake of your digestion



ORANGE BLOSSOM PIE

a new kind of digestible Crisco pastry!

ORANGE PASTRY:

1 1/2 cups flour
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
grated rind (1/2 orange)
1/2 cup Crisco
5 tablespoons orange juice

FILLING:

2 cups milk
1/2 cup instant tapioca
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
grated rind 1/2 orange (medium)
2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup shredded coconut

Digestible Crisco Orange Pastry: Sift all dry ingredients. Add orange rind. Cut in coarsely Crisco (the pure, wholesome shortening). Add orange juice (5 tablespoons should bind

ingredients together). Roll out on lightly floured board. Cover inverted pie-plate very closely with pastry. Prick bottom and sides. Bake in quick oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. Then fill baked pie-shell with—

Orange Custard: Heat milk in double boiler. Mix tapioca, sugar and salt. Stir into milk. Cook until mixture begins to thicken. Add orange rind. Cook 15 minutes, and stir to prevent lumping. Add beaten egg yolks and cook one minute longer. Cool. Then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pastry shell. Sprinkle top with coconut. Brown lightly in oven or under broiler flame. Chill thoroughly.



COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

delicious in digestible Crisco pastry!

1 1/4 cups cottage cheese
2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup thick sour milk
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons melted Crisco

Press cheese through sieve. With Dover beater, beat egg yolks, sugar, cornstarch and salt. Gradually beat in sour milk until mixture is light and smooth. Blend in cheese and nutmeg with beater, too. Add Crisco (the sweet wholesome shortening!). Add lemon juice and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Line a pie-plate with Digestible Crisco Pastry (see Master Recipe for single crust). Brush pastry with melted Crisco to prevent it from getting soggy. Pour in filling. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes, then bake at slow heat (325° F.) for 50 minutes. Test filling with silver knife. When it is set knife will come out clean. Cool pie.



PEACHERINO TARTS

so digestible—thanks to Crisco!

12 halves of canned peaches
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1/4 cup finely chopped nutmeats
1 egg white

Sprinkle drained peaches with lemon juice and let stand. Make Digestible Crisco Pastry (use single pie-crust proportions in Master Recipe). Roll out pastry and cut into 12 rounds that will fit over inverted shallow muffin tins or individual tart pans. Fit closely. Prick well. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 10 minutes. When cool, brush rims of pastry shells with slightly beaten egg white—then dip into nutmeats. Then fill each tart shell with a half-peach, *cut side up*. Top with whipped cream or fill with vanilla ice cream. Garnish with maraschino cherries or fresh berries.



AFFINITY PIE

luscious in its digestible Crisco shell!

3/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, beaten
2 cups scalded milk
grated rind (1/2 lemon)
2 bananas, sliced

Mix sugar, flour, cornstarch and salt thoroughly. Add egg yolks and milk. Cook and stir over low heat (or in double boiler) until very thick and smooth. Add lemon rind. Remove from heat. Chill. Use baked shell of Digestible Crisco Pastry (see Master Recipe). Cover bottom with sliced bananas. Pour in cream filling. Cover top with—

Lemon Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add 4 tablespoons sugar and 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice. Place pie in slow oven (325° F.). Bake until meringue is golden brown.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

Pie-crust made with CRISCO digests so much quicker!

I can't begin to tell you how many times I've heard this remark, "Oh, my husband dotes on pie—but he has to be so careful of his digestion!"

I don't like to hear good American pie talked about that way. It isn't fair, because there are pies and pies. So I'd like to tell you how to be sure your pastry will digest easily.

For wholesome pastry that's crisp and flaky and *digestible*, I always use Crisco. Crisco pastry doesn't over-tax the stomach—it *digests quicker*.

Nothing pleases me more than to tell you why I know this is true:

For over a year, a famous biologist has been testing the digestibility of shortenings and cooking fats. He wouldn't make a statement until he had

made literally thousands of tests. And, when he was absolutely sure, he told me:

"It's only fair that women should know that Crisco digests quicker—more easily."

Think this unbiased statement over. Then taste one of these tempting pies—made with Crisco, the pure, sweet vegetable fat that *digests* quicker. And it's especially processed to keep that way—every spoonful in the handy 3-lb. can will stay sweet and *digestible* without ice-box help!

FREE: "Secrets of Deep-Frying." The French have made an art of deep frying (French frying). This new book puts their success secrets in your hands. For your copy write me, Dept. XR-43, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. WINIFRED S. CARTER

DIGESTIBLE CRISCO PASTRY (Master Recipe)

Which kind of Crisco pie-crust do you prefer—crumbly and tender—or crispy and flaky? Both kinds are *digestible* made with Crisco, the pure vegetable shortening.

DOUBLE CRUST: 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3/4 cup Crisco, 6 to 8 tablespoons water.

SINGLE CRUST: 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup Crisco, 4 to 6 tablespoons water.

Crumbly Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Do not chill Crisco. Cut Crisco finely into flour. Add just enough cold water to hold mixture together.

Flaky Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Chill Crisco thoroughly. Cut Crisco coarsely into flour. Add ice-cold water, just enough to hold mixture together.

From this point on, the method is the same. Here it is: Roll pastry 1/4 inch thick on lightly floured board. For *baked shell*, cover inverted pie-plate. Prick bottom and sides to prevent bubbles while shell is baking in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. For *two-crust* pie, bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.) then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Bake until filling is done.



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A BRILLIANT NEW NOVEL



"She stood quite still and gave him look for look. 'I have spoken to you,' he said"

*Anna Maslova was endowed
by nature with the splendor of
charms that men pursue*

Daughter of Strife

by

John T. McIntyre

The author of "Blowing Weather" and "A Young Man's Fancy" tells the story of voiceless womanhood caught in the terrific maelstrom of war

IT WAS still spring, and the young green of the little farms was freshening to the eye. And Anna stood at the verge of a field, watching old Mother Nushki as she toiled along on a stick. When she reached the place where Anna stood she stopped.

"God and His angels protect you, Anna," she said. And Anna bent her blond head to receive the blessing, for she had been taught to hold the aged in high respect. "How old are you?" asked Mother Nushki.

"Fifteen," said Anna Maslova.

The withered, old creature shook her head.

"It is a dangerous age," she said. "I would not care to have a daughter who was fifteen at this time. When girls are fifteen there is that about them that tempts the soldiers. And, child, soldiers are not the kind that hold back from what they desire."

"But, Mother Nushki, there are no soldiers in our village," said Anna.

There were great hollows in the old woman's face, and her dim eyes peered from out their deep emplacements.

"There have been none in your time, nor in your mother's time," she said. "It is many years since the Hungarians last came through the mountain passes into Poland, but they will come again." The old head nodded; the hollows of the face were dark with shadows.

"Yes, child, they will come again; and God be thanked there is no girl child of mine, or no girl child of any child of mine, who

is but fifteen. The soldiers covet them at that age," and a stain of red came into Anna's cheeks. "And what soldiers covet they take. I am old and have seen many things in times gone by."

Anna Maslova's hands held fast to the two heavy braids of yellow hair which hung down on her breast, and she watched with serious eyes as Mother Nushki went down the path, leaning upon her stick. Anna had seldom considered men. Once or twice her mother had spoken to her in a careful way, but that was all. And a great, blowzy woman in the village, wife to the man who owned the forge, had said to her:

"You are of an age to marry, so be guided by one who has had three husbands. Do not take a Galician, for they seldom have any property, and men who have passed their lives on little farms often have bad tempers."

"And never turn your thought to a German, for they eat too much and drink more, and a wife is never anything but a part of their ownings. A woman that has a German for a husband can say few words in her own house that are listened to. She'll be told to cook well and have plenty of children; he'll think those are the only purposes of her life."

"A Pole, now, may turn out a good husband; people of the flat countries are often excellent workmen, and if they have farms they take splendid harvests from them. But you are of the Greek Church, Anna, and most Poles are of the Roman, and it is a bad thing for a house to be divided. A woman is never happy in such a one."

"Fifteen," said Anna, "is too young to think of marriage."

"You will soon be sixteen," the woman had answered her, "and that is old enough. I was married at that age to a cattle dealer, who only lived a year afterwards, leaving me a widow with a child. At sixteen a girl is in a most excellent temper for marriage. Let her be a few years older and she'll be harder to please if she's handsome, and young men are more apt to turn away from her if she is not."

WHEN Anna went back to the low stone house with its deep thatch she found her mother at work in the kitchen. And she repeated what Mother Nushki had said to her; also, having the matter brought to her mind, she told of the words of the other woman. And her mother was not pleased.

"Cut up the cabbage for the soup," she said, "and see, Anna, that the pieces are small. Your father will be in from the fields before long, and your brothers too. All men like to find things cooking as they come in at the door. If they do not get promising smells in their nostrils immediately, their tempers are gone for the night."

As Anna cut the cabbage at the heavy table by the window her mother looked at her. Never a daughter had been more of a comfort to a mother's heart than Anna. Never had there been one more obedient or more willing to listen; never one who worked so well.

In the soft summers Anna had grown brown and strong in the fields. She was blue-eyed like all her people; her arms were round and beautiful; her breasts were full. She stood erect at a height already above that of her mother.

As she built a deep fire upon the hearth her mother said:

"Do not listen to the talk of women. Most of them, when they have men in their minds, are fools."

Anna cut the vegetables into quite small pieces with a great knife. Her strong, clever hands held them, and the keen edge of the blade sliced them cleanly and quickly. Her mother still talked, but the girl was not listening; her mind had gone back to Mother Nushki. She saw the Hungarian horsemen bursting through the mountain passes; they were fierce and dark. Some day they might ride into the village, and that there would be those among them who would desire her caused a cold trembling at her heart.

The small green farms dotted the great Polish plain as it gradually lifted to meet the huge earthlift that made the Carpathians. Yellow roads bisected it; tiny hamlets settled themselves into its bosom.

Anna Maslova lived in

the stone house in which she had been born; generations of her people, who were originally Russian, had been born there. Some political upheaval had caused them to leave Russia, together with others who had taken part in the movement. They had settled in this place, where they were safe, and there remained, holding to their old faith and their old customs. Some trace of the old accent remained after four generations.

THE Maslovas were well-to-do, as peasant farmers went. Their house was good; they had a span of strong horses, a dozen cows; there were hens and geese, and a large building to hold the store of hay, rye, and corn of harvest time.

Anna's father pressed the juice from the purple grapes and made it into wine; the mother taught the children to pray and to respect the church. People spoke well of the family; they were industrious, and had strong bodies and good sense. The owner of the land they tilled liked their promptness and good faith.

Anna's father was a rugged man; he had thick arms, and the body of a giant; he did the work of a dozen men in the fields. He'd cut down trees and dig up their roots; he'd move great stones; he plowed in the spring of the year from sunup until dark; at harvest he carried sacks of corn and rye upon his back as an ox might.

And then, at table, he'd eat large quantities of soup and bread and meat, and he'd drink measure upon measure of the purple wine; and he'd talk in a loud voice. He'd call upon God to witness that a man who worked for his living got little for it; his food and his beer or wine, and a pinch or two of strong tobacco, were all he need expect.

The mother, as she put the soup kettle upon the deep fire, recalled the words of Mother Nushki and of the ironmaster's wife.

"It is wrong of them to say such things to a girl," she said. "It is for your mother to speak to you, Anna, at the proper time, and your time is not yet."

"I said that to her," Anna told her mother. "But she said I was only a girl, and did not know as much as one who is experienced."

"You have knowledge enough for fifteen years," the mother said. "It is not good to force or overdo anything."

That night she spoke to Anna's father of the matter, and he laughed. He drank down a cup of wine, and laughed again.

"Our Anna married!" he said. "She is no more than a child. The woman is mad!"

"At any rate," said the mother, "too much attention should not be given when people talk of foolish things."

Anna's brother Joseph laughed with her father. He was a big, strong young man, and he always saw Anna as she had been when no more than able to walk, and when he took care of her.

"The good lady was making game of you, Anna," he said.

"She sees you desire a husband, and wanted to know what your answer would be to her."

But Anna held up her head as she looked at him. She loved her brothers, but when they teased her she was quite cold with them and proud.

"I gave her my answer," she said. "And, Joseph, it was quite like the answer our mother would have given her if she'd been there."

Peter did not laugh; he looked at Anna quite seriously. Though he was Joseph's twin, and they were alike in many ways, still there were certain differences.

"Our Anna will marry one day," he said, and he nodded his head to the mother. "She will marry, that's plain enough, but she will not do so because she has come to the age of sixteen, or twenty, or yet twenty-five. The man she marries will receive a precious gift from her."

That was what he said, the good, good brother! "He will receive the great gift of love from her, and she will never change. She'll be wife to him while he's in the world, and will be mother to his children in a way that few are."

Anna wept at that; she could not help it. She saw her father looking at her kindly, he, too, believed it, and that made her weep the more. Joseph got up and came around the table to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Forgive me, Anna," he said. "I meant none of what I said. Do not cry. What Peter says is true, and I, too, have always thought it."

ANNA was happy at home. She was not restless as some girls are and filled with desire for new things. She loved the farm and the animals on it and the little stone house. She worked in the field in the summer. In the winter, after the work of the house was done, she sat and sewed and knitted. There were good shirts she made for her father and brothers, and woolen stockings of blue, and gray, and sometimes white. She did these things swiftly; they were no trouble, and while she did them her quiet mind journeyed far away among wonderful things: to White Russia, to Galicia, and the vast mountain ranges, and then farther on to Hungary, peopled by a fierce race who were really Tatars, and rode great war-horses, and carried lances and sabers, and menaced humble farm folk with the weight of their anger.

There had always been a fear

Illustrations by
R. J. CAVALIERE

"And so it was
that she saw
Ladislaus Sandor
for the first time"



of the Huns on the near plains of Poland. Of winter nights Anna had heard tales told around firesides of raids conducted by wild bands, of their cruelty, how they shot and burned. And she had always trembled to hear them. And now, added to this, was a new fear: she was fifteen! She'd heard Mother Nushki thank God she would have no girl of that age when the soldiers came again!

Anna kept this fear secret for some time; but at last her mother was told of it, and she was angry.

"Things should not be told girls which they do not understand," she said. "You are fifteen, to be sure. But all girls come to that age if God is good to them. To be afraid is a sin! You are a strong girl, Anna; you are so like your father that people smile when they see you together. You can plant in the spring and harvest in the fall as well as your brothers. And you, who have spent two years at school with the nuns,

There was a bell in the tower, and, of a summer afternoon, the shadow of the tower fell upon the quiet graves in the churchyard. As a child, just learning to read, Anna would spell out the names of the dead upon the tombs, and she'd look with wide eyes at the tall stone figure standing in a niche—a figure of St. Basil, after whom the church had been named.

The weeks of summer passed. The wheat was well grown; the hay had been cut; the rye waved, tall and graceful, in the fields; the sun never was brighter. And then, like a dark hand reaching out of that perfect sky, the War came to Poland.

THERE had been very little news come to the village, for no railroads entered it and no telegraph lines. What information they had of what was going on in the world was brought by carters, or by chance travelers, or by small merchants, or market people who had business in distant towns.

Anna heard, though in no clear way, of what had happened in Sarajevo, a city of the Serbs: a grand duke and his duchess, both of Austria, had been killed in the streets. And the Austrian Emperor had been very stern in his dealings with the Serbs.

He had asked much, and they had submitted; he had asked more, and then the Czar, far away in St. Petersburg, called his armies to the help of the Serbs. And then the Germans and the French arose, and also the English in their island in the sea.

In a little while it seemed that the whole world was seething with hatred and threats, and arms and flying standards and marching men were everywhere.

Prussia; Cossack and Siberian armies were in Galicia, aiming for the great passes of the Carpathian Mountains.

"It is through those passes the Hungarians will try to force a way," said the mother, "and the brave soldiers of the Czar will meet and stop them."

Anna went cold as she listened; all her fears re-gathered. She felt that the time Mother Nushki had spoken of was at hand. The great war-horses were coursing upon the plains beyond the mountains. The sabers of their riders were bare, and their lance heads gleamed in the sunlight.

Troops moved through the village; they were mostly new soldiers, called as her brothers were. Anna's heart was filled with pity as she watched them marching in the dust of the road.

They smiled and waved their hands, but there was a wistfulness in their eyes. They thought of their homes and their parents; and Anna knew a black picture was in every mind of the battlefields to come, of the poor, shattered bodies that would never rise again.

There were so many of the Greek faith among the soldiers that the Greek Church was now filled with worshippers at each service. Indeed, large numbers could not get inside, and they knelt in the churchyard, in the dusty road, or in the fields near by.

The priest, in his full vestments, would come out upon the doorstep and bless them. He would call upon God to give power to their arms, and would hold before them the icon of a holy saint, perhaps of the gentle Christ Himself, or of the Holy Virgin.

The tents of the troops would dot the field of a night. In the early morning they had vanished, but before noon, away in the distance, columns of dust would be seen, telling of the advance of new thousands.

"More soldiers! More brave young men to meet the Huns!" That's what the people would say.

"Francis Joseph's armies will never cross the mountains to harm us. The soldiers of the Czar are too many and too brave."

Word reached them that the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch was in East Prussia with his force, and to aid him were some of the Czar's most gifted officers. Soldiers in long columns were winding their way into Galicia; they were meant to take the two great fortresses of the Austrians, to force their way through the passes in the mountains to Kraków, and then strike for the Hungarian plain.

Often Anna would stand at the edge of a field where the road turned, and would watch the regiments as they'd march by. They carried packs upon their backs; the rifles upon their shoulders gleamed; but they were only boys as the others had been.

With a little quiver at her heart the girl saw they had the same young, smiling faces, the same wistful look in their eyes, and she felt that if these were the troops that were to save Poland, their lives would be sacrificed and nothing gained by it.

The Hungarian would force his way through the passes; the hoofs of his war-horse would tread them down. Young faces would be turned upward, with dead eyes looking blankly at the sky.

THE days went by, and then weeks and months. Anna's father was in East Prussia, and now and then he would write home. He was well. The army of the Grand Duke Nicholas was a very noble army. It had met the Prussians and had been victorious.

Joseph was with the troops which had gone into Galicia. Being a smith, he had much work to do. They carried their forges with them, and he said the fires roared and the hammers sounded sometimes far into the night. Peter was with General Rennenkampf, and he wrote oftener to his mother and to Anna than the others.

The mother did not stand the strain well. And so Anna finally did the work of both. She scrubbed the tiles, and scoured the kettles, and cooked and sewed. She tried to think of nothing but her work. But that was hard to do, for things were happening almost every hour. News was reaching them from St. Petersburg and from the battle-fronts; victories were being won; more troops were coming. A day brought more changes now than a half score of years would have seen before the War began.

Then a blow fell. Anna's father was dead! He had been killed by a shell, and they had buried him quietly and honorably. And the officer of his company wrote telling of his bravery and his willingness to serve the Czar. The poor mother was bowed with grief; she did not weep, but sat for long hours at a time staring at the floor, at the wall, into the winter fire.

Then little by little came the news of the great defeat. The Russian army had been broken by the Prussians; it had been driven into a great swamp where thousands of men died terrible deaths! And Peter was wounded. A month afterwards he wrote them a letter.

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should have more faith in Heaven. It should be kept in your heart that you'll be protected from harm."

From the wide windows Anna would look out over the countryside. She'd see the village, a small place with a green space in its center where there was a fountain and where children played and travelers stopped to drink. The market place faced this, and the inn; and as you left it behind, you came, at some distance, to a small church—the church of the Russian refugees.

The harvest was only partly gathered; and the men being gone, Anna and her mother worked all day in the fields, and other women upon the farms around about were doing likewise, and they accomplished a good deal.

Strangers were many now, going to and fro, buying horses and cattle and corn and hay; and news came more freely. Battles were being fought; ships were being sunk in the sea; Russian hosts were in East



*Those who love their land
will not flee it in adversity*

MR. CLINEBOROUGH said, "This'll do, Harry," and pushed open the door of his car before the chauffeur could get down and do it for him. He wanted to get the visit over as soon as possible, for it was a sentimental visit of which he was half ashamed, and which, though this affected him little, his wife considered did him small credit. He stepped across the tracks to the signal hut and looked inside.

Tony, the one-legged Mexican, put down the pipe he was carving and said, "Hello, Boss, ain't seen you for long time." Tony had worked in the mine for twenty years, until a premature blast had blown off his right leg. He now had charge of the signal hut, and was a favorite and privileged character. "How's the folks?" he inquired, passing a bandanna handkerchief over his fat, brown face.

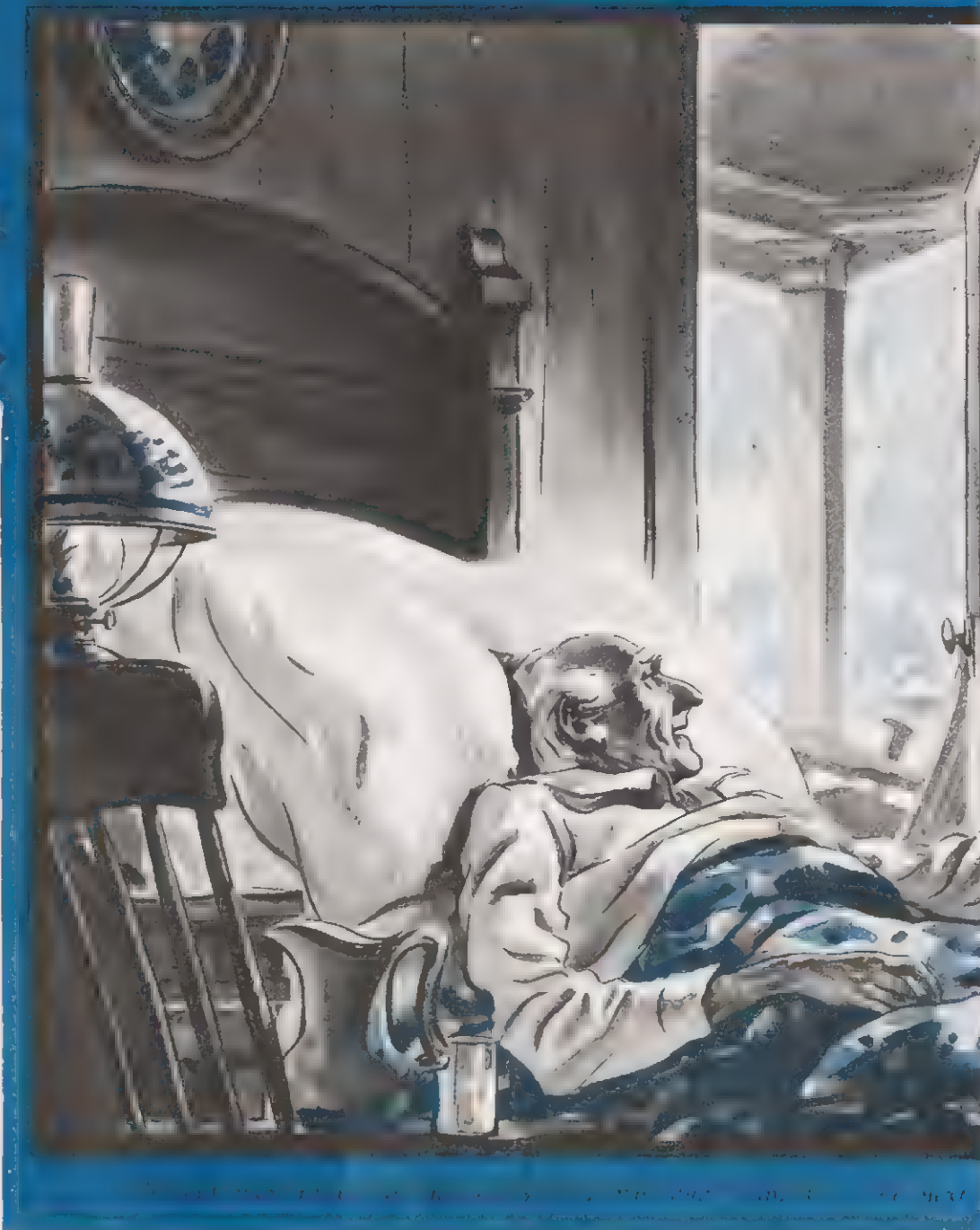
"O. K., thanks, Tony," said Mr. Clineborough. Tony knew why he had come, and Mr. Clineborough knew that he knew, but nothing was said. Mr. Clineborough picked up a pair of glasses that were on the table, and, stepping outside, looked across to the other side of the great terraced pit. There were few signs of life there, but by sweeping the glasses to left and right he presently discovered several tiny figures moving rapidly toward a shed on one of the terraces.

"Just goin' to signal, Boss," Tony called out to him, and, going to the corner of the hut, he pulled down a lever, and Mr. Clineborough's ears were momentarily deafened by three terrific siren blasts. He lowered the glasses and waited, turning up the collar of his coat. Though warm enough in the valley, it was chilly here, and recently fallen snow lay in light patches along cuttings, and ledges, and dripped off the roof of the hut.

He fixed his eyes on the opposite hill. As a boy, in his father's day, he could remember when the mine had been a mere cutting, a mere scraping in the mountain's side. Now that mountain was half eaten away in the form of a vast semi-circular amphitheater, gargantuan in size. Suddenly a tall, brown mountain rose up from above one of the terraces, then another and another, and the whole earth was shaken by three powerful explosions.

How many, of these, he wondered, had he watched, over a period of forty-four years, driving out to the mine over the long, flat roads and then up into the cañon in spring wagon, buggy, and then automobile. And now he would watch no more.

He reentered the hut and glanced into the show case where specimens of rich, bright-colored ores and fan-



tastic crystals were kept for the astonishment of visitors. He knew them all. He looked at his watch.

"Well, good-by, Tony."

"By. Regards to the folks."

Mr. Clineborough returned to the waiting car.

"Go back," he said to the chauffeur. He sat sunk down in a corner of the big car, his feet resting on one of the small seats. They descended the cañon rapidly, passing through the straggling mining village, with the horn continually blowing to clear the road of children, unemployed men, and dogs.

Mr. Clineborough appeared to be reading a newspaper. Once away from the houses and out of the cañon, the road lay along the flat, open plain, and the car sped over it at a good fifty-five miles an hour. They crossed an arid waste of sagebrush, then reached a tract of irrigated country where sheep grazed, and presently turned sharply toward the hills and entered another cañon.

This one was leafy with cottonwood groves and woods of maple and box elder, and a clear, impetuous stream rushed through it. Gardens appeared, and houses shadily embowered in trees. The car turned into a driveway lined with lilac hedges in bloom. On the left, be-

yond the lilacs, was a swimming pool, reflecting trees and sky, and on the far side of it was the tennis court, where he discerned four active white figures.

The car drew up at the portico of a big white house with green shutters. A magnolia trained against its side bore huge creamy blossoms which breathed a heavy, lemon-like sweetness into the air. Mr. Clineborough got out of the car and entered the house. It was cool and pleasant inside, and as he passed through the hall he could see into the dining room, where the shutters were closed to keep out the sun, and a table was set out with silver and lace and ornamented by a great bowl of lilacs.

He went up to his own room and made himself ready for lunch. Presently the door leading into his wife's room opened, and his wife came in, dressed in white linen, her gray hair tidily and becomingly waved, and a remarkably fine string of pearls gleaming about her neck.

"Well," she said.

"Looked much about as usual," he said.

"What did you expect?" She went to the window through which the tennis court could be seen, and said,

HARD TIMES



by
SUSAN ERTZ

Illustrations by HENRY LUHRS

She shook her head. "No, that's quite impossible. You're accustomed to double the wages that a butler in Europe would expect. Besides, you're an American citizen now, remember."

"But so is Mr. Clineborough, Madam."

"That's quite different," said Mrs. Clineborough sharply. "Mr. Clineborough was born an American. You became an American citizen from choice only a short time ago. Besides that has nothing to do with it."

"Then shall I be staying on here with Mr. Stephen?"

"No, Mr. Stephen will only be here for a few weeks after we go, to dispose of the house and furniture. Then he will go to New York, to a hotel, and then later join us in Europe."

"I see," said Day. Then, after a silence, "But, Madam, how am I to find another place here, at such a time as this? I think I am the only butler in or near Burford. I ceased to be a British subject at Mr. Clineborough's suggestion. Now, if I can't go back—"

"Now, see here, Day, you've no right to grumble. We've paid you high wages for Heaven knows how many years. I forget how long it is. Surely you must have saved something?"

"I've sent nearly everything back to England, Madam. To my sister, for the children."

"That is really no concern of ours, is it?"

"No, Madam."

"Don't think I'm not sorry to lose you, Day. You've been an excellent servant."

"May I ask, Madam, what is to be done with the house in New York?"

"It's closed. Later we hope to sell it."

"I thought if I might go there as caretaker—"

"No, it's closed. You'd better go to San Francisco or Los Angeles. They're feeling the pinch less there than in the Middle West or New York, they say. But I don't think you'll have any real trouble finding another place," she said more kindly.

"No, Madam?" She was aware of the irony in his voice. After a pause he said, "There is just one thing I would like to ask you. I have been with you so many years, I feel I have the right, as you might say. May I ask, Madam, why you have decided to go to Europe to live?"

"We're going because both Mr. Clineborough and I feel that life is impossible here now. Conditions are far worse in America than in Europe. Crime has become a terribly serious problem. Hardly a day passes that I don't expect to hear that Mr. Clineborough or

Please turn to page 60

"It's lunch time; they ought to be coming in. Oh, here they are now." Then she turned back to him and said, "Have you told Day?"

"No, not yet. There's no immediate hurry. Give me time."

"Well, the sooner the better."

"I'll tell him after lunch."

"You said that yesterday."

"Well, to-day I will tell him. Now don't nag."

"I'm not in the habit of nagging."

"So you say."

"Well, I won't be spoken to like that."

"Oh, all right. Let me alone then. My nerves aren't too good, that's all."

She looked at him, frowning, and went out of the room and down the stairs. Four young people with tennis rackets in their hands were just coming in the front door.

"Hurry up, Stephen," she said to the taller of the two young men. "Lunch is ready."

"It's a cold lunch, isn't it?" asked her daughter-in-law. "Heaven knows I hope it is. It's boiling out."

"Of course it's a cold lunch," said Mrs. Clineborough.



by
Vicki Baum

The Silver Fox

IF MABEL hadn't grown the wisdom tooth she would probably have acquired the silver fox. But the trouble with the wisdom tooth appeared and put an end to her dream of the silver fox.

The silver fox lay in the show window of a small fur shop in Forty-third Street. Mabel had formed the habit of stopping at the window for a second every morning and gazing at the silver fox—gazing at it tenderly, hopefully, her heart throbbing gently somewhere deep inside of her. A kind of bond grew up between her and the silver fox. In her secret dreams she was already calling it "her" silver fox.

At three minutes of nine every morning Mabel descended the steps of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, lingered a moment at the window, eyed the silver fox yearningly, and hurried on, anxious to reach the offices of Messrs. Parson, Schwarz & Mandelkorn, attorneys, before Mrs. Blackney, if that were possible.

Mrs. Blackney was Mr. Parson's secretary and the undisputed monarch of the office. Mabel was merely a typist—one of five—whose job with Messrs. Parson, Schwarz & Mandelkorn was to type politely threatening briefs abounding in intricate legal phraseology.

Though Mabel hurried so that she always arrived at the office a little out of breath, Mrs. Blackney was invariably there before her, and would cast a side-long, disapproving glance at her from behind her pince-nez. That was because, first of all, Mrs. Blackney was a malicious opportunist, who always got to the office at ten minutes of nine, and, second, because that brief visit with the silver fox, that mere breath of a rendezvous between the small girl and the costly piece of fur, always made Mabel a little late. It was just a shade of lateness, to be sure, but lateness it was nevertheless.

Mabel—to add this final bit of information—was a slender, dainty thing. She was twenty-one, but when she went to the department stores to buy a dress she was always directed to the junior department. She was pretty! Oh, yes! but then so are all the hundred thousand little working girls who scramble out of the subway and elevated trains in the morning to spend their days behind typewriters.

It was only when you took a good look at her that you might perhaps notice that her eyes and hair had the same rare coloring—a reddish brown—that they had a shimmer and glint that made you want to caress her and hold her tight. But no one had taken a good look at her yet.

So much for Mabel. As for the silver fox, it was a



remarkably beautiful specimen, large, thick, and luxuriant, and with just the right blend of silver hair in its blue-black depths. When Mabel first caught sight of it it was lying in the center of the window and was marked \$155. Then came bad times, and the fortunes of the silver fox declined. Mabel followed its progress. \$129. A month later, \$99.

It was the season of the big clearance sales. The silver fox clung to that price for almost three months. No one bought it. After Easter it suddenly dropped to \$78. When summer came the owner of the fur shop seemed to have lost all his courage. The silver fox could now be bought for \$69.75. A huge placard in the window announced: *Sale at Prices Below Cost*. And that for the moment was how things stood.

To Mabel it seemed as if the silver fox had floated down to her from the unattainable clouds. Sixty-nine dollars was plenty of money, but to save that much didn't seem a wholly impossible feat. Her craving for the silver fox gripped Mabel like a disease. It was the time when every halfway respectable person seemed to own a silver fox. Mabel alone had none.

The three wives of the three lawyers for whom she worked had silver foxes—whole garlands of silver foxes wreathing the shoulders of their new fall coats. The feminine clients who came for divorces and waited nervously about in the anteroom had silver foxes—it went without saying that they had silver foxes. Three of the five typists had silver foxes, short, meager, skimpy ones, to be sure, but silver foxes nevertheless.

The fact that three of the typists also had boy friends may have had something to do with it.

One morning—it was the middle of September, sunny but cool—Mrs. Blackney herself appeared with a silver fox draped about her spinstersh shoulders—the gift of Mr. Parson to celebrate her fiftieth birthday.

That was the day when Mabel determined in her heart of hearts that she must have the silver fox. She had been acquainted with it now for almost a year. She had had enough of longing. Now she was bent upon possession. And grimly she began to save.

It is no such simple affair to save \$69 when you earn \$23 a week. Mabel saved on lunches and car fares. She hardly ever went to the movies any more, and her week-ends were very quiet. She clamored for extra work, and after every one else had gone home she would sit and type briefs, *Hendrickson vs. Wormfield*, under the eye of the untiring Mrs. Blackney, while the office reeked of Mr. Mandelkorn's cigars and her shoulder blades ached with weariness.

When she had saved \$34 the trouble with the wisdom tooth broke out. It was one of those treacherous wisdom teeth. Every one knows how they begin. First they burn, then they ache, then they swell, then you can't swallow, then you're ready to commit suicide, and then you make your way to the dentist.

The dentist daubs it and tells you to come back to-morrow. He daubs it again and tells you to come back again. This time he has to do a little cutting and the next time he discovers an abscess. Then you develop a fever, then he injects something, then he pulls the wisdom tooth out. Then he hands you a bill.

FOR that perfectly useless wisdom tooth Mabel had to pay the sum of \$24. She didn't even cry. She was too bitter. Besides, she was still listless as a result of the injection, and the right side of her face felt as if it were made of wood.

"Well," she said to Lilian, "I see where I'll never get my silver fox."

"I always say," answered Lilian, "that you can't save money. You have to make it."

Lilian had come over from her room to offer consolation. She was sitting on the edge of the bed in her pink rayon nightgown, a curious little net cap covering her blond hair. Lilian was a manicurist in Madame Helen's Beauty Parlor, and Madame Helen insisted upon a faultlessly waved coiffure at all times, though she allowed her girls only one wave a week; and then the work was done by Ruth, who wasn't



much good at it yet and was supposed to practice on the others.

Lilian was very different from Mabel. She was a tall, handsome girl—the kind of girl whom every man finds attractive at first sight and every woman distasteful. She wasn't to blame—at any rate not much. Everything about her was a little overdone—her skin was too white, her hair too blond, her eyelashes too black, her nails too red, her hips too supple.

"You have to make money," she said, "not save it." But that was cold comfort.

"And will you kindly tell me how I'm to make money?" asked Mabel.

Lilian shrugged her shoulders. "I'm going to buy a lottery ticket," she replied.

IT WOULD be overdoing it to say that Mabel and Lilian were friends. But they rented furnished rooms from the same Mrs. Hurley, widowed, who had seen better days. (Mrs. Hurley came from Charleston, and Mr. Hurley had been a real gentleman, the kind of gentleman that the North doesn't produce.) They were about the same age and they earned about the same salary. Mabel's \$23 was rigid and inelastic.

Lilian was always having adventures and windfalls. She might be given an unexpectedly large tip or she might win at cards in some Sunday game or be asked out to dinner. She had connections and experiences of which Mabel knew nothing. Lilian was always nice to Mabel, and Mabel thought a great deal of Lilian.

They met almost every day for lunch; they went to the movies together; they both raved about Clark Gable; they devoured candy from the same box, and at night they exchanged confidences on the subject of their pet enemies—those rattlesnakes, Mrs. Blackney and Madame Helen, owner of Madame Helen's Beauty Parlor. They were, by and large, more than acquaintances and less than friends.

"I'm going to buy a lottery ticket," said Lilian. She was sitting on the edge of Mabel's bed, examining the imitation silk stockings on her crossed legs for runs, and her statement sounded impressive and mysterious.

"Well," said Mabel thoughtfully, her speech somewhat impeded by her stiff and aching cheek, "the silver fox is all washed up anyway. I'll buy myself a lottery ticket too."

To make a long story short, they bought a ticket together. The drawing was on November 2d. And together they won \$50.

One might have supposed that Mabel would have been happy, that she would have rejoiced in this unexpected stroke of good luck. It must be regretfully admitted that she did not. She had wanted to win \$70 and buy the silver fox.

"Twenty-five dollars!" she cried, her lower lip protruding like that of a child who's trying not to cry. "What earthly good does that do me! I can't get a silver fox for \$25."

"You're enough to drive a person crazy with your silver fox!" said Lilian. "You're cracked about that animal."

"You ought to see it," replied Mabel with the dreamy look which she ordinarily reserved for the mention of Clark Gable's name.

So Lilian, the expert, betook herself to the shop one day to have a look at the silver fox. It was

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"'I always say,' answered Lilian, 'that you can't save money. You have to make it' "



by Elizabeth Breuer

"I'M NOT fooled by all this." Helen Hayes waved her slender hand at the ringing telephones, the voices of secretaries and maids, and all the busynesses of sudden fame that were going on outside the door. "There's nothing in it for a woman. Everything, everything else I'd throw to the four winds to keep my husband. Not because it's Charlie, but because I believe generally that nothing, nothing in the world is as important to a woman as having a husband and family. I can't imagine a career absorbing me to the point where I wouldn't need frightfully to have my husband."

So speaks the girl who is the newest fairy princess in the only fairy tale left in the world, the movies.

The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences honored her *Madelon Claudet* as the outstanding performance of 1932. But that scarcely done, she swept every one off his feet with her portrayal of the English nurse in the movie version of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms."

"She is terrific," said a movie critic to me. "She is the greatest emotional actress of the screen. Unquestionably she is the big shot among Hollywood stars to-day."

But is Helen Hayes thrilled or dazzled by the mob worship and the money and the world-wide fame that have come to her as a result of her poignant and powerful acting for the movies? On the contrary, she is rather annoyed because it intrudes on her private life.

This might seem a fantastic Garboesque pose to a world which lionizes its movie stars; but though the trumpets resound her new glories Miss Hayes holds on to every jot and tittle of the things she holds dear, for she is a level-headed realist who is just getting to know herself and regards the business of being a woman as the biggest job any woman can have.

I had come to see Miss Hayes to spell out all the excitements of the word "glamour" in all its phases. Instead we were reciting the old wives' tale of love and marriage, trial and risk, happiness and tragedy. All over the world there are women and girls resentful of their humdrum lives, dreaming away their ambitions "if" they only had this and that opportunity or freedom.

I wish they could come with me and sit through a day in which every moment of this star's time is scheduled, in which she has not half an hour's freedom, and with the knowledge that most of her days are like that.

Then perhaps they would realize what Miss Hayes so well knows—that it is the very hedges life placed round her that have deepened and intensified her abilities and brought her to the place she occupies to-day as one of the great actresses of both stage and screen.

It is past one o'clock, and only now is she free to have her breakfast; and we are in the dining room, where she eats while we talk. If talk we can with all the interruptions, including a most welcome one named Mary MacArthur, aged two, who climbs on a chair, is aloof, but adheres to the object of writing with pencil and paper like me, while Mary's mother, Helen, is talking about her disciplined life.

"I've been a galley slave all my life," she says. "I have never had freedom. At eight I was already an actress, and from then on I have never had any time off except an occasional summer once in four or five years. I don't complain of it. I know everything has come to me through that hard work, and that all the hedges, the disabilities, the lack of freedom and education forced whatever quality I had to the surface. I believe in the old agonies that give a quality of light and shade, depth and height, to human experience. There is no drama in freedom. Freedom is only a prelude or an aftermath of accomplishment."

"I HAVE never been free. I have never experimented. I have been bound by poverty, my way marked out by my mother, by my work, and now I have my husband and my baby to hold me down to earth. My mother taught me never to want what was beyond reason to want, and to work hard. I have submitted to life, and I have had to see what there was in life after one submitted. It hasn't been so bad as a way of life, has it?" Her glance took in Mary and the shining accessories.

"If I had the temerity to advise any young people I'd tell them to believe in their limitations and make the best of their virtues within those bounds. At any rate there wouldn't be so many emotional smash-ups at forty which come of that bosh women were fed on about love being the only thing that mattered and that it was obscene to live with some one unhappily, and all the

rest of that bunk—as any child who comes from separated parents can testify.

"Women must understand that all human relationships have a tragic element in them; none of them work out perfectly,

any more than life works out as a charming fairy tale. If we only start out on that premise, and know perfectly well it can't be any dream of perfection, then we must, we must cling to marriage; and if we use imagination and all our courage and patience something good will come of it."

SO MISS HAYES strikes the note of a new generation, the note of compulsion, of self-discipline and order as against the license and liberty of the past. She thinks nothing is worse than being foot-loose when one's first youth is over.

"I feel such a pity for women who for one reason or another must go on in their middle age alone. The relationships that are forced upon us by circumstances are so tragic. When you have quarreled with a friend, whom do you have left? Whom do you have that you can sit with in companionship and not talk to for hours at a stretch? There are all kinds of things invaluable in life that you can't have without putting on a show, no matter how innocent it is. There is no one else you can relax with."

"The young need love and sex, but in middle age one needs the sheer comfortable relationship of marriage; and when you haven't it you have that terrifying necessity to keep up with the times, to make over your face and all that and to manufacture the vivacity of a young person. And, worse, you are perpetually making compromises with the world just so you won't be completely alone. No. No. That is one freedom I never want, the freedom to be alone and unmarried! No career can make up for that."

Miss Hayes modestly disclaims genius, but it is a quality of genius to cut through to the core of the matter with the freshness and penetration and sensibility she displays in her thinking as well as her acting. Sitting opposite me in a simple silk negligée, with the hard noonlight washing against her face, she looks so young that she could almost be offensively ingénue.

The word "cute" was made for little girls like her; her figure precise, yet with the rounded delicacy of the Tanagra figurines one sees in museum cases. But she



is saved from being the cutest ingénue that ever was by the gravity and intelligence and force masked by the general prettiness of the face framed in its waving blond hair, by the concentrated, acutely perceiving glance in those large blue eyes set far apart under a broad brow, molded, despite the delicacy of the temples, with power.

Her chin, too, is strong, although tipped with nicety to a point. Her rather large mouth is flexible, sensitive, scarcely ever still, moving even when the face seemingly is in repose; her eyes searching you out, her mouth unconsciously moving to her reactions, her fine nose with its well-curved nostrils breathing spirit and awareness; the whole of her face a fluid mask so that at times she may seem almost plain, at others ethereally beautiful.

Several years ago I had the job of interviewing the leading women stars of the stage for a magazine. Of them all this young slip of a Hayes seemed most to have the sort of face it seemed an actress should have. As she sat opposite me her face reacted to whatever expressions were on my own.

She was a mirror, but a mirror whose penetrating eyes analyzed your every facial movement; her mouth, too, moving like yours, her head cocked at the same angle, her hands half making the same gestures as yours, and all this movement wholly unconscious. I felt she knew the exterior of me utterly—perhaps even my interior—and should she at any time need to portray a person like me on the stage she could haul me out of her memory to the life.

IT WAS around that same time that her marriage to Charles MacArthur, the darling of Broadway, was announced. It was an exciting topic of discussion there and in Hollywood, where MacArthur was already famous for his plays, his mad wit, and his extraordinary charm—for being a very special person, in fact—while Helen Hayes was only one of several brilliant young actresses.

Like others, I commented on the luck of this young woman one day to Grace George, who disagreed with me, saying it was MacArthur who was drawing the prize. She told me her husband, William Brady, that venerable and astute producer, was starring Miss Hayes in a road revival of Barrie plays and the girl was playing to standing room everywhere. "She's marvelous!" exclaimed Miss George, a star of the first water herself. "She's better than Maude Adams."

At the time this seemed rank treason to me. I simply didn't believe her. I was one of the children who had spent their infancy waiting for Maude Adams to

come to our town and then haunting the theater door in the alleyway, waiting for this incredible creature to appear, to see if she was really made of mortal flesh; and I remembered how, seeing that wraithlike, gentle creature, in brown fur tippet and muff, mount into the carriage drawn by spanking horses, we would walk away all hurrying and exalted with the unnamable feelings of beauty uneasily borne.

No. Certainly Helen Hayes wasn't that. I dismissed the whole idea. If she were, all the boys and girls I knew would be walking around in circles. And they weren't.

Then came Helen Hayes last winter in "Madelon Claudet," the movie of a poor French girl betrayed in love and clinging to her child through tragedy, dishonor, even death. Every one cried, men, women, and children. And then I began to hear about Helen Hayes from every youngster that came to the house, from my own daughter first, and they were talking about her; and their voices sounded and their eyes looked the way I imagine our eyes had when we were children and spoke about Maude Adams.

This thing astonished me. One would expect these girls—coming from more than comfortable homes—to cast their adoration at the feet of a Garbo or a Connie Bennett or any other girls who typify romance, adventure in that forbidden and fascinating world the teens long to enter. No. They put it and its Garbo aside for Helen Hayes, who won them by portraying reality in its most poignant, tragic, and heroic aspects.

I began to see that this adulation of Helen Hayes is a strengthening sign, a refreshing signal of vigor and purity in the young, a sign that these youngsters want to be brave women, not just to have fun and to be free. To be free, how that wrecked my generation! Nothing mattered but to be free, to dominate life. If you didn't like your man, divorce him or get another; fight the world; fight yourself; never submit to anything in life!

That's what crippled my generation, who took *Peter Pan* for their symbol, and believed in fairies or feminism or stenography or any means of escape from the submissive reality of a woman's life. And now the children with their worship of reality round that cycle out, and we are back to duty and aspiration, old-fashioned things.

AND as if symbolizing all this, the drawing room in the home of Helen Hayes is Victorian and Empire in style, duty, and aspiration. It is dressed in white walls; white-ribbed velvet curtains with ball fringe festooning the view of the East River, which flows at the very foot of the apartment building; and white porcelain vases rising in the form of cornucopias, sprung

from bronze lace wrists on either side of the white marble mantel; and on the occasional tables are scattered unique *objets d'art*, always in white; brown and green deep-tufted chairs of old haircloth, curlicue pattern, and a secretaire of some sort of golden wood which begins reasonably foursquare and loops off into a harp-like scroll carrying books high up into its aspiring tail; a piano, a few choice paintings and old prints on the walls, flowers.

ALL THE paraphernalia of phenomenal success is throbbing in this charming apartment, where I have been watching Mr. MacArthur develop photographs, his newest hobby, while waiting for his wife, who is busy with the thousand and one affairs attendant on her trek to Hollywood, where she is spending her next few years as one of the major stars of the screen.

This is the cynical miracle of the movies. Although for several years one of the leading actresses of the stage, she had twice gone to Hollywood on contract, but she seemed too modest a figure beside the exuberant, outward charms of other stars.

The summer before, by a lucky break, her own husband was to do her talkie. He knew the whole range of her abilities; he played up every possibility, and the result was his "Madelon Claudet," which thrilled this continent and the world following, since the stars of Hollywood and America are equally the stars of Paris and London and Timbaktu. It was hokum, said Mr. MacArthur, ever engagingly modest, just the hokum of tragedy which comes in its measure to each woman in her time; and so even the gunmen of Times Square sat and wept. And the end is fat contracts, great rôles, and a world-wide audience for his wife.

Miss Hayes recently bought a home up on the Hudson River, not far from New York, and the plans of architects and landscape gardeners go on toward the day when she will come to it to live, her work in the movies over.

Already she is beginning to discover that we destroy the very people that we raise into gods by our

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The Mink

SIR JOHN TAKES LESSONS IN HOW TO TAME A SIREN

by

FRANK SWINNERTON

SHE'S pretty," said Mrs. Caister unwillingly. "Oh, yes, she's pretty, if you like that style."

The two—her companion was a man of middle age, tall and handsome in the rather thin, frigid manner of the scholar-lawyer—were standing upon a balcony in the Hotel Magnifique at Cannes, looking down upon the dancers. They were in the shadow, but they surveyed a scene of splendor—gold and white, sparkling with lights, the polished floor gleaming, the dancers, at this distance, as brilliant as humming birds.

Sir John's expression did not change. He had deliberately invited this talkative woman to express an opinion. And he now waited. She would say more. Meanwhile he coolly regarded the girl who danced below in the arms of his nephew. He saw nobody else in that kaleidoscope. She certainly was a pretty girl. She danced well. She seemed absorbed in the pleasure of the moment; light-footed, sensuous, charming. And unquestionably dangerous.

"But, you see, one must draw the line somewhere, Sir John," continued Mrs. Caister. "It's a bit wavy nowadays, but it must be drawn."

"True. But where?" asked Sir John blandly.

When he smiled he had great charm. One wished to please him if one was a woman or a witness; but one did not feel sure of having pleased him. Had one merely put one's self at his mercy? Mrs. Caister, who was very fair, and small, and fifty, and a widow, and not at all too rich, quavered slightly.

"Well, at scandal," she murmured. "At divorce cases. I'm not at all censorious." He smiled again, courteously inclining his head. "I hate gossip, but she was in that Matcham divorce. I don't know how far 'in' but far enough. Far enough to be nasty. It's not forgotten. And when Mrs. Champion was getting evidence—she didn't in the end take any action because the man died. And she's always about—here in Cannes or along the coast at Monte Carlo or one of the smaller places—every winter, and always with fresh men."

"And no relatives," prompted Sir John.

"Not a wisp of one!" declared the lady. "She doesn't marry. She was very thick two years ago with that wretched Barrett or Burgess, or whatever his name was. I think he went to prison—"

"Forgery," Sir John said. "We can forget him for a few years."

"Last year there were two or three. Young Peter What's-his-name. He's no good. A bad character. And young Chester—just weak. The complete weed. And then that old reprobate with the dyed hair—and not too much of it. You know whom I mean. She was in a row at the Casino; at least he was. Probably not her fault, but still—"

"Hm," said Sir John. "She's unlucky." Then, abruptly, "Any more?"

There was a quickening of the music, a crash, some clapping, the murmur of many voices.

Mrs. Caister's eyes followed the dancers. They were

separating; but Millicent, the girl of whom they had been speaking, remained with her cavalier. Both she and the boy were looking up toward the balcony, as if in search of somebody.

With their faces thus raised they both seemed very young—very young and innocent and full of eager happiness. It troubled Mrs. Caister to see them so. She was very kind-hearted; and, although viciousness was abhorrent to her, the thought of condemning one still young and good was really painful.

"I've never seen her drunk," she said. "I've never seen her do anything she shouldn't; but then one wouldn't, would one?"

Sir John bent forward, and waved his lean white hand. "Oh, they're coming!" cried Mrs. Caister in distress.

"They were looking for us," explained Sir John.

"How kind you are!" she murmured, meaning "stupid."

He did not acknowledge the compliment or the implication. He was thinking. The two young dancers had now disappeared—they were on their way to the balcony—and he was reflecting upon Mrs. Caister's disclosures. He didn't want the boy trapped. He had

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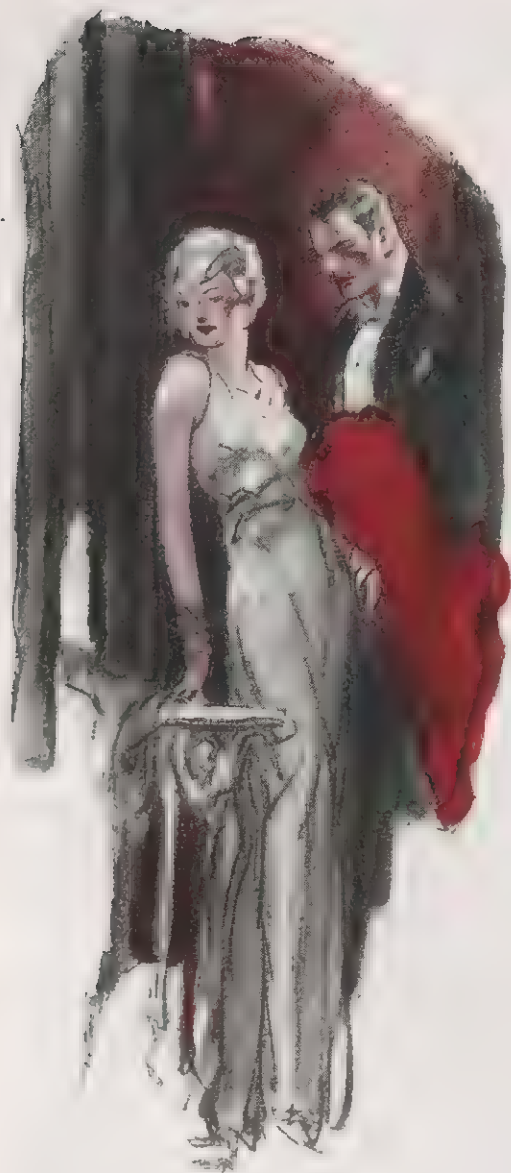
R. F. JAMES



seen too many lives spoiled by selfishness and unscrupulousness, and Jack was very dear to him. The boy was an orphan. Sir John was his uncle, and had been his guardian. The future might be ruined by a month's infatuation. In any case this girl, whatever her character, was far more experienced than the boy. There was danger.

"You know all these things?" Sir John said to Mrs. Caister.

"Well, the divorce; and Mrs. Champion talked to me a lot about her husband. I've seen the girl with the men. They're always the wrong ones. Or the fools."



"But, you see, one must draw the line somewhere, Sir John," continued Mrs. Caister"

"Yes—or the fools," repeated Sir John. "Do you know, I like that least of all. What a very peculiar effect that girl makes—in the orange frock—leaning against the big crimson flowerpot! Quite nauseating." He had raised his voice and had spoken directly to his nephew, who was now, unexpectedly soon, within earshot. To the girl, as he rose, he gave one of his quiet smiles—sweet, attractive, incomprehensible, alarming. "Frightful!" said Millicent. Her own dress was of pale amber, beautifully simple and serene. "Perfectly frightful! Please, Jack, do go and tell her to move!"

Jack grinned, looking from Millicent to Sir John. "She'd slay me!" he protested.

"But she'll kill us by slow poison of the eyes!" "Look away!" advised Jack.

"I can't. Too magnetic. Ah, she's moving. Oh, dear, what a relief!"

Millicent relaxed. Half reclining in her chair, her legs carelessly revealed almost to the knees, she was as soft and as delectable as a rose.

She looked, indeed, very young, but not a child. Her brows were dark and straight, her skin creamy and clear; her lips dexterously painted, so that the coloring was not obtrusive. Not artificial, not sensual, not jaded and empty-headed. But a close observer might have seen

that Sir John's nostrils were slightly pinched. Was Millicent a close observer?

She was fairly tall; was slim without emaciation, a little restless, quick in glance and gesture; but not, to the ordinary eye, an obvious adventuress. Not even the greedy, pleasure-loving butterfly that stales infallibly as she passes from man to man. Nevertheless, Sir John thought, expert enough. Virtuous? What was virtue nowadays? Something periodically mislaid?

"I suppose you despise dancing, Sir John?" said Millicent brightly.

Ah, a mistake! Too flapperish! She had promised better than that. She might be merely common. What then?

"I neither despise nor love it, Miss Gilbert," smiled Sir John.

"I do both," she answered frankly. "I can't help it. But Jack only adores it."

"Why not?" demanded Jack.

Sir John glimpsed most danger when he saw how Jack responded to her. He glowed; he sent her shining glances of admiration; was boyish and ingenuous. Very attractive; ever so little fatuous. How inexperienced! How easily manipulated! Sir John, watching that fair, open face, and the laughing blue eyes, grew cold within.

"One adores it until one has had too much of it," he suggested.

"You make it sound like drink," said Mrs. Caister.

"Can one have too much of such things?" asked Jack with an air of innocence.

"They pall. Both drink and dancing," explained Millicent. She sent him a mocking grimace.

"All the lower pleasures pall," said Sir John, smiling.

Suddenly he was conscious that Millicent, believing his attention to be wholly absorbed in Jack, had given him a long, critical, and attentive scrutiny. It had not been one of those guileless glances such as she interspersed with her smiles for Jack. No; something quite different.

She had looked for information's sake, because she was curious, thoughtful, anxious to read his character aright. Was she apprehensive? To himself Sir John smiled grimly. Such scrutinies were significant. He had seen much of the world.

AN HOUR later the hotel ballroom was deserted. The lights were dim. All the echoes had died away. Melancholy had settled upon the room, smothering it like a gigantic impalpable dust sheet. Sir John was alone with Jack. They were sitting together in a corner of the hotel lounge, not talking very much, but finishing their cigars before parting for the night.

Beyond the broad windows of the lounge were the lights and darkness of the Croisset. There was a moon shining palely upon the still waters of the Mediterranean, now apparently deserted. All was clear and silent. They could see the masts of the yachts lying at rest in the harbor, and the shadowy outlines of the bare plane trees which in summer shade the Allées de La Liberté. It was a lovely, peaceful scene, calculated to ease the troubled hearts of men.

But the hearts of these two were not therefore eased. Sir John had long been aware of suppressed excitement in his companion; and in order to allay this excitement,

as well as to gain time, he had with great skill introduced certain personal reminiscences—legal reminiscences—whenever the boy seemed to be on the verge of a disclosure. Slowly, now, he began to grind the stub of his cigar into the ash tray.

"Well," Sir John began as a prelude to words of dismissal.

"I say, Uncle—"

It had come. Sir John had exercised his skill in vain. The night silence, the beauty of the scene, their solitude, had defeated him. Such impetuosity was not to be denied. With a face of stone he listened.

"Isn't she marvelous! I mean, I've never met anybody so wonderful!" He was twenty-four. "You do like her?"

The strained unsteadiness of Jack's voice, the slight trembling of his hand as he set his half-smoked cigar in the tray, and the eager shyness of his bright eyes made the older man draw a long breath. But he put his fingers reassuringly upon the boy's arm. They must never be estranged!

"Jack," he lied, "I like her very much."

"Oh, hurrah!" The cry was fervent, though whispered. Jack sat upright, with a new, proud, triumphant smile upon his face. "Good Lord, what a relief! She's been frightfully keen on meeting you. I think she's been a bit nervous—"

"Why should she be nervous?" questioned Sir John dryly.

"Oh, eminent K. C., and all that. Not nervous, but— She likes you no end. She told me. Says you're just her idea of what a judge ought to be."

"A judge, eh?" Sir John was thoughtful.

"Wouldn't be prejudiced, I mean. Or taken in, you know. At least that's only my own idea. But you like her—that's great!"

"I think she's very pretty and very charming. Does she like you? I mean, in the way—"

"Ah, there— It's so difficult. She's so—so self-controlled. I think she does. I feel sure she does." His face had clouded. "I haven't had the courage to ask her."

Sir John's eyes closed for an instant. There was still time.

"Don't be too abrupt, Jack." The calm, beautifully modulated voice held no suggestion of anything but sympathy. Sir John was smiling.

"Oh, no!" said Jack.

"Or precipitate," said his uncle.

Jack started. He had been all eagerness, his face alight. Now he was checked. Not as yet suspicious.

"But why—"

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold," quoted Sir John.

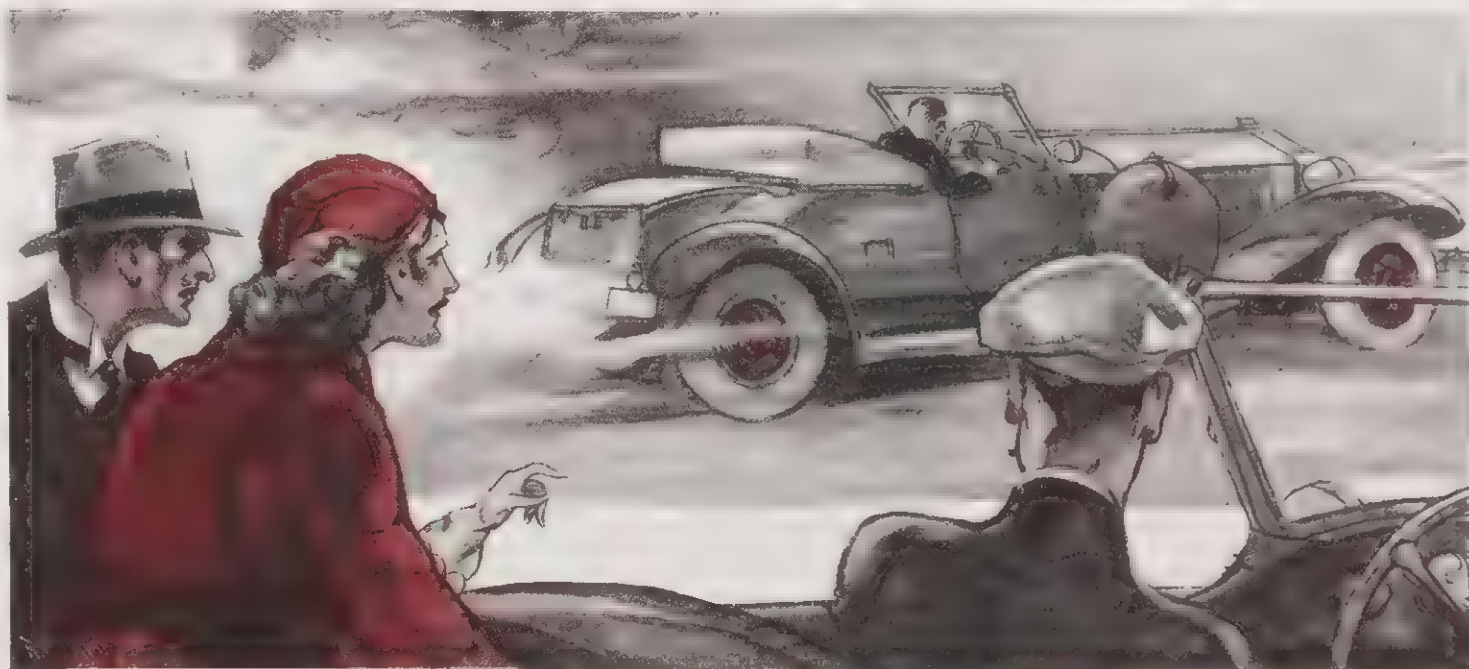
"Oh, Uncle!" The boy turned in distress. "You think she doesn't?" His face had paled.

"I think nothing," said Sir John quietly.

He saw Jack's jaw harden. With the lift of the boy's head it seemed to embody obstinacy. Sir John still smiled; he did not show by any sign that he was gravely concerned for his nephew's future.

"I think," he continued, "I think that a very young girl is pleased by impetuosity, but that a young

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"An instant later the big car shot past them. 'It's Jack!' screamed Millicent. They uttered a cry of horror"

Music brings release to a rebellious man and torment to two women

THREE WHO WERE STRONG

by BARBARA WEBB

THE PLOT

Over the Catawba Mountains to Castleton, John Rogers traveled. He traveled by train from New York and then he walked from the little Virginia village to his cabin, leaving his bags at the country store. He had left behind all his fortune and the girl he had hoped to marry. The crash had taken his money, and his failure had killed Claire's love. Bereft of all but his hillside home, he determined to adjust himself to a farmer's life.

On his first journey up the mountainside he met the young school teacher. The children called her Miss Nora, but her right name was Eleanor Cameron. Her lack of sophistication attracted John, and he was amused by her notions of New York.

Still the vision of Claire cast its spell over him, but living close to nature and among real people slowly destroyed his romantic picture of her. He made friends in the community and employed the neighbors on his place.

Vera Godwin, the wife of a ne'er-do-well fiddler, came into John's housework. Her husband, Jerico, was never home, always pursuing romance in the village. His latest admiration was the children's teacher.

One day he tried to make love to her after school. But he only succeeded in frightening her. On her way home she had to pass by John's house. At a distance she heard her laughing with a stranger. When she came closer she recognized Claire from a photograph in John's room. So Eleanor crept away through the woods to lick her wounds. She realized that she must guard herself against further advances from Jerico and assume indifference toward John.

But Vera saved the situation by persuading Eleanor to behave as if nothing had happened between herself and Jerico. She even arranged for a family party with Eleanor as their special guest.

The evening turned out to be a festive one which should have satisfied any neglected wife. They sang songs and Jerico played his fiddle. Even John Rogers, who happened in upon the party, responded to the musician's plaintive ballads. He thought Jerico had a certain genius. But in these final chapters surprises are in store—surprises for Jerico, for John, and for the women in their lives.

Illustrations by
J. HYDE BARNUM



"Put me down, please, Jerico.
I'd rather walk now"

PART V.

VERA drove Dandy down to the dance Saturday night. Earlier in the day John had come up for Jerico in the car, but Vera and Jerico would drive home together afterwards. It was going to be a good party, Vera thought. Everybody was coming and Jerico was in high spirits.

Vera was wearing her best dress. She had washed her hair and it felt fluffy and soft about her face. She had felt a twinge at leaving the children behind, but their time for dancing was still ahead of them. Besides she promised to bring them home some lemon soda.

It was early when she reached the Harrow barn, but people were already gathering. The Carters were there. Paul had been helping trim the barn with pine branches and honeysuckle. Small boys were sliding on candle shavings to make the floor smooth. Jerico and Steve Jones were consulting about the program of dances. John stood in the doorway, welcoming his guests, and Darrel darted here and there, overseeing everything. Eleanor had not arrived.

"We stopped for her," Darrel said to Vera, "but she wasn't ready. She said she'd walk down. It's only a mile anyway, and she'll probably get a ride coming

down the hill. We're sure going to have a crowd, aren't we?"

"Everybody will be here," she smiled at him.

"Will you lead off the first dance with me, Mrs. Godwin?" John asked. "Jerico will be playing, and I thought you and I might get things going."

Vera flushed. "I'd like to—but—wouldn't you rather have Miss Nora?"

"Darrel's claiming her, and besides I'd rather have you for the first dance."

"All right, but why don't you pick a pretty girl?"

"You'll qualify," he said.

She thought he looked well and happy, bronzed and tall, and so strong and healthy. He shook hands with all the guests and he knew all their names. She went over to speak to Jerico.

"How soon are you going to start?" she said.

Jerico's eyes swept the room. "I'm waitin' fer Miss Nora. Soon as she comes along we'll begin. Don't want to start off without her. There, she's comin' in now. Git ready, Steve, I'll play, and you call this set. We'll start it off with a plain Virginia reel and put in some fancy figures as we go along."

Vera turned to look at Eleanor. The girl was really beautiful to-night. She was wearing white as usual, but something softer than her school dresses. Immediately she was the center of attention. The older boys swarmed around her, begging for dances, but she had a smile for every one.

"Choose yer partners fer the Virginny reel!" Steve shouted. He was a backwoodsman who lived alone up in the hills, and no one had ever seen him dressed in anything but corduroy breeches, with boots laced up to his knees. He wore his shirt open at the throat.

Immediately the crowd began to take their places for the dance. John led Vera to the head of the line. Darrel and Eleanor stationed themselves at the bottom. Feet began to tap. The children moved back against the wall and started to clap their hands in time to the music.

"All set now!" Steve shouted. "First couple forward and make yer bows."

They were off. Jerico fiddled; Steve called the figures; Vera found that John remembered the dance well enough to get through it; the others found it too familiar to afford any of the pleasant confusion of the elaborate steps.

Jerico played for an hour, then turned to Steve. "Your turn, Steve," he said, "and you kin call and play too. I'm goin' to dance a while."

He went straight through the room to Eleanor.

"Pleasure of this next dance?" he asked.

"What is it?"

"Schottish, square and round figures both, Steve said he was goin' to call."

"I promised—"

"Never mind, fiddler gits first choice, you know, when he stops to rest."

He took her hands and swung her to her feet.

"All couples forward; form in eights," Steve called.

THEY grouped themselves up and down the room. John was standing in the door. He had no partner for this dance. Darrel had asked Mrs. Carter. Vera was standing up with Paul. Ernie Simms and his girl joined Jerico's set.

"All hands in a circle and twice around," Steve sang. "Swing yer partner's feet off the ground. Gents in the middle, ladies to the right. Step up lively; it's a dancin' night."

They came forward, bowed, joined hands again, then swung off in a schottish two by two, each man dancing with his original partner. Vera looked over Darrel's shoulder and saw Jerico's face bent down to Eleanor's. She wished he wouldn't hold the girl so close. She could see John watching from the doorway and felt a sudden anger that he hadn't claimed Eleanor for the evening, as the young mountain men did when their fancy was fixed.

"Give us a waltz, Steve," Jerico called when the schottish was finished. "I want another dance before I git back to fiddlin'."

He caught Eleanor and swung her out onto the floor.

A few couples joined them, but all eyes were turned on Jerico and the girl. This trick of demanding a round dance on the heels of a square one was a favorite courting device.

Vera could see that the room was whispering, but it was delightful to watch Jerico and Eleanor. Jerico danced superbly. It was his boast that he could make a gunny sack waltz gracefully. Little by little the floor cleared, and the two were left alone, whirling, swaying, reversing, while Steve played on and on.

AT TENSION grew in the room. Vera felt hot and flushed. Jerico ought not to make a show of himself; it seemed as though he never meant to stop. There was a movement in the doorway, and Vera saw John's tall figure emerge from the crowd and cross the floor leisurely to the dancers.

He put his hand on Jerico's shoulder.

"Cutting in," he said.

Jerico stopped in astonishment. John took Eleanor's hand. "We'll finish this together," he smiled at her.

"What do you mean, you'll finish this?" Jerico demanded. "It's my dance, ain't it?"

"Maybe, but I'm cutting in."

"What's cuttin' in?"

"A habit we have in the city," John answered, putting his arm around the girl.

Jerico hesitated. The whole room was watching. John spoke over his shoulder to Darrel.

"Get a girl, Darrel; this music's too good to miss."

Darrel caught the hand of the girl nearest him.

"Everybody dance," he called, and suddenly the floor filled with couples and the tension was over.

Jerico took his defeat gracefully. He sat down on the nearest bench, and rolled a cigarette.

"Like to dance?" he leaned across to ask Vera, who was sitting several feet away.

She got up, and they moved into the crowd. Mountain men hardly ever danced with their wives, and she was delighted to be his partner.

"You're mighty skillful, Jerico."

"Reckon I am. Steve'd better stop pretty soon or he'll burst a blood vessel. Reckon I'd better relieve him when this is over."

The waltz ended, and people moved outside to cool off. The ice-cream freezers were opened, the soft drinks poured into cups. People were talking about the dance just ended. Vera could hear them.

"Never heard of that cuttin' in before," one young fellow said. "Bet Jerry never did either."

"I've heard about it," his girl answered. "Trouble is we're way behind the times. Mr. Rogers aimin' to teach us better manners, I expect."

"Jerry wouldn't call it that. I expected him to tell Rogers to mind his manners."

"Miss Nora's sweet," the girl said. "I wonder how she felt—"

The rest of the sentence was lost, but Vera felt sure that they were whispering scandal.

Jerico went back to his fiddling after the interval. But a change had come over him. In a dozen ways he made it plain that he was playing for Eleanor. He singled her out, went to talk to her between dances, claimed her at his second resting spell, enough this time he did not attempt a round dance with her. As the hours passed it was plain that he meant every one to know his fancy.

Some of the men laid wagers there would be a fight before the evening was over. Vera grew uneasy when she heard them talking about it.

"Mr. Rogers is givin' this dance. He can't fight with any one now."

"They pretty near mixed it up down in the town one time, over the same lady too."

"Looks to me like she didn't mind it too much."

Vera thought of this, but she knew that, in view of what Eleanor had promised her, the girl's conduct was above reproach. She was treating Jerico as she would have any other man. There was no way that she could refuse to dance with him, could ignore his attentions. Vera's head began to ache. The dance would end soon, as they never danced on the Sabbath. Now she longed for midnight. When she and Jerico were driving home she would try to talk to him. Perhaps he would listen if she told him that he was creating scandal. At any rate she would make an attempt.

The last square dance was called, the one that usually ended in "Home, Sweet Home," with each man dancing with the girl he would take home.

Suddenly Jerico began to sing:

Now, this is the object of my song
Dance with the girl you'll take along;
Under the stars with her you'll roam.
The longest way round is the shortest way home.

Then he put down his violin. Steve kept on playing. Jerico plunged into the midst of the dancers and went straight to Eleanor, who was dancing with John. He tapped John on the shoulder.

"Cuttin' in," he said with a grin.

And before John could protest Jerico was dancing off with Eleanor. Vera saw him nod his head at Steve. Then Steve began to play "Home, Sweet Home." Jerico waltzed to the door, danced Eleanor over the threshold, and disappeared into the night.

Steve stopped playing. The dance was over. For a moment Vera thought Jerico would come back; then she realized that he meant to take Eleanor home. But this mustn't happen. She ran into the yard. They were not in sight. Without a backward glance she began to hitch Dandy to the buggy. She was aware of confusion behind her—laughter and farewells. If only she could overtake Jerico and Eleanor. It wouldn't stop the talk, but it might save the girl unpleasantness. She heard Darrel ask: "Where's Eleanor?"

"Jerico's carryin' her home," a voice responded, and there was more laughter.

Vera's fingers bungled over the traces. Darrel came through the night.

"Are you going after them?" he asked in a low voice. "Shall I take the car? John can't leave."

"I can manage better this way. Fix the traces on the other side. I want to get started," she answered.

Darrel tried to help, but Dandy was tired and sleepy. Vera cut him with the whip as she climbed into the buggy. There were so many cars and teams parked in the yard that she had to work her way out of the gate. How long had Jerico and Eleanor been gone? Twenty minutes probably. She whipped the horse into a trot.

"Faster, Dandy, faster," she urged.

SHE was out on the road now. Mustn't go too fast or she might pass them. Jerico might pull Eleanor back into the shadows and let the buggy drive by. Up the hill, the dim moonlight showing her no one in the road. She was crying, her tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks. The Stevenses' house came in sight. There was a light in Eleanor's window.

Vera tied Dandy to the gatepost, then went softly around the yard and tapped on the girl's window.

"Eleanor, it's Vera. I want to talk to you." The curtain was raised.

"Where's Jerico?" Vera asked breathlessly.

"I don't know. He left me down the road. I suppose he's gone on home, or back to the dance."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure."

They stood there a moment, confronting each other, then Vera turned away.

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"What do you mean, you'll finish this?" Jerico demanded. "It's my dance, ain't it?"

FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

by

MARY BORDEN

Illustrations by NORMAN MINGO



The Honeymoon

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Borden's views on marriage may seem radical to many people and ultraconservative to others. We welcome comment on this controversial subject, "The Honeymoon," which is of importance primarily to brides and to bridegrooms and to mothers of families who bear the burden of social traditions and yet are chiefly concerned with the happiness of their children and the future of their race.

LET us be sensible, very matter-of-fact, and completely honest about the honeymoon. Let us get rid of all our preconceived notion about this fetish, dare to say what we really think, and admit that it is a mistake.

We shall annoy many people, we shall shock many more, and we may even seem monsters to sentimental youth. They may stare at us with horror, or laugh at our foolishness, or behave as children do if you take away their toys. Never mind. Their little heads are stuffed with nonsense; they are victims of one of Christendom's most cherished illusions.

Consider for a moment what a honeymoon is supposed to be, and what is the reason for it. Its reason is delight, pleasure raised to ecstasy. That is its only claim to consideration. Pleasure for a week, a month, two months; a perfect holiday, presumably, snatched from the hard business of daily living; a release so complete, so satisfying that it is more restful, more life-giving than any other holiday could be.

Taken before the business of married life begins, it is a preparation for the long pull ahead, an introduction to your life partner, a leisured opportunity for both of you to get to know each other in ideal conditions for intimacy. The perfect holiday, then, of two lovers set free for a time from worry, obligations, and fear of criticism.

Society approves of them, understands them, and leaves them alone. No one interferes with them; scarcely any one writes to them; every one is sympathetic with them—these legitimate lovers, whose delight in each other has been made respectable.

They need think of no one nor fear any one but each other; and how could they be afraid of each other? They are lovers.

They are enjoying, presumably, the greatest ecstasy the world can offer—the first sudden, thrilling delights of consummated love, in surroundings chosen for beauty and comfort, and with plenty of time for complete relaxation.

They are for the time being useless members of society. They are not expected to have eyes or ears for any one but each other. They are not asked to do anything but love each other. They are not supposed to be rational. The man is a decent, hard-working

citizen usually; he isn't now. He is nothing but a bridegroom. His employer understands, so do his colleagues. They do his work for him as a matter of course while he is away on his honeymoon, partly out of sympathy, partly because of the theory that he wouldn't be any good in the office anyway, which is a mistake. In fact, the whole business is a mistake from beginning to end, one of our most stupid conventions and most costly luxuries.

I believe that many marriages that might have been quite happy start wrong because of the honeymoon. For I believe that this holiday, whose only reason for existence is pleasure, is very often not pleasant at all, but a difficult adjustment, a disappointing experience, both to the man and to the woman; a useless, abnormal, and unfair test of their love for each other.

This is especially true of those countries where sex repression is a fundamental part of the moral code, and it is among just such people, strange to say, that the honeymoon has been exalted into an obligation and a fetish.

The initial mistake, then, is in psychology. It is assumed that people who have been sexually repressed will suddenly, when they are at last free to express themselves, fall upon the object of their longing with an overwhelming delight—a delight so devastating that it will incapacitate them for any other normal activity. But it doesn't work out that way.

I know it is dangerous to generalize on the subject. And few men and women will admit even to themselves that their honeymoon was a strain, a bore, a nerve-racking period of adjustment or a miserable failure that estranged them temporarily, and made their married life unnecessarily difficult.

THE convention of bliss in connection with the honeymoon is so strong that vanity forbids people to admit that it was anything less than the most perfect experience of their lives. Indeed, they often succeed in seeing it in that way in retrospect, for time erases unhappy emotions. They should have been happy on their honeymoon, so they must have been.

Then, too, holidays are agreeable, so is traveling. It is exciting to go to new places, stay in expensive hotels, dine in restaurants with orchestras playing, while a man makes love to you, and you wear lovely new clothes and feel free, strange, and important. All the trimmings of the honeymoon are delightful. You have planned it all just as you wanted it.

It would be perfect if you could sit there forever and listen to the music. The music helps: it makes you feel you want to be in his arms. But when you are alone together in that cold, strange bedroom shut up together,

bound together for life, with no means of escape—

I feel for the girl. The honeymoon for her was all of a piece with the big wedding, the trousseau, and the presents. She has gone on her honeymoon because every one has a honeymoon, and she is often disappointed and frightened—so disappointed in her own reactions to marriage that she is convinced she does not love her husband, or so badly frightened that it will take her years to adjust herself to the intimacy of married life. Much of a woman's happiness depends on the man, and because so much depends upon him I feel even more concern for him than for his wife.

I know of one who was obliged to break off his honeymoon and take his bride home to her parents. He was a normal and fine man, and he loved her.

He loved her enough to find her fear of him, and her misery unbearable. The marriage was not consummated. She never went back to him. He let her divorce him afterwards on grounds extremely damaging to himself in the eyes of the world.

I believe him to be well rid of her, but he does not think so. There is a haunted look in his eyes sometimes. I think he is still under the delusion that it was all his fault, that if he had been more understanding, he might have won her. I feel sure that he is mistaken. I feel certain that no man could have made that girl a normal woman. Perhaps if she had had more time to know him better, perhaps if there had been no honeymoon, they might have come to enjoy a life together. She was hypersensitive, and she suffered from false modesty. She couldn't help this. She was no more to blame for the disruption of her marriage than was he. Her parents were to blame; her upbringing was to blame; the community and the system that produced her were responsible.

THIS, I grant you, is an extreme case, but it only differs in degree from many others. If the girl had had more pride or more character, or if she had been more in love with the man and a little less taken up with her own disappointment, she would not have forgone marriage so quickly.

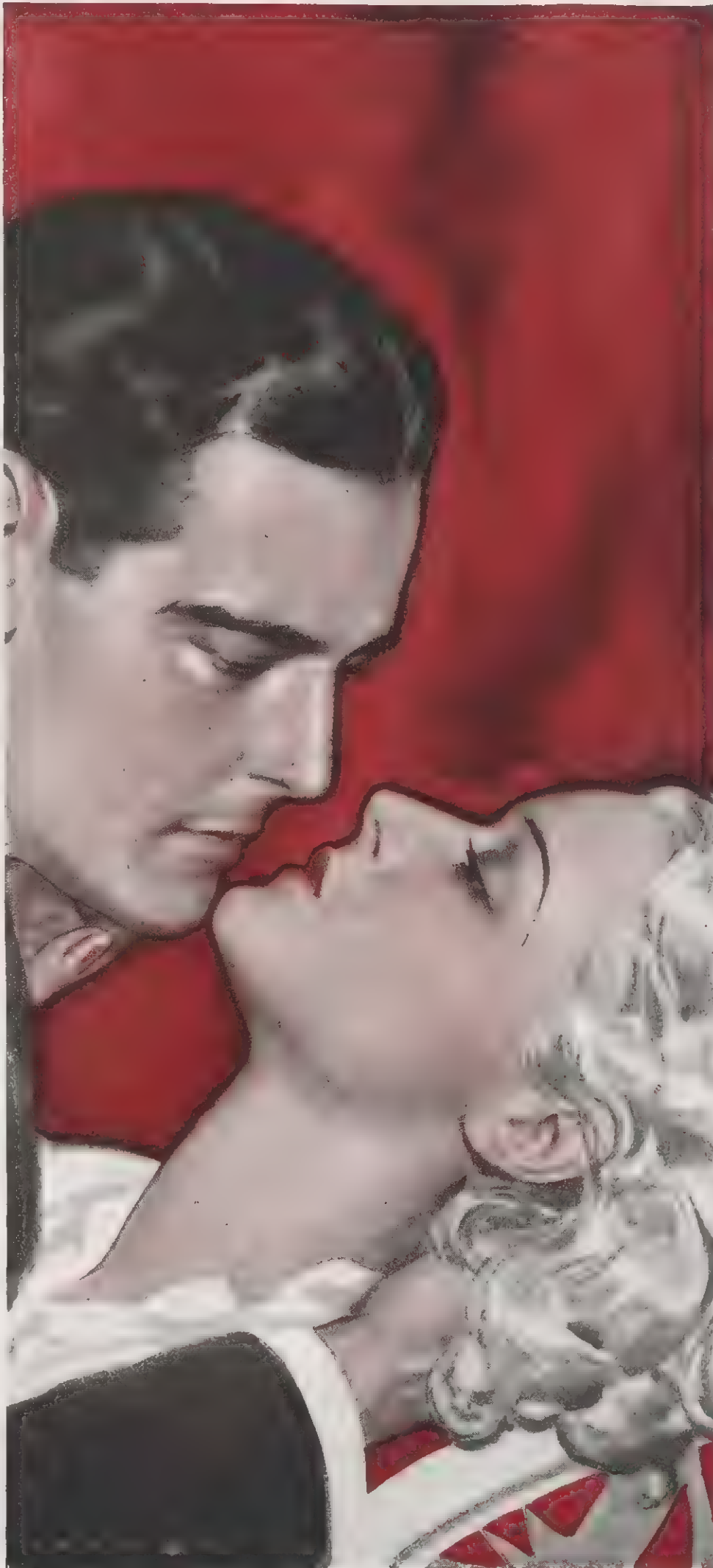
Analyze the feelings of a loving bridegroom who finds himself married to a frightened bride. They are alone now in the world, and he is responsible for her. He has taken her away from her parents and vowed he would make her happy. He believed he could. He was certain that she loved him. He knew he couldn't give her everything that she had been accustomed to, but he had thought love would make up the difference. It did for him. It made his effort seem worth while.

He would have two people to support now. He would have to work hard, give up many things he was used to, but he would get much in exchange. A home of his own, yes, that was something, but the main thing was the girl herself, her beautiful self, her love and her companionship. He wanted her. He had wanted her so much that he had felt he couldn't live without her.

She had enchanted and intoxicated him. He wanted her mentally and spiritually and physically, and he wanted her to love him. That perhaps was what he wanted most of all, the wonderful assurance that he was not alone in loving her, not alone in the world, would never be alone again because she loved him as he loved her.

He had believed while they were engaged that she did love him. She had said so many times and had acted as if it were true. She had seemed to like being

The Technique of Marriage ~



kissed and to understand all about love. How could she be so alluring if she didn't understand?

But now suddenly she was quite different. It was as though she had suddenly discovered that she didn't love him. How else could he interpret her attitude? All the life and sparkle had gone out of her, all the laughter and joy. She was limp, silent, so unresponsive that it scared him, and at a moment when he was scared anyhow. When he most wanted to be assured that she loved him he seemed to fill her with dread.

WHAT should he do about it? What could he do? He didn't know what to do. If he left her alone, she might misunderstand. If he didn't get over this difficulty, carry her along by the strength of his own emotions, she might drift forever out of his reach. Perhaps if he could do the impossible thing, remain close to her, continue to make love to her, just as he had done when they were engaged, and ask for nothing more, she might be reassured. Perhaps that unnatural procedure might change her back again into the loving creature she once had been.

He would do his best to understand her. He would tell himself that it was only his strangeness that was the trouble. He would try to put himself in her place. But, being a man, he wouldn't really understand her, and he'd be bewildered, hurt, scared, and helpless.

One hears a good deal about the brutality of men on their honeymoon. One hears less about the cruelty of women. And yet I can think of nothing more cruel to an affectionate man than to be made to feel that he is revolting to the woman whose love he has counted on. And the finer he is the more he will feel it, and the more helpless he will be to rescue the two of them from their tragic impasse.

It is the moment when a sense of perspective and of proportion is most needed. If only it didn't all appear so desperately important! If only they hadn't interrupted their normal life to concentrate on this joy that has turned to bitter disappointment!

But here they are cut off from the world, isolated and in exile on their honeymoon.

If only he could get away from her for a while, play a game of golf with some man, or go for a long walk alone and think things out! But he doesn't dare leave her alone for long. He doesn't know what she'd do if he left her. And again she might misunderstand; think he was tired of her already; imagine he didn't love her.

Does he? Of course he does. That is why he can't bear to see her miserable; but unreasonable doubt will assail him. He will wonder if the whole thing isn't a mistake, and he will, if their affection survives, remember his honeymoon with horror.

They get through it somehow probably, and come back to settle down together. You will point out to me that they always do, and you will add that I am talking nonsense, since in many cases their affection survives this ordeal. But then you will have missed the point.

The point is that the ordeal of the honeymoon wasn't in the least necessary; it was not undertaken as a test of their devotion. They went off on a wedding trip because it was supposed to provide them with a perfect holiday and an opportunity to get to know each other under ideal conditions.

The conditions were not ideal. Because of the conditions each was presented to the other in the worst possible light, and the principal opportunity offered was the opportunity for misunderstanding, for doubt, for harm that might never be undone.

I think the majority of doctors will agree with the statement that a violent shock such as I have indicated, accompanied by strong revulsion, may destroy forever a woman's capacity for a normal married life.

But let us consider those lucky people who have no difficult adjustments to make. They are not so many, I think, as you may imagine, and they are becoming less in number as the tempo of our nerve-racking civilization increases. I would almost venture to say that few civilized men or women are free from inhibitions of some sort, and that few are trained to take a sane, intelligent view of their own passions.

But I dare say that about half the men and women of America, for instance, are robust enough to survive the honeymoon without coming to any harm. If they are full-blooded, natural people, well mated, and with mutual sex attraction, they will of course enjoy their wedding trip. They will get just what they wanted out of it, and if it doesn't last too long they may not even wonder whether they aren't a bit bored. But when it is over, what will they have had from it?

AS a preparation for normal, everyday married life the honeymoon has no value at all, simply because at its best, even when it is a tremendous success, it is no more normal than any form of self-indulgence.

Everything about it is artificial and everything is different from the life these two are going to live together. They have planned it with the idea that it should be special, unique, exotic, as unnatural as a dream. They expect, perhaps unconsciously, to find in it the bliss of an opium eater.

And what good is that even to a happy couple of healthy young creatures? They are not indulging in an illicit love affair; they are

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Sugar House

The conclusion in which Bea's romantic flights are hampered by her daughter

by FANNIE
HURST



"Here was every indication that under the strain Flake was breaking. Jessica or no Jessica, the time was at hand"

Illustration by
HERBERT BOHNERT

THE night that, unannounced, Peola walked into the apartment, Bea, who had arrived about ten o'clock after a monthly round-table dinner with her staff managers, was standing before her mirror in a new fluffy peignoir, braiding her hair into the two identical plaits she had worn to bed all her adult life.

It had been three and a half years since Peola had passed through New York for a two-day visit on her way from Washington, D. C., to Seattle, to accept the new position as librarian.

This time her appearance, following a late ring at the door, answered by Delilah, had been the occasion of an instantaneous outcry.

"Praise be de Lawd Gawdalmighty for bein' in His heaven! It's mah chile come home to her waitin' an' prayin' mammy. Lawd, You answered mah prayer. I knowed You would. Come out here, Missy Bea! Didn't I tell you mah child would come home?"

As a matter of fact she had not told Bea any such thing. Only through the stress of this moment had come the revelation of what must have lain for years beneath Delilah's silence concerning the protracted absence of her daughter. Never a word out of her at Peola's delayed visits. Not an intimation of that chronic earstrain for the postman's footfall; of the long intervals between the neatly typed envelopes bearing the Seattle postmark. One from Peola to every ten or fifteen of Delilah's letters, bearing, in spite of every effort to convert her to the use of checks, inclosures of bank notes pinned to the letter sheet.

And now here was Peola, straight as a blade, her banana-colored pallor standing out beneath the brim of her modish hat, walking into the routine of Delilah's life of service.

Floodgates went down, sweeping away her mother's turmoils along the surface of released tears.

"I knowed mah baby would come home to me. Every night, when I prayed to God, I knowed it. Dar's a knife jumped right out of mah heart when I opened dis here door jest now. Gawd-

almighty, praise be de Lawd, mah chile's come home." The wide expanse of her wet cheeks, her eyes seeming to pour rivulets down her face like rain against a window pane—there was apparently no way that Delilah could capture the face of her child in an embrace.

Rigid-eyed, it swung away from the wetness. It eluded, it dipped, it came up dry and pale, untouched by the great crying surface that sought to capture it.

"Mah baby. I knowed she'd come if I waited an' prayed an' prayed an' waited. Mah baby, come home to her mammy, an' nobody askin' it of her."

Peola's dry, inscrutable face stared across the vast shoulder of her mother, at the figure of B. Pullman standing on the edge of that revealing scene. Pity and a veritable nausea of revulsion shone in Peola's eyes. She was suffering that embrace, a demonstration against which her flesh and her staring eyes seemed to shudder.

"Miss Jessie's letters comed oftener, but mah baby brunged herself instead of any letters. Look heah at mah honey-chile, Miss Bea. Miss Jessie never come home in no more style! Look at dat fur tibbet, will you? Ain't she de fashionest plate! Uh-uh, gimme dat valise! Doan' you spoil your pretty hands luggin' dat luggage. Gawdalmighty, mah chile's come home."

But it was obvious that Peola was not sharing her mother's joy and that her intentions, as revealed by her luggage and the late hour of her arrival, were failing her. The vast wet surface of a face that threatened her, the arms loaded with flesh that crowded her, the pronounce-

ment that the small room off Delilah's was now occupied by the male nurse—all these things were weakening her intention to remain overnight. Her intention was failing her as she stood.

"Come right into your mammy's room, honey-chile, an' take off your things an' let your mammy feed an' rest you. Ain't no place for you to sleep to-night, exceptin' where you belongs, in your mammy's arms in your mammy's bed."

"No, no. I couldn't. I can't. I mean, you see, it's better this way. Quickly. Let me talk it all right here in the hall, standing. It will be better then for me to go. Please, Mrs. Pullman. You stay too. You must. I've traveled three days and three nights to see you both this way together!"

"But, baby chile, ain't you gonna let your mammy git you fixed an' comfortable fust? You looks dead beat, baby. Missy Bea an' me will wait—not 'Mrs. Pullman,' honey. Dat ain't no way for to call your best friend."

"Please! The sooner this is over the better for—every one."

"Baby, you ain't in trouble?"

"Not unless you decide that I am. Please! Missy Bea, tell her we must talk quietly and at once."

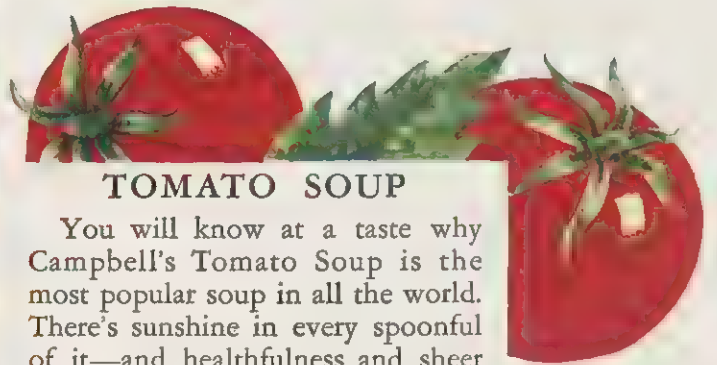
"But, Peola, your mother is happy and excited. I think I'd better leave you with her now."

"No, no, please. Won't you please stay? You must stay. That's why I've come. To see you both."

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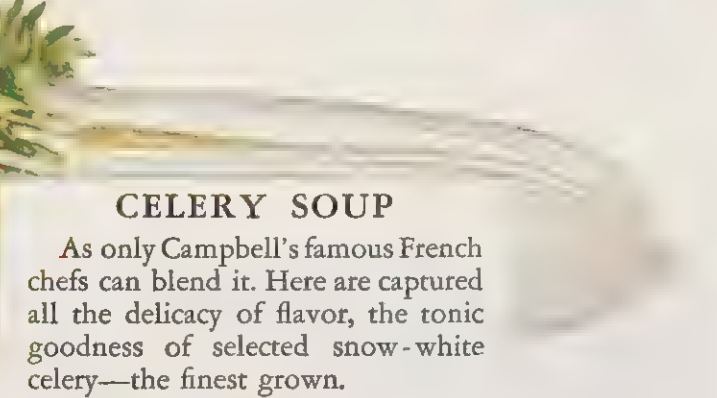
These four *Campbell's* Soups are strictly vegetable

... for Lent and other meatless days
 ... for the regular family table any day in the year



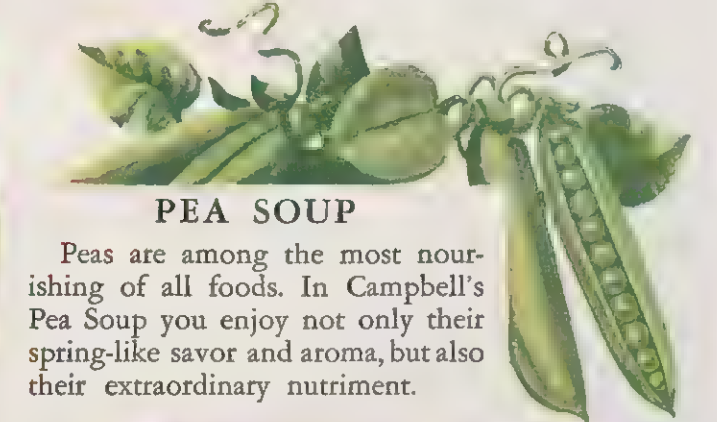
TOMATO SOUP

You will know at a taste why Campbell's Tomato Soup is the most popular soup in all the world. There's sunshine in every spoonful of it—and healthfulness and sheer pleasure for your appetite!



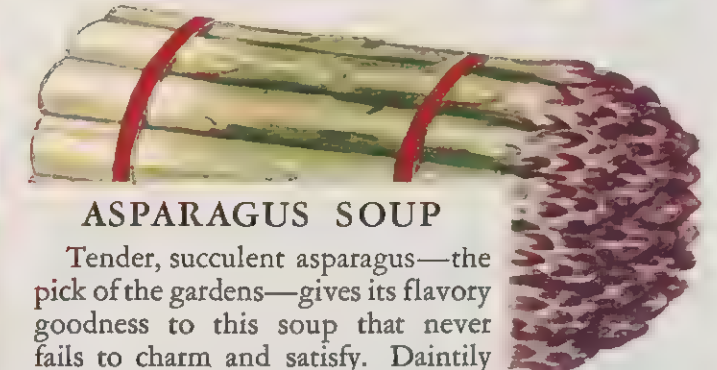
CELERY SOUP

As only Campbell's famous French chefs can blend it. Here are captured all the delicacy of flavor, the tonic goodness of selected snow-white celery—the finest grown.



PEA SOUP

Peas are among the most nourishing of all foods. In Campbell's Pea Soup you enjoy not only their spring-like savor and aroma, but also their extraordinary nutriment.



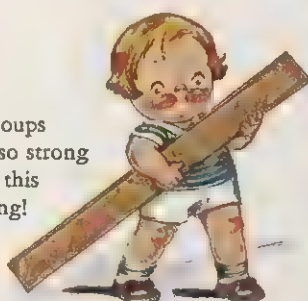
ASPARAGUS SOUP

Tender, succulent asparagus—the pick of the gardens—gives its flavory goodness to this soup that never fails to charm and satisfy. Daintily garnished with asparagus tips.

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EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

Campbell's Soups
Make me so strong
I could hold this
All day long!



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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

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MEN HURRY HOME FOR THIS

Apricot Topsy Turvy

Wrote 380 Out of 382 Wives Who Tried This Delicious Creation on Their Husbands

Accept **SIMPLIFIED** Recipe for It and 14 Others **FREE** Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal Flour. Or, Send 10¢ With Coupon Below

Due to a New Milling Development—
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—It's Very Easy To Make

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PLC-4

"Then come into my room, Delilah. Come."

"If it's because you got to sleep wid your ole mammy dat you don't want to stay to-night, I kin roll mahself up on de floor."

"Delilah, you'll do nothing of the sort! Come into my room."

No sooner in, behind closed doors, than the daughter of Delilah jerked off her hat, revealing suddenly her straight black hair and the pallor of her brow.

"Help me, you two! Help me to pass for white!"

"Lordagawd!"

"I've been in Seattle four years now. I've made good there. I've passed. You must have known that all along, Missy Bea."

"I've suspected it."

"There's nothing wrong in passing. The wrong is the world that makes it necessary."

Suddenly Delilah began to sway, throwing her apron up over her face.

"Lordagawd, it's come. Give me strength. De white horses have cotched her."

"You'll never know," said Peola to Bea, "how I've dreaded all this. This wailing. This awfulness—"

"Lordagawd, forgive me for wailin', but after all dese years of mah prayin' You've seen fit for it to come disaway."

"There is nothing wrong about this way. What the world does not know will not hurt it. I'm not ungrateful. I know how good you are. Twenty thousand times too good for me. Fifty times. Everything you've given me has been more than I deserve."

"Oh, mah baby, agivin' you has been de meanin' of livin'. Agivin' you, seein' you git fine an' educated, even if in de end it crucify me."

"Then you do want me to be happy? And yet you know as well as I that with all you've given me since the day I was born, I've been the most wretched—"

"Don't say it, baby. It's de knife back in mah heart."

"I must say it in order to make you understand. You at least can cry! I can't. I've cried myself dry. I tell you I've prayed same as you for strength to be proud of being black. I've tried to glory in my people. I've drenched myself in the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Booker Washington, and Frederick Douglass. I've tried to catch some of their spark. But I haven't pride of race, or love of race. There's no martyr about me. I can't endure being black in a white world. It might be easier if I was out-and-out black like you. But I'm not. I'm light. No way of knowing how much white blood flows in my veins. I'm as white under my skin as I am on top. Sometimes I think if my pap were living he'd have things to tell me—"

"Lordgawdalmighty, it ain't mah chile talkin'."

"Listen. You scarcely know me. I've gone my way, able to do so because you have been indulgent and generous. I haven't been a good daughter. I haven't been anything you deserved to have me be. But as things go in this world, I have been a good girl. I've worked. I've studied. I've tried to make the best of myself. And all the time with the terrible odds against me of knowing I could never really get anywhere!"

"Oh, no, Peola."

"YES, Missy Bea! What do you know about not having the courage to face life in a black world? You've succeeded in a world that matters to you! Give me that same chance."

"What do you mean?"

"I've got on out there in Seattle. Librarian in the city's finest branch. I've watched my every step. I'm not black out there. Nobody knows anything except that I'm an orphan earning a decent living. And now the test has come. I've got to go on forever that way, or be thrown back into something I haven't the courage to face. You can help me. You two. Only you two and Jessie. For God's sake, make mammy stop those moaning sounds. I can't stand it."

"Delilah, you must give Peola the right to state her case."

"Lordgawdalmighty, I'm breakin' in two. I can't hear it no more. Lovin' de Lawd dat made me black,

I bring mah baby chile into a race dat I'm proud to be one of. Lovers of de Lawd an' willin' servers is mah race, filled wid de blessin's of humility—a singin', happy, God-lovin', servin' race dat I loves an' wants mah chile to love."

"I CAN'T! I've nothing against them, but I—can't be what you want. Not in a white world. If your skin is white like mine there is no point to the needless suffering. I've got to be helped. You two can do it. And I need terribly now—to pass completely."

"What do you mean by 'now,' Peola?"

"It's the crisis that had to come sooner or later. You know what I mean."

"Marriage?"

"Yes."

"White?"

"Yes."

"No, Peola! Gawd don't want His rivers to mix!"

"Won't you please release me, mammy, let me go my way?"

"Let go what I ain't never had—"

"I need so terribly what it is in your power to grant me. I am safe except for you. My boy needs me so. I couldn't live—"

"Black wimmin who pass, pass into damnation."

"Oh, my God, what chance have I, Missy Bea, against her swamp and voodoo nonsense?"

I bring mah baby chile into a race dat I'm proud to be one of. Lovers of de Lawd an' willin' servers is mah race, filled wid de blessin's of humility—a singin', happy, God-lovin', servin' race dat I loves an' wants mah chile to love."

Responsibility

by MARJORIE SHULER

I SAW a woman the other day who is sick unto death. And there is nothing in the world the matter with her but a false sense of responsibility. She thinks that life holds nothing more for her because her children do not want her any longer. Now, the children do want her, but they don't want the sense of responsibility that she persists in carrying for them and which interferes with their business and pleasure.

Of course she wants to save them the pain of making mistakes. But they have a right to their own mistakes and the growth that experience has for them. If they were weak they would give in, and she never would know that she was ruining their lives. As it is, they are strong, and so she considers that they are ruining hers.

Most of us suffer to some extent from taking on too much responsibility for persons and conditions outside ourselves—the unwise loans by Uncle John, the bids at contract by our husband or wife, the dress worn by a friend, the sermon in church last Sunday.

All of us have sufficient occupation when we assume responsibility for our own acts, words, circumstances, duties. When we allow ourselves to become resentful or impatient over what others do, to that extent we fail in our own obligation to be tolerant, kind, and just, to keep the peace.

Some one has said that responsibility is response to divine ability. To accept this definition would spare us much worry and unhappiness. Then we would confidently leave to others the fulfilling of their own opportunities, and we would fearlessly welcome those which come to us.

"Dat ain't swamp talk. Dat ain't voodoo. Dat's blood talk. Dat's de law-of-de-Lawd talk. You cain't go agin de fallin' of de rain an' de crackin' of de thunder. They're there. You're there. Black! You ain't lovin' nobody but yourself in dis here passin'. Your man will live to curse de day when your lie comes out in your chillun."

"I've taken care of that!"

"Peola!"

"I'm not ashamed. There are millions to populate

the world besides me. There is no shame in being sterilized for the happiness of another. He knows, without knowing why, that I can't have children. I want my happiness. I want my man. I want my life. I love him and I'll follow him to the ends of the earth."

"What end of the earth, Peola?"

"He's an engineer. We're going to Bolivia. I'll see to it that we stay there. His happiness will be the meaning of my life. I love him. He loves me. Nothing can happen to destroy us unless you—won't—help."

"Lordagawd, give me strength."

"Try, dear Miss Bea, to stop her. It's like a horror in a jungle. It's like everything I'm trying to run away from. For God's sake, don't do that. Stop swaying—Stop praying. Let me pass in silence. Give me your solemn oaths that, so far as you both are concerned, you do not know me. It's that for me or nothing. Promise never to know me if we ever meet face to face. Promise me!"

"Oh, Lawd, was ever such words listened to?"

"I know it sounds terrible. But, oh, my poor dear, it's in your power to give me my freedom. Let me go. You'll be well rid of me. I've been no good to you. I'm not worth your tears. But somehow I'll make it up. I'll make it up to A. M. I'll make it up to him for being the poor daughter I've been to you. He's just a darling boy, mammy, a farmer kid who studied engineering. He got to coming to the library evenings after his mother died last March. Wonder if you know what it means, leading the lonely life I had to and then all of a sudden the whole world bursting open like a flower."

"De makin's of misery—de makin's of misery."

"I tell you no! He was gassed in the war, to say nothing of half a hand he lost in Flanders. He's never yet shaken the hell of it all out of his eyes. He needs change. We're going to make a fresh start. He's got this engineering chance in Bolivia. It's not a sin, mammy, where there won't be children. It's all or nothing for me. You two have my life in your hands."

"OH, PEOLA, it isn't fair to put it that way to your mother."

"Don't you think I know that? But life hasn't meant much to me, Missy Bea; never has until now. Mammy's got you. You've got Jessie. I've found A. M. He loves me. I love him. He depends on me. He's out there now waiting for me to come back. He's got this South American job. It's a five-year one. A big chance. Most of it in jungle country. It's all or nothing for me."

"Lordagawd, help me do for mah chile what she wants."

"I want you to let me pass. I want your oath. Never so long as you live, if you meet me—in the jungle or on the high seas—to recognize me. I leave you no name. No address. I'll have to learn to forget. You'll have to. If you have mercy, mammy, and you have—let me pass."

"Thar's spikes through mah hands an' thar's a spike through mah heart if ever thar was spikes in de hands an' de heart of anybody besides our Lawd."

"Peola, you are asking of your mother something too terrible to be borne."

"As if everything she had to bear connected with me hasn't always been that. Let me go. Let her be free of me. Mammy, I'll kiss your hands—I'll wash your feet—let me go!"

"No, no, no. Git up. Git up for de love of Gawd. I got to let her go, Miss Bea. Lordagawd must help her from now on. Lordagawd an' my prayers dat won't never leave her alone in de jungle. I got to let mah chile go, Miss Bea. Does you promise, too?"

"Yes—Delilah."

"Lordagawd, forgive mah chile, for she knows not what she do. Bless mah chile. Make her happy. Strike me daid, Lordagawd, if ever on dis earth I owns to bearin' her."

Seeing Delilah faint was like beholding a great building slump over on its side.

"You must be a luvver of de Lawd if you want to go to heaven when you die." And Delilah desired

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THE HOUSE YOU WANT



Drawing by
HERBERT PAUS

Be a Better Buyer

by JEANETTE EATON

THE sweet light that beams from the house of my dreams!" Thus the radio favorite croons a universal sentiment.

His feminine audience sighs contentedly. Before each listener arises a picture—perhaps a stately Colonial mansion, perhaps a cosy gabled cottage half hidden in shrubbery. For not one of us but would like to build a house. Not one of us but has planned to do so sometime. And we will, won't we?

Snap off the radio! Wake up and listen to the bitter truth! Under present conditions only one of us in a hundred has a chance to see the "sweet light that beams." You don't believe it? Well, to dispel fond illusion, just suppose the radio crooner was heard by every American family. Now let's look at the actual facts about those families. More than half of them, as Dr. E. E. Wood tells us in "Recent Trends in American Housing," are living in houses or apartments which are below *minimum* standards of decent sanitation, light and air.

Not more than one-third of the families have money enough to undertake the purchase of a home costing \$4,000 for both land and house. Only a very small percentage of all who are listening in can count on an income which would comfortably justify building. Finally, of that small minority only a few could actually arrange it to-day.

Our entire housing system is at a turn of the road. The future looks promising. But present stagnation has to be overcome before we can approach that future. As long ago as 1910 students of social conditions became alarmed at the continued decline in the personal owning of homes. They said we were fast becoming a rootless and irresponsible people and that something had to be done about it. Yet since then no really basic improvement has been made. Now things have arrived at such a pass that we women must turn from our individualistic dreams and take some responsibility for this pressing national problem of housing.

Better Homes in America, an organization incorporated in 1922, has done its best to stimulate home ownership. But our families are at a severe disadvantage in undertaking this enterprise when not more than one-third of them have incomes of more than \$2,000 a year.

Experts of the Division of Building and Housing in the Bureau of Standards tell us that a fair figure to reckon with when considering the cost of a new home is twice the yearly income. According to this estimate, about a third of our people could afford a \$4,000 house. But with land, mortgage loans, materials and labor costing what they do to-day, even with great

enforced reductions, the house which can be custom built for that price is exceptional.

It follows that only that small number of American families certain of incomes of more than \$2,500 can build the kind of house they want, and then only if they have forty per cent of the cash already saved. For until relief comes, lending companies will not advance large sums for new building. Mortgage foreclosures have already dumped too much property on their hands.

These grim facts make us positively envy the pioneers who settled America. All they had to overcome was the simple ferocity of savages, wild animals, and the untamed wilderness. But to-day the home builder faces bewildering complexities. Nevertheless, there was never a moment when it was more essential to discuss individual house planning. Because of the example of those pioneers and the indomitable spirit they handed on to us, we are going to discover ways of building houses for the great majority.

Vigorous forces are enlisted to control the factors essential to shelter. And more than that. The individually planned home is an ideal so woven into our sense of the charm and soundness of family life that we will never be satisfied without the possibility of realizing it. Therefore, intelligent women should review what good planning of a house has meant up to this time. Thus we can approach the future with clear understanding and a hope based on knowledge.

Let us suppose then, Madam, that you belong to the happy few who are going to build a house this year. We shall follow you with the peculiar thrill of a satisfaction probably only deferred in our own case. First, in common with all adventurers, you must see land ahead. Where will you place that structure of your fancy? At this point you must figuratively as well as literally come down to earth.

Don't be like a woman I know whom I shall call Mrs. Black. She hated the city, where she had always lived, and persuaded her husband that it would be better to settle in the country, since both land values and taxation were lower there.

One day while motoring the Blacks up and bought two acres far from town. But not until the builders were hard at work did these naive city sparrows realize that they had no possible water supply. Naturally the expense of an artesian well more than offset the relative cheapness of their property.

Yes, in the selection of an abiding place you must be unusually practical. For example, it means actual dollars as well as convenience to have your house accessible to your husband's business or your own.

Another important factor is constituted by the social and educational advantages due your children.

Indeed, there are literally "thirty things to consider in choosing the home site." That is the exact title of a chapter in a book which every prospective home owner ought to read. "The Better Homes Manual," published by the University of Chicago Press, will make any reader a sage on her housing problem.

Recommended by the American Library Association, this book can certainly be had at your library. It has been prepared by specialists for you and me and every other amateur who knew nothing of real estate or construction until seized by the impulse to own a home.

Moreover, booklets for five cents and less, covering diverse aspects of housing may be had from Better Homes in America, 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the preparation of such material and, indeed, in much of its work, this organization has had the coöperation of the Division of Building and Housing, Bureau of Standards.

THE reason why use of these source books must be stressed is obvious. James Ford, executive director of Better Homes in America, says, "From the point of view of the individual householder, building or purchase of a home may be the most important investment of a lifetime." Each project must be carried out with the greatest care, and to make it succeed needs preparation.

To begin with, your whole future rests on the honesty and wisdom with which you plan your budget. It must cover cost of house and lot in such a way that you are not going to be so burdened with debt that you can't enjoy your home. Federal experts tell us that an unimproved lot should cost less than ten per cent of the house, and an improved lot twenty to twenty-five per cent. Furthermore, one-fifth of the total cost of both should be in the bank before any action is taken.

The mere cheapness of a lot, however, does not prove it a wise investment. Everything depends on where the lot lies. Recently a woman told me that she had urged her husband to buy in an expensive suburb. He had thought the cost of that site exorbitant.

"So it was," admitted my acquaintance, "but the section has such very superior public schools that I am saved the expense of the private schools for my children, necessitated by living in a big city. So I think it is perfectly sound to count part of the price of our lots as carrying expenditure for education."

How important is the character of the neighborhood in which you buy is stressed by one of the architectural

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HELEN HAYES

Continued from page 15

rabid publicity effects. I asked her how she felt about her new importance.

"I don't feel anything." She shrugged her shoulders and pushed away the dish of cereal. "If you've been trained in the theater the movie means nothing. It seems an ungrateful thing to say. You act on a set; the movie comes out three months later. People say, 'How wonderful!' but a performance I made three months ago I've completely forgotten, and there is very little spiritual satisfaction in it compared with the thing that comes to me on the stage.

"PERHAPS only once in twenty performances something happens inside yourself, and you say, 'Oh, I did that beautifully! We got together, the audience and I! It's a wonderful feeling—that's why we act, to get that moment of—well, call it beauty, or ecstasy, or inspiration, or what you will. I get nothing like that out of pictures. The enormous fame makes you dizzy. You long for it; hope it will come—and then? So far it's been nothing but an annoyance. I may get used to it in time, I don't know, but now it's so strange and bewildering!

"On the stage the public is in its place and I'm in my place, and when I am off the stage I'm a private person. But since I've been in the movies people are always waiting at the stage door, following me on the street, coming up and speaking to me anywhere, any time. They really have no right to me off the screen, have they? My face is my own then." She laughed ruefully. "I'm getting self-conscious—and I hate being self-conscious. It's got to the point where I think every one is looking at me, whether this is so or not.

"I come from a family of prowlers. My grandmother and my mother were prowlers. There's nothing I love so much as walking on the main street of any town—Fifth Avenue or Centerville. But this rush of fans interferes frightfully with it. When I was making 'Arrowsmith' with Ronny Colman he always seemed so sad and wistful; there was always something so tragic about him that I finally said to him one day:

"Ronny Colman, you have everything a man hopes for in his wildest longings—adoration, no ties, fame, success, money, and, what is more, the imagination to use it beautifully. You should be a happy man."

"And he answered, 'Yes, I have everything but freedom. There is no city I can walk down the streets of and not be mobbed. I can't drop into any restaurant that may take my fancy. I can't go into London or Paris and live the free, charming life I have the money and taste to enjoy. I must slip into places all muffled up and leave by the kitchen entrance. I am always hunted down by a mob, running away from a mob; I can't have a single hour that isn't constantly shadowed by the crowd dogging every step I take."

"You see," Miss Hayes commented, "I don't know whether the money you make in movies is worth all that. In the end you're having to spend it to keep yourself protected from the very fame that gave it to you."

Miss Hayes, on the other hand, pines for another sort of freedom, the kind that almost every woman, sitting in her home envying Miss Hayes, has any amount of. "I have an intense desire to be really free—not with the next play hanging over my head to worry me even on my short vacations. That isn't freedom, always anticipating the day when work begins again.

"I look forward to the day when I can stop, stand still, and say to myself, 'Now, what do I want to do?' knowing that I have endless time before me in which to do it—time to think, time to plan beautiful ways of living, time for development of myself for my own self's sake. It might lead me right around in a circle to where I am now and get me back to the theater, but I'd find out a few things about myself, and I'd reach that point by development instead of compulsion."

Miss Hayes says her marriage is responsible for whatever maturity she has developed—this marriage which sophisticates

predicted would not last out a year. They were sure no woman could hold this charming, gifted fellow with his gentle sympathies and his mad wit, disillusioned with life yet a passionate friend.

The marriage now has lasted many years, and the relationship between Miss Hayes and Mr. MacArthur is that of two keen young people who are having a lot of fun continually discovering exciting things about each other, and it looks as if they will spend a whole interesting lifetime at the job, with Mary now to help them.

"I really feel very guilty about being married to Charlie because he is such a completely free spirit," Miss Hayes explained. "But I'm going to hang on to him and keep him just the same because marriage is the greatest necessity a woman can have—there is a ruthless female for you! And what I owe to him! I was a complete case of arrested development until I met him. I hadn't even begun to germinate an adult idea before I married Charlie! Why, I didn't even suspect they existed.

"Charlie is a completely unique person in a completely unique situation. He must sit here or in Hollywood writing plays. I must go wherever my play goes, but despite all that, our career situation has not gotten in the way. It keeps us separated, but I don't find it hurts our enjoyment or enthusiasm for each other. On the contrary, my feeling is that it stimulates our interest in each other. There is always the adventure of meeting again, the fun of telling each other things we have stored up to say to each other."

"But how does that affect Mary? Isn't it hard on her to have you away?" I asked. The eyes of Mrs. MacArthur took fire. She leaned toward me.

"Ah! The one belief I hold on to as firmly as that I'd rather be a murderess than the generally accepted sort of mother who gives all and is all to her children, keeping herself for her children. It destroys the mother's chance to live an individual life, and it makes the best of children seem ungrateful cads by comparison, and gives them a sense of guilt which they never quite live down when finally they are forced to go their separate ways.

"I don't ever want to be that sort of mother to my child. I have no guilty conscience about only spending two hours a day with Mary—so much longer will I stay a glamorous figure in her life. I don't want to be the person to say 'Do this!' and 'Don't do that!'

"Any of us who have work to do had better have an impersonal person, like Mary's nurse, to handle their children; a person of immense patience who isn't unconsciously working off her personal irritations in the name of mother love. It's so easy to discipline children and so hard to discipline yourself, and women get so mixed up and think just because they are mothers their love is omnipotent and right.

"It has always been a great fascination to me to watch mothers with their children. We think we're teaching them and pushing them along in the right ways for them, when all the time what we're trying to get is a personal triumph for ourselves.

"No. No. I would much rather stay away from my little girl. There is too much of this mother love pressing in on children, too much of this terrible belief, 'I've given all to my child.' It's a hideous belief and against the natural instinct of a mother. Even animals know better than that!"

I LOOKED at Mary scabbling as industriously on her piece of paper as I on mine. She would be the testing ground of all her mother's beliefs, and she would know the true answer to them. I thought of my daughter's generation joined to Miss Hayes in the worship of reality. Perhaps Mary in her time would be joined to mine in the longing for unreality. Who knows?

Yes, Mary will know the answer, but neither Mary nor her mother will lose their balance though all the wealth of Hollywood swirls around them, for, being realists, their eyes will pierce through the dusty clouds of gold to the good black earth at their feet.

"Young Man, we're going to nip that cold in the bud!"



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If a cold strikes without warning, or slips by every precaution—do this: At bed-

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To PREVENT many colds



If a Cold DEVELOPS
To END it sooner



Follow Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds

THE HOME BUREAU

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Associates: DORIS LEE ASHLEY—M. G. KAINS—BERNHARDT E. MULLER, A.I.A.—FLORENCE BROBECK—JULIA BLISS JOYNER—EMELYN L. COOLIDGE, M. D.



Mixer from Westinghouse

Eggs must be well beaten

IT REALLY isn't true, you know, that only an expert chef can produce a perfect soufflé. With 3 or 4 eggs, a cupful of thick white sauce or its equivalent, an egg beater, a baking dish, and a reliable oven, even the beginner cook can make soufflés with safety and delight. Simple; but, more than that, so practical, too, for days when no meat is wanted in the menu.

Now write these facts in your soufflé notebook: Be unmerciful when you beat the eggs. For the following recipes use a baking dish 7 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep, and when baking always stand the dish in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for from 45 minutes to 1 hour if you use a large dish, or for 30 minutes if you use individual ramekins. The top should be alluringly browned; the center of the soufflé slightly moist. Underscore in red ink this maxim of all great chefs: "It is far better to keep the diners waiting than the soufflé." *Serve immediately* means just that. You can prove how simple a soufflé is with a can of tomato soup and 4 eggs.

Tomato Soufflé

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Can Tomato Soup | 2/4 Cupful Salted Dry Bread |
| 2 Tablespoonfuls Shortening | (crumbs) |
| 1 Teaspoonful Onion Juice | 2/4 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 Teaspoonful Pepper | 1 Teaspoonful Grated Italian |
| 4 Egg Yolks | Cheese |
| | 4 Egg Whites |

COMBINE the tomato soup, bread crumbs, shortening, onion juice, salt, pepper, and cheese. Heat. Remove from the fire. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add. Cool. Beat the whites until dry

and thick. Fold in. Grease a baking dish. Pour in the soufflé mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 minutes. Serve immediately.

Red Salmon Soufflé

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Cupful Flaked Red Salmon | 3/4 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 Cupful Special White Sauce | 1/8 Teaspoonful Pepper |
| 3/4 Teaspoonful Dry Mustard | 3/4 Teaspoonful Paprika |
| 1 Teaspoonful Lemon Juice | 4 Egg Yolks |
| | 4 Egg Whites |

FREE the fish of bones and skin. Place the bones in a saucepan of water with a diced carrot, a small onion, 1 teaspoonful of parsley, and a few mushroom



Soufflés should always be baked in a pan of hot water

stems and skins. Simmer until only half the original amount of liquid remains, enough to produce 1/2 cupful of strained liquid.

To make the special white sauce: Melt 1 tablespoonful of shortening in a saucepan. Stir in 1 tablespoonful of flour. Blend. Slowly strain in 1/2 cupful of the fish liquid. Add 1/2 cupful of whole milk. Blend thoroughly. Cook in a double boiler while you prepare the other ingredients.

Heat together the white sauce, mustard, lemon juice, seasoning, and flaked fish. When thoroughly heated remove from the fire. Add the beaten yolks. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 50 minutes. Six generous servings.

Lenten Soufflés

by
GAYNOR MADDOX

Cheese Soufflé

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1 1/4 Cupfuls Milk, Scalded | 1/2 Teaspoonful Dry Mustard |
| 3 Tablespoonfuls Quick-cooking Tapioca | 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion |
| 1 1/4 Cupfuls Grated Cheese | 3 Egg Whites |
| | 3 Egg Yolks |
| | 1 Teaspoonful Salt |

ADD the tapioca to the scalded milk. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the grated cheese. Stir until melted. Add the onions and mustard. Remove from the fire. Add the beaten yolks. Mix thoroughly. Cool. Beat the whites with salt. Fold into the mixture. Pour into a greased baking dish of glass, earthenware, or ovenproof china. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 50 minutes.

Potato Soufflé

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 2 Cupfuls Well-seasoned Mashed Potatoes | 1 Pinch Nutmeg |
| 1 Cupful Undiluted Evaporated Milk | 1 Tablespoonful Shortening |
| 1 Small Onion, Minced | 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley |
| | 3 Egg Yolks |
| | 3 Egg Whites |

COMBINE the potatoes and evaporated milk. Heat. Melt the shortening in a saucepan. Add the minced onions and cook for 2 minutes, but do not allow the onions to brown. Add the chopped parsley. Heat. Add to the potato mixture, with a pinch of nutmeg. Remove from the fire. Add the beaten yolks. Cool. Add the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 minutes.

Spinach Soufflé

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Tablespoonful Shortening | 1 Cupful Chopped Lettuce |
| 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onions | 3/4 Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls Flour | Pepper |
| 1 Cupful Milk | 1 Teaspoonful Grated Italian |
| 2 Cupfuls Cooked Spinach | Cheese |
| | 4 Egg Yolks, Unbeaten |
| | 4 Egg Whites |

MELT the shortening in a saucepan. Add the chopped onions. Brown lightly. Stir in the flour. Slowly add the milk. Add the lettuce and spinach, cheese and seasoning. Heat. Remove from the fire. Mix in the unbeaten yolks, one at a time. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 50 minutes.

For company dinners on meatless days a soufflé of crab or fish flakes is a delicate compliment to your guests. The same can be said for the interesting rice-and-shrimp soufflé. Each recipe makes 6 servings.

Please turn to page 45

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with definite heat and utensil measurements in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

As Madonna more stirringly Beautiful
than *nine years ago*.. Lady Diana Manners says
“*I depend entirely on the creams I chose then*”



In 1924

Lady Diana Manners, when she first appeared in “The Miracle.” Famed as the most beautiful woman of English aristocracy, Lady Diana said: “I know that every woman can effectively accomplish loveliness by using Pond’s Two Creams.”



Today

Loving audiences are again spellbound by the still beauty, more moving than ever, of Lady Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, as she plays the famous rôle of Madonna in the recent London revival of “The Miracle.”

CONTRARY to common belief, women on the stage seek the simplest methods to care for the skin.” Lady Diana Duff-Cooper speaks with disarming British candor.

“After all,” she declares, “good care of your skin consists only in cleansing it thoroughly with a pure cream, and *always* protecting it.”

That surprises you. As you look at the exquisite loveliness of Lady Diana’s complexion, you imagine that she uses many secret and expensive formulas for beauty.

Uses Just Two Creams

“It was in America when I first opened in ‘The Miracle’ that I discovered Pond’s Two Creams. From that time on I have been positively devoted to them.

“I use Pond’s Cold Cream *constantly*

(day and night and always after exposure) to cleanse my skin—and it removes make-up perfectly! Also when one’s face feels tired a generous patting of Pond’s Cold Cream revives and stimulates it.

“And the Vanishing Cream is a hope fulfilled. I should feel lost without it! It is such a glorious foundation for cosmetics. And never do I expose my skin in any climate without first smoothing it on. It is the most enchanting, most protective cream I have ever known. I am always preaching its wonderful efficacy.”

Lady Diana Manners adds: “I am delighted with Pond’s new Face Powder. Almost unbelievable . . . so exquisite a powder at so moderate a price!”

Lady Diana Manners uses Pond’s Cold Cream —“To cleanse the skin thoroughly of all foreign particles after every exposure.

“To remove all traces of cosmetics from face and lips.”

She uses Pond’s Vanishing Cream: “Always as a foundation for make-up. It’s simply perfect and holds the powder like nothing else.

“Before every sport and every exposure.

“To smooth chapped and roughened skin if I have been careless.

“Almost every day to keep my hands and arms soft and white.”



Pond’s Famous Creams and New Face Powder

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The Countess Howe
The Lady Violet Astor
Lady Georgiana Curzon

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples



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OR Pond’s Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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TUNE IN on Pond’s program every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra . . . WEAf and NBC Network

Keep Them Husky



IF YOUR child has never been brought into close contact with anyone who has tuberculosis, you can count yourself lucky because boys and girls are more susceptible to the disease than grown people. Most children who pick up tuberculosis germs get them from someone who has an active although often an unrecognized case of the disease.

Whenever a child is found to be infected, there should be an immediate search for the source of the infection. A child may be in daily association with an older person who is entirely unaware of the fact that he or she has tuberculosis which can be transmitted. The condition is probably thought to be chronic asthma or bronchitis.

However, why guess about possible infection? You can almost always find out by the simple tuberculin test whether or not your child has picked up any germs of tuberculosis.

If he has become infected, you will want to take the next step—have an X-ray examination to learn

whether or not any harm has been done or is being done. Even though the germs are lying dormant, an infected child ought to be under medical care and carefully watched.

Many tuberculosis experts are of the opinion that the majority of the active cases of tuberculosis in adult life are partly or largely traceable to infection in childhood.

Despite all the progress made in fighting the disease, it still causes more deaths and more invalidism between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. Be on guard. Use

all the help afforded by science to protect your children.

If detected in its earliest form, most cases of tuberculosis can easily be controlled and arrested. But if cases are permitted to develop to the point where the familiar first signs appear—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—there comes a long battle which can be won only with expert medical care, proper food and rest.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THREE WHO WERE STRONG

Continued from page 19

Her leaden feet carried her back to the buggy. She should be glad that Eleanor was safe in her room. Apparently Jerico had not even come to the house with her.

Dandy backed and reared when she got into the buggy. He was determined to go home now that he was well started. She could turn him around, of course, but what was the use? Jerico would never go back to the party now! She'd better get on home. Jerico would get a ride up with some one. He'd come home alone often enough before.

So Vera let Dandy have his way. Several cars passed her on the road and people called greetings to her, but Jerico was in none of them. She expected to find him home ahead of her, but he was not there. In the morning his place beside her was empty. Somehow she got through the day, trying not to let the children see how disturbed she was. Sundown and still no Jerico. She hardly slept that night, and when the children were off to school she determined to take some action.

John would be expecting her, but first she must find Jerico. She walked up the road to the schoolhouse and looked in. Yes, Eleanor was at her desk, and she had half believed that she too might be gone. She went back to the house and hitched Dandy to the wagon and drove down the mountain.

John's house was locked. There was a note pinned to the door.

Mrs. Godwin—I've gone to take Darrel to Roanoke in the car, and may not be back until to-morrow. Key is under the front step.

John Rogers.

Below it was scrawled a postscript:

Dear Mrs. Godwin—I should have come up yesterday to tell you good-by but I was all in from the Saturday night festivities. I'll be back again soon. My thanks for all the nice things you've done. Darrel.

She put the note in her pocket. There was only one thing to do now—find Jerico. She knew his haunts in town and she would go search for him. When she found him she would take him home where they would have a straight talk. All the way down to the village she turned over in her mind what she would say to him.

She would remind him that she had never failed in her love and loyalty to him. She would beg him to consider Eleanor's reputation. She would appeal to everything good in his nature. Surely he would listen. If her pleading failed she would grow angry. She was seldom angry with him, and she knew he feared her in those moods when she raged and wept.

There was nothing she wouldn't do, nothing she wouldn't say to win this battle. It was as though all her life had been leading up to this situation. She would win. She had to win.

JUST outside the town she stopped Dandy and prayed for strength and wisdom. Then she leaned forward and looked across the valley to the hills. The peace of them soothed and calmed her.

She found herself humming as she drove into the village. The people she passed she greeted cheerfully. She drove straight to the outskirts of the town where Piggy Johnson kept a store as a blind for the corn whisky he secretly dispensed. Vera had always hated Piggy, but to-day she had no fear of him at all.

He was alone in the store.

"Why, if it ain't Veery Godwin. Well, what kin I do fer you?" he smirked. "Don't have the pleasure of seein' you in my place very often. See Jerico oftener than I do you. Seen him yestiddy, in fact, yestiddy mornin' jes' before train time."

"Where's Jerico now?" Vera asked sharply. "I want him to come home."

Piggy laughed.

"That's good," he said shrilly.

"I don't know what you mean," Vera said steadily, "but I do know this—that if you've got Jerico drunk back behind the store I've come to take him home."

"Take him home—" Piggy went off into guffaws of laughter.

"Yes, take him home, where he belongs. And if you won't tell me where he is I'll go for the sheriff."

Piggy sobered. "Where he is—where Jerico is? Now, that's plumb funny that you shouldn't know. I jes' took it fer granted that you knew all about it, that you and him'd come to an agreement."

"For Heaven's sake talk sense," Vera cried, "or I'll shake it out of you!"

Piggy backed away from her.

"Hold yer hosses," he said. "Jerico come in here yestiddy mornin' jes' before train time. Told me," here he leaned forward, placing his two hands on the counter, "told me he was sick of you—sick of everythin' down here. Aimed, he said, to take the mornin' train and head fer New York. Said he was through with you—said you'd done him the worst wrong a woman could do a man—said he was gittin' a divorce up there in New York—"

Vera stood perfectly still, like one turned to stone.

"You don't hev' to believe me—ask the fellas at the station—they seen him leave—sold him his ticket, I reckon."

Vera's stricken eyes searched his face.

"He wasn't goin' to go all the way by train," Piggy continued. "Said he hadn't enough money—he was goin' to ketch rides up north from Roanoke—hitch-hike to the city. Said he knew where to go when he got there—didn't take no luggage—jes' his fiddle—"

Vera moistened her lips.

"I see," she said slowly, "I see. Thank you, Mr. Johnson, I'll be going now."

She walked from the store, down the steps, unhitched Dandy, and drove away. Piggy watched her go.

"That'll hold her fer a while," he chuckled to himself. "Reckon that'll bow her head a little bit."

WHEN Jerico danced her across the threshold of the barn and out into the darkness Eleanor was laughing. She was breathless, too, happy and excited. The music, the dancing sang in her blood, and she made no resistance as Jerico caught her hand and ran rapidly with her to the gate. She had thought it was all a joke and that they would soon turn back.

At her first lagging step Jerico stooped and picked her up and carried her easily in his arms. She fought for a moment, then relaxed, knowing that if she struggled he would like it. They had passed the first turn in the road, some fifty yards from the barn, when she said quietly:

"Put me down, please, Jerico. I'd rather walk now."

He set her down instantly, and, when she made no move to return to the barn, fell into step at her side. He was quite sober now. The impulse that had led him to take her away was gone. His sense of triumph died, and he felt a little afraid of her.

"I'm not sorry for what I done," he said defiantly. "And I don't think you are either, are you, Eleanor?"

"Sorrier than you would ever believe."

"Why should you be sorry? You know how I feel about you."

"Don't say it. I can't bear to hear it."

"You know what I mean, just the same. You've been mighty cautious this last week, but in spite of what you said at the schoolhouse the other afternoon you do like me. You know you do."

"What have I done to make you believe that?"

"What have you done? Why, you come to my house after you said you hated me, asked me to play my fiddle, danced in my yard, slept in my house. Why, you been friendlier since then than ever before. That's how I know you like me."

"I see."

The road was dim before them in the starlight, but they could still see their path. Jerico started to take her hand.

"If you touch me I will—" Eleanor did not finish the sentence.

"All right," he said easily, "I kin wait. I don't mind waitin', now that I know you like me. Listen, I been thinkin' of some-thing' all this week. You know 'em addresses Veery had—the ones of folks in New York that would pay to hear me play?"

Continued on page 31

Well, I got 'em in my pocket; took 'em out of Veery's bureau drawer this afternoon. You give me a certain promise and I'll go away, not bother you no more. Then by and by you come to the city, and we—

"You must be mad to even think of such a thing."

"I am mad. Been mad about you all the summer. You know that. When you run away from me that day I was plumb out of my mind. If you'd been cold and distant to me after that, maybe I'd agotten over it. But you acted like my friend, more after than ever before—didn't you, now?"

Eleanor stood still. "Look at me, so that you will know I speak the truth, and I will tell you why I have acted as I have."

Jerico obeyed, fastening his eyes on her face, luminous in the starlight.

She spoke carefully at first, then fast and furiously. "After that day in the school-house Vera came to see me. She told me that you would not let the children come back to school, that you would make a scandal in the neighborhood, that she and the children as well as myself would suffer from your spite at my having run away. She asked me to be nice to you. She promised to watch and see that you and I were never alone together. She begged me to be friendly to you, and I promised that I would, for her sake.

"I hate you. I hate to be in the same world with you. I've hated you every minute since that afternoon, whenever I've let myself think of you at all. I've thought of nothing but Vera and the children when I've been with you. As long as I could do that I could bear to be where you were, but if only for a moment I thought of you apart from them, I felt my flesh crawl.

"Now you know why I've acted as I have. To me you're an old man—a silly, foolish, ugly old man—and I tell you I hate you—and I wish to God I'd never seen you."

She turned away from him and left him standing there while her steps took her quickly up the road toward home. Jerico stood still, how long he did not know, but the sound of an approaching horse and buggy drove him into the bushes. He recognized Dandy and knew that Vera must have followed them. Never had he felt so humiliated.

He hated Vera, hated Eleanor, hated the fool he had made of himself. Rage swept over him and left him trembling. Sweat poured from his face. He plunged into the forest and waited until the stream of passers-by grew thinner. Then he went back to the barn. Old Cal Harrow would be the last to leave, and from him Jerico would get his fiddle, left behind him in his hasty escape. He found the old man with the instrument in his arms.

"That you, Jerico?"

"It's me, come back fer my fiddle."

"Funny thing fer you to leave behind, Jerico. Here it is; hope no harm ain't come to it."

"Nothin' ever happens to my fiddle," Jerico answered. "Best friend I ever had."

"Sure, sure," Cal rambled on. "Fiddle's always the same; I know that. Ain't like folks, turnin' thisaway an' thataway. A fiddle's constant. You'll be gittin' along now, I suppose. It's mighty late an' mighty early. Hope you didn't dance no steps on the Sabbath; brings bad luck to ye to do that."

As he talked he doused the last of the lights and went to the door with Jerico. The two men went along the road a way together, then Cal climbed a fence to take a short cut home. Jerico went back to the barn. Might as well sleep there as any place.

He knew he would not go home, and he lay until morning on the short sweet grass in the shadow of the building. With the first light he was up. The morning train left Castleton early. He made off for the town, knowing with certainty just what he meant to do.

THAT Sunday was the longest one Eleanor had ever known. Granny Stevens did not disturb her until noon. When she did come in to her room she exclaimed at the girl's white face.

"Eleanor Cameron, you look like a sperrit! Are you sick?"

THREE WHO WERE STRONG

Continued from page 30

"I guess I am, Granny. My head aches so, and I don't feel like I could get up at all. Too much dancing, I suppose. I'll be all right if you leave me alone a while."

"Do you want I should send fer the doctor?" Granny inquired. "I don't want you comin' down with a fever. I kin boil you up some herb tea that'll put you right in a jiffy."

"I don't mind," Eleanor answered. "I'll do anything you say."

She sighed with relief when Granny bustled out. She had not slept at all. Over and over through the night the events of the last few weeks passed before her mind, culminating in her final exit from the dance with Jerico. Why, oh, why, had she ever gone with him? Why had she danced over that threshold? Why had she not stopped at the gate, and run back to safety?

The whole countryside would be talking.



If only she felt stronger she would run away at once. When Granny heard about it, she might put her out of her house. If only she had the courage to tell Granny all about it. But when the old woman came in later with the herb tea, Eleanor could not talk about it.

She lay on her bed through the hot afternoon, dreading the arrival of any neighbor who might tell the story of the previous night. Jerico she had dismissed from her mind. John was a shadow, one of the fearful shadows that made up a scornful neighborhood. For Vera, Eleanor felt only pity. Vera had done what had seemed right to her. That it had all turned out wrong was only the fault of circumstances.

AFTER four o'clock she heard the sound she had been dreading all day. A car stopped at the gate. She heard John's voice, then Darrel's asking for her. Her heart beat so painfully that it hurt her.

Granny came to the door. "That Mr. Matthews here, Nora; wants to say good-by. Him and Mr. Rogers are leavin' fer Roanoke early to-morrow. I told him you was peaked, but he wanted me to ask if you wouldn't come out fer just a minute."

"I couldn't see him; I couldn't see any one. Tell him good-by for me; tell him it's been nice to have him here, and thank him for all he's done for me—but I can't see him; I can't see any one to-day."

Granny looked at her curiously, but she went away with the message and after a little Eleanor heard the car move off. The old woman brought her some supper, but though she tried she could not eat it.

"I declare mebbe I'd better git the doctor fer you," Granny said. "You got to eat. They's school to-morrow, you know."

"I'll be all right in the morning. I'll sleep to-night," Eleanor promised; but when Granny had gone the thought of teaching the next day was torture. She wouldn't go. She'd leave Castleton the first thing in the morning, the moment the bank was open and she could get her money. She'd run away, and they could talk of her as they would.

Dusk fell, and Eleanor woke from a doze to the realization that visitors were on the porch. She could not be sure who they were, but there seemed to be several women. Now Granny would hear the story.

It seemed hours that she lay there, shaking

with fear, hearing the murmur of droning voices, unable to distinguish a word, but

believing she could hear over and over her name and Jerico's. Finally came the stir of their departure and Granny's fumbling at the outer latch, then her halting steps at Eleanor's door.

She pushed the door open with one hand; in the other she carried a lighted lamp. "Eleanor?" she called. The old voice was gentle. She came into the room and put the lamp down on the bureau.

"You ain't asleep?" Granny came to the bed and sank down on it. "Miss Ketcham's been here all the evenin'—told me what happened at the dance last night. Why didn't you tell me, child?"

"I was afraid."

"Nothin' to be afraid of, honey."

Granny's voice was so tender that with a sudden movement Eleanor lifted her head and buried it in the old woman's lap, and Eleanor cried herself out. When her sobs had lessened Granny began to talk.

"Don't you grieve so, child. I know you ain't done nothin' wrong, Eleanor; they's others that knows it too. You got a sight of stanch friends around here, an' everybody knows what Jerico Godwin is. Nobody knows where he's went right now. He'll turn up like a bad penny by an' by. But he ain't goin' to trouble you no more; that's sure an' certain."

HESITATINGLY at first, then with a rush Eleanor told Granny the whole story, after which the old woman sighed.

"Men an' women," she said, "they make a sight of trouble in the world, tryin' to manage things. Veery, she thought she done right. You can't blame her."

"I don't blame Vera," Eleanor told her.

"Tain't right that you should. 'Tain't right that any other person should ever know how this come about. Least said, soonest mended. You just go along like you always hev, an' this'll pass over like a bad dream."

"You think I should go up and teach to-morrow, just the same?" Eleanor asked.

"What else could you do? You got to go on livin' an' doin', ain't you? They's some people just lays down under trouble an' lets it roll 'em flat. You ain't that kind, Eleanor. Neither's Veery, I reckon, or she'd alaid down long ago. Honey, I seen a sight of trouble in my time."

"I married young. I had sixteen children an' raised twelve. The four I buried I buried in the mornin's an' cooked supper evenin's, an' the sun rise an' set just the same. Livin' an' doin'—Eleanor—livin' an' doin'—that's all they is to it, honey."

Eleanor lay quiet now. Serenity had come into the room with Granny.

"I'll git you some bread an' milk now, honey. You ain't et a thing all day long."

"I ought to be ashamed to let you wait on me."

"Well, you just lay still an' think how you're goin' to go on to-morrow as if nothin'd happened to you. I'll be back in a little while."

She came in after a few minutes with bread and milk, and Eleanor found she was hungry. Granny sat in a chair while the girl ate, and then carried the glass and plate back to the kitchen. She returned for the lamp.

"You all right now?"

"I'm all right now," Eleanor replied. Granny bent and kissed her.

"Land sakes, it's past ten o'clock. Git to sleep now, an' don't fret about nothin'."

"I won't," Eleanor promised, and soon she fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

She woke early in the morning and went out to help get breakfast. Her lunch box stood on the kitchen table, and while Granny made coffee and fried bacon Eleanor prepared her sandwiches for luncheon. They did not speak again of the party, but Granny went to the porch with her to wave good-by.

Eleanor went bravely up the road. John's house looked deserted, but in spite of that she felt compelled to hurry by. And to fortify herself against the trials ahead she kept saying to herself, "Living and doing, I just have to keep on—living and doing, like Granny said."

To be continued

REALLY you should know about this



When a delicacy like DEL MONTE Red Salmon sells at today's prices, it's NEWS



... and mighty good news—for few foods equal it in flavor ... in food value ... in healthful goodness.



Why miss it for Lent ... or for any season?

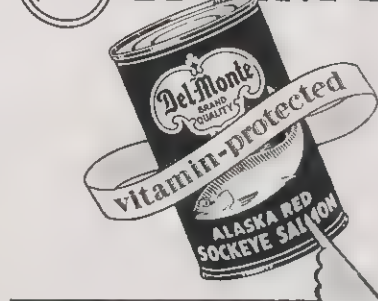
In fact, DEL MONTE Salmon, once a week at least, is a mighty good rule to follow!

It's a sea-food delicacy, if you ever tasted one. Rich red in color (the real Red Salmon, from Alaska's icy waters). Tender, flaky and delicious.

And such a healthful, nourishing food! High in the sunshine Vitamin D. Rich in body-building proteins. In calcium and phosphorus for sound teeth and bones. In the iodine that inland diets especially need. And always "vitamin-protected".

Best of all—you pay hardly any more this year for DEL MONTE Salmon, than for any other grade. Isn't it just good economy and plain common sense to insist that you get DEL MONTE—every time?

DEL MONTE



WHY DEL MONTE BRINGS YOU ONLY RED SALMON

For your own protection, you should know that red salmon is only one of 5 distinct varieties of canned salmon. It is especially prized for its color, richness, firm flesh and high oil value. It is outstanding in its iodine and vitamin content. That is why DEL MONTE brings you only this superior variety.

Some timely suggestions on

Keeping up with Spring

HAVE you ever lazily pulled yourself out of bed on a clear, glorious morning and fervently wished that you could feel as fresh and crisp as the morning air? That you could forever keep yourself on tiptoes like a spring day? For a brief moment you visualize the sort of person you'd like to be, and then let the thought slide out of your mind while you hurriedly or lackadaisically, as the moment requires, start doing the very things that will prevent your being the person you visualized.

Instinctively we coddle ourselves in winter. We snuggle up in warm clothes in a warm building on cold days and generally forget all about exercises, cool baths, and long walks in the fresh air. Anything that requires an effort is passed by the boards or put off until warmer weather.

But with the first newspaper announcement that somebody has seen a spring bird, or on the first warm day, we grow a little heady about the things we'd like to do that will keep us looking and feeling more in keeping with the spring weather that is coming.

However, instead of being very resolute about a great number of rules, why not take it easier and check over a few things that we might have been negligent about and see if we can't keep up with spring in a more graceful way?

FIRST there are a few morning exercises that will start the blood through a laggard body and rejuvenate a tired system. Maybe you have your own routine, which you prefer to go through with the first thing after getting out of bed. But for those who want to wake up lax muscles and yet can't bear the idea of bouncing over the room, here's a good one that will tingle the blood corpuscles:

Lie flat on your back on the floor, or the bed if you feel more comfortable and can work with ease, with the body in a straight line and entirely relaxed. Throw the left arm back over your head to the left as far as you can reach. With the arm held in this position turn the body gradually to the right, at the same time lifting the left leg over the right, stretching it as far as you can to the right.

Hold this position one minute while you pull taut every muscle from the ends of the left-hand fingers down through the side of the waist to the end of the toes of the left foot. Change to the right hand and foot. Then relax and breathe deeply several times. Repeat at least ten times.

Exercises must be taken with the windows thrown open and the body clothed loosely. Wake up a sleepy mind and indolent muscles by letting the blood rush unhampered from head to feet. And breathe deeply, not only while you exercise but as you walk and work and play. It's a good tonic for a cobwebby mind.

It's utterly impossible to get into a spring mood without giving a little more than our ordinary attention to the daily bath. Spring weather invigorates our minds, but it also awakens the little sweat glands into renewed activity.

MOST of us take a bath every day as a measure of cleanliness, but more often than is good for us we leap into a tub of water or under a stinging shower without giving the bath a chance to work on our nerves, glands, muscles, circulation, and skin. It may revive, but it doesn't clean.

There are baths of varied temperatures, taken leisurely or hurriedly, that serve many purposes. A bath to put you to sleep to revive tired nerves is one kind; another is a morning bath to awaken; but for a tubbing whose purpose is to clean I'd suggest this:

A tub two-thirds full of warm water. And if you like luxury with your bathing drop in a handful of bath salts or grains, either for their fresh pine odor, delightful floral perfume, or pungent sweetness. Use a bland, neutral soap that cleans without irritating the skin. If you are particularly thin-skinned there are body oils for sensitive skins that can be rubbed on before the bath.

Before stepping into the tub scrub the face well with

soap and water, beginning at the throat and working on up to the forehead. Use a heavy wash cloth saturated with soapsuds, and pay particular attention to those spots where pores are likely to be clogged, such as just under the chin, the chin dimple, and crevices around the nose.

Then rinse the face thoroughly with, first, warm water and then cold. And if you are one of the dry-skinned types rub in some nourishing cream, and allow it to remain on while you are bathing.

The bath itself is no haphazard matter of slapping with a dripping cloth at first one shoulder and then another and calling it a day. With the wash cloth or a stiff bath brush, if your skin can possibly stand it, rub the soap well into every portion of the body.

Water that slides over the skin where sweat glands are active cannot clean properly without some scrubbing. Rinse off the soap afterwards with water that is somewhat cooler than the bath water. Use a cold spray if you get a glowing reaction afterwards. But never take a cold bath or shower unless you feel comfortably warm following it.

Women who constantly feel tired, particularly those who are overweight or need the blood whipped up into better circulation, should acquire the masculine habit of a frictional rubdown after the bath. After you have patted yourself dry with a soft towel, use your biggest, heaviest Turkish towel for the rubdown. Swing it around the body with swift strokes until you feel the blood mounting and the skin glows a healthy red.

There are two aids to that after-bath feeling of immaculate cleanliness: either use eau de Cologne or alcohol rubbed in (this closes the pores, soothes, and refreshes), or, if you prefer, a soft body powder of a subtle, delicate perfume. Then you are ready for fresh underwear.

And isn't this just the proper time to think about keeping underwear as fresh, as immaculately clean, and as fragrant as possible? Of course, you know that with the excellent soaps in bar and packaged forms now being made, even the sheerest pieces of lace and silk can be tubbed

by DORIS LEE ASHLEY

safely. It makes it much simpler to put on fresh underwear and hose every day, and after every wearing to run them through a basin of suds to remove every vestige of perspiration. The color, too, will last longer if this is done.

There are numerous ways of keeping underwear and clothing of all kinds irresistibly fragrant. One of the simplest is by the use of sachet powder kept among the folds of the garments. Or those compressed bricks of flowers are lasting and very lovely. Also ornamental bunches of flowers, that look something like a huge bunch of grapes, to be hung in closets and placed in chests of drawers to perfume the contents.

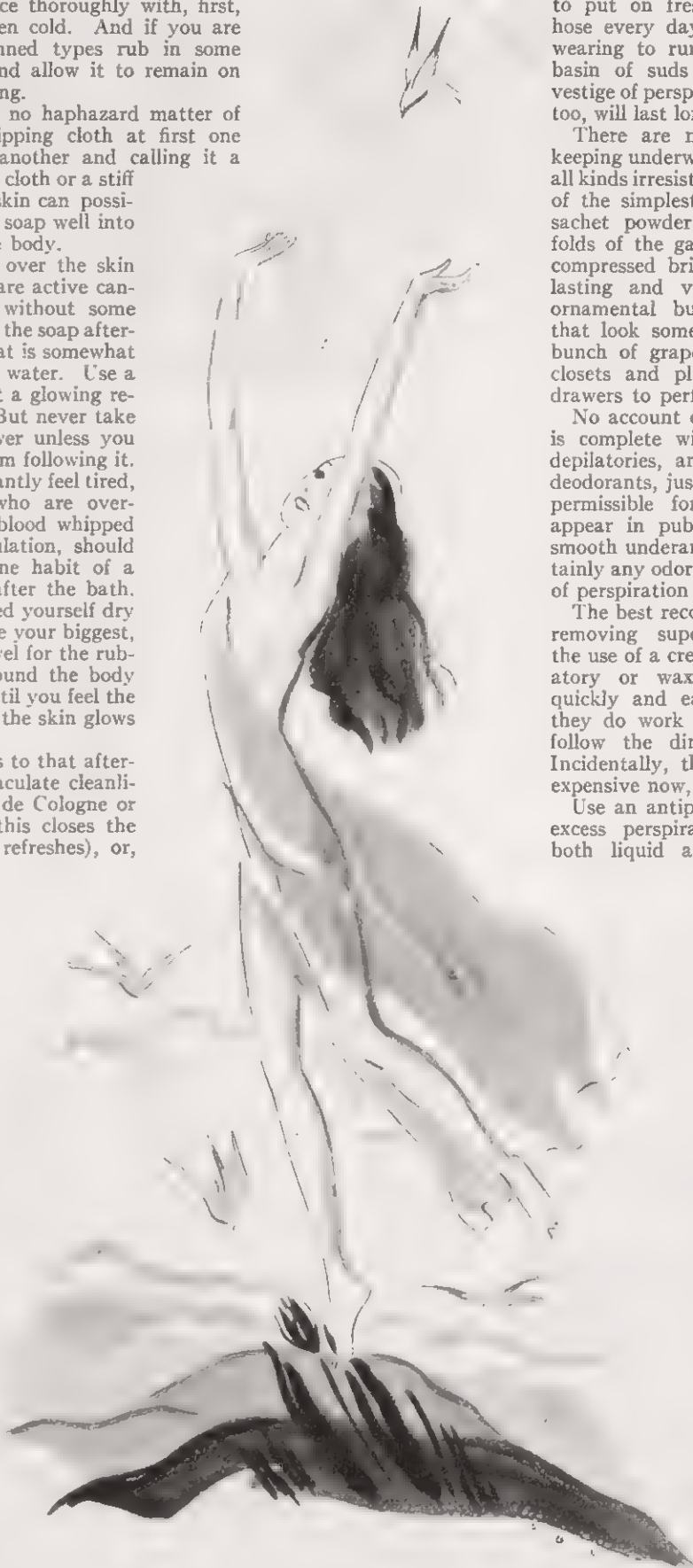
No account of spring grooming is complete without mention of depilatories, antiperspirants, and deodorants, just as it is no longer permissible for any woman to appear in public without clean, smooth underarms and legs. Certainly any odor or visible evidence of perspiration is taboo.

The best recognized methods of removing superfluous hair are the use of a cream or liquid depilatory or wax. They can be quickly and easily applied, and they do work beautifully if you follow the directions explicitly. Incidentally, they are much less expensive now, too.

Use an antiperspirant to check excess perspiration. There are both liquid and cream preparations. Cream, powder, and lipstick type deodorants will fully neutralize any body odors.

Whatever method you take of removing superfluous hair, checking perspiration, and neutralizing odors, be consistent in its use. You can neither look nor feel fresh if any suggestion of perspiration lingers about your clothes. Consider also how much better a pair of sheer hose looks on clean, smooth legs.

Then with the body immaculately clean, how quickly the senses attune themselves to the beauty of spring!



advisers to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His task is to judge properties before the company loans money on them, and he asserts that location is an enormously important item.

"Any one who buys a lot," says he, "must judge it not alone by personal preference, but for its intrinsic worth. For example, we do not consider that a lot in one of those sections built up by the typical uniform housing development is a good buy. The houses are too monotonous to appeal to the best type of family and are usually put up for speculation rather than for durability. Such a locality is doomed to deteriorate. The future values of real estate must be estimated before purchase."

True enough. But where can the prospective purchaser turn for reliable information? What interested party will give an unbiased answer regarding the value of property? Banks, loaning companies, real-estate agencies, and chambers of commerce—every one of these institutions may have an ax to grind. Beyond the populous suburbs of every American city lots have been laid out so far in advance of the city's growth that speculators who hold them and borrow money on them demand prohibitive prices.

Two years ago the president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards stated that "a first step in making house ownership less costly was a reduction in the price of home sites and a reform of real-estate methods."

Wasteful and greedy procedure in cutting up lots has resulted in such unattractive sites that it is very hard to tell when property which the average person can afford is going to increase in value and therefore prove to be a good investment.

It is to be hoped that the work of the Division of Building and Housing, Bureau of Standards, in fostering planning and zoning and in urging public control of the subdivision of real estate, will soon bear fruit. Its recommendations for real-estate surveys and improved methods of appraising property aim to curb real-estate speculation. These policies have been supported by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and women should back up every such effort to put community welfare above selfish profit in land values.

WHAT you can do to protect yourself is to find out from the city engineer the zoning regulations which preserve residential sections free from stores and factories. You can also determine whether the lot you have in mind has the benefit of such improvements as the supply of water, gas, and electricity, and sewage mains. Sudden levies upon you for such services represent the most virulent form of unexpected guests.

"Of course," comments the editor of *Architecture*, "since practically all suburban developments represent unregulated real-estate speculations, the price of 'improved' lots covers street paving and public utilities. But even so the purchaser needs the advice of an architect to judge the plot. If it is rocky, uneven, or irregularly shaped the expense of building on it will increase proportionately."

It is plain that in this field of buying feminine curiosity is at a premium. The more questions a woman asks and the more she snoops around, the better will be the family's ultimate decision. Chats with a few prospective neighbors will probably disclose the advantages and disadvantages of the locality. Challenging every item of the deal is mere primitive self-preservation.

"When we were picking out a suburban site," I recently heard a Cleveland man say with an admiring glance at his wife, "Susy shook the real-estate agent's proposition just like a pup with an old slipper. And believe me a couple of jokers fell out of it. The place had a swamp in one corner and a ledge of rock in the middle! Yet that property looked so attractive I'd never have questioned it, left to myself."

Don't forget that you must have the title looked up by an authoritative agency to prove your clear possession of it. If that has been done and the transaction completed your next step is to finance the building of your house.

At this moment of economic stress all discussion of the topic must be exceedingly

BE A BETTER BUYER

Continued from page 26

tentative. What the general system of financing building operations has been in the past may be read in the fifteen-cent handbook "How to Own Your Own Home," published by Better Homes in America, and in the five-cent leaflet "Present Home Financing Methods," issued by the Division of Building and Housing, Bureau of Standards.

Responsible institutions recommended to arrange such advances are building and loan associations, savings banks, trust companies, mortgage companies, and national banks. But, as we have remarked, all of them have grown exceedingly shy about encouraging new building. True, one of the results of the recent national interest in home ownership fostered by Mr. Hoover is the organization of twelve home-loan banks located strategically throughout the country.

But these funds, which are to flow into loaning institutions and thus enlarge credit facilities, will require time to bring relief to individuals. Moreover, the plan is designed rather to alleviate the existing distress in the home-mortgage situation than to facilitate new construction.

UNDER ordinarily prosperous circumstances it is easy enough to borrow money on a first mortgage up to fifty or sixty per cent of the appraised value of your prospective house. It is the second mortgage which represents a hurdle now well-nigh insuperable. At any time customers for this second loan were wary and rates were high. Listen to what William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, has to say on the subject:

"To buy even a \$5,000 house includes many complicated problems. First, you have to have \$500 in cash. Then you may secure a first mortgage for \$3,000 at six per cent. But to raise the final \$1,500 you will have to take out a second mortgage, which, with discounts, will cost you at least eighteen per cent, and if you happen on a sharp real-estate dealer it may cost you thirty per cent."

"To pay off these mortgages will take at least ten years, and for the first three years payment will be \$69.50 a month, then \$30.30 for the next seven years—exceedingly difficult for the wage earner. When you have finished payments you will find with the high discounts it has cost \$1,099 to borrow \$4,500. In other words, you have paid \$6,099 for your \$5,000 house."

Everywhere people are beginning to protest against such high interest rates. Here and there groups of business men or specially organized corporations are striving to obviate them. For they realize the danger of continuing to stress the advantage



of the mortgage holder as opposed to the home owner.

But whatever new machinery will be contrived for loans in the future, one demand upon the home owner will certainly not change. He will always be expected to frame a sound plan, to prove that his income is adequate to cover not only payments of interest and amortization but maintenance of house and lots.

And so we come straight back to the question of the kind of house you can afford. The primary issue is not whether you'll favor French Provincial or Dutch architec-

ture, but just how much space you want in relation to the money you can spend.

"The best way to think of how to finance a house is in terms of annual rent." Thus spoke an official of the Common Brick Manufacturers Association of America, who is frequently consulted by prospective householders.

"Not long ago," he continued, "I was talking to a woman who had paid \$2,000 for a lot and was planning an \$8,000 house. I pointed out that \$10,000 meant \$600 yearly rental in addition to costs of insurance, taxes, depreciation, repairs, water charges, and maintenance of both house and grounds. But she couldn't follow. 'Since I've saved the money to pay cash down, I'm not paying rent,' she kept saying."

"She didn't realize that loss of interest on capital must be charged to rent just as much as are interest and amortization payments. That woman had less than \$2,000 income, and even with the money for construction in hand she should never have built so expensive a house."

Thus tipped off and forewarned, let's go ahead and plan the house we can pay for. It is at this point that any woman of imagination forgets grim realities and immediate facts for an instant.

For the poet in her encompasses all that nature and man have created to serve this ruling passion. With romantic egotism she asks why else did great trees grow but to supply wood for human shelter. Adventurous lumberjacks hewing out dramatic destinies, swift rivers jammed with swirling logs, monster sawmills buzzing and screaming—such is the story of wood as it unfolded on this continent.

Bricks, on the other hand, speak of a changeless craft handed on from ancient times. In New England bricks were being manufactured by 1634, and the clay-daubed house began to have a substantial rival. In the next century quarries were being worked, and stone houses of that period still remind us of the thirteen colonies.

Meanwhile the metal trades were started. By the time a good pump was perfected to supplement the old oaken bucket, lead pipe was ready to carry water to kitchen and bedroom. Copper had been mined by the Indians for centuries and they taught their conquerors how to use the malleable bright stuff. Moreover, for two hundred years ironmasters had been forging that metal, even as Hergesheimer has indicated in his romance of "The Three Black Pennys."

Gradually as inventiveness flowered, our hardy ancestors acquired a few comforts. The old house with its huge central chimney seems very picturesque to lovers of the antique. Yet admiration is tempered by thinking how little that one flue must have done to make the early American bedroom cozy for early American rising. No wonder the stove which Franklin invented in 1742 received an overwhelming welcome.

EVEN in our earliest history windows kept out the cold. For glassworks were started in Salem in 1638.

It was about 1740 when workmen began to concentrate on special trades. After that every job was better done, for this type of guild organization was right and proper for a period of handicrafts. In the next century, however, the new era commenced. Then factories produced nails and tools in quantity and made building a swifter and more accurate process. Naturally, but unfortunately, organized labor has always resisted industrial encroachments upon the building trades. *Fortune Magazine* in its dynamic 1932 survey of our housing problem has pointed out that labor must now release these trades from the persistent grip of handicraft methods and allow them to become "industrialized."

They must also accept both revision of outdoor legal restrictions on the building trades and the use of new materials.

Cement, steel, and gypsum, asbestos, and tiling have all been added to traditional materials for construction. But there are fabricated products and new combinations which must be used to make our houses of the future at once stout and inexpensive.

Continued on page 40



BARGAIN HOURS FOR TELEPHONING OUT-OF-TOWN

OUT-OF-TOWN telephone calls cost little throughout the day. (About 25c for 25 miles, 50c for 75 miles, 75c for 125 miles, for station-to-station calls.)

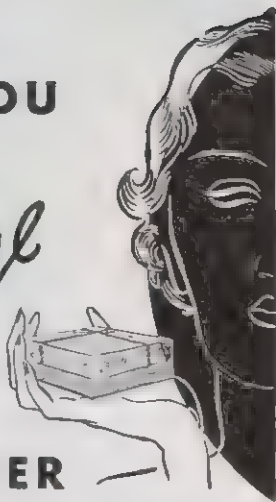
And in the evening they're downright bargains! At 7 o'clock, these rates drop about 15%, and at 8:30 they're 40% under day rates for station-to-station calls.

Slip into an easy chair tonight and think of some one whose voice you want to hear—some one who'll have happy, intimate news to exchange.... A husband away on business. A child at school. The folks back home.... If you place the call after 7:00 or 8:30, your budget will never know!



★
HOW
DO YOU

judge
FACE-
POWDER



?

These are the telling tests—

★ texture

Texture is of first importance. Luxor, sifted through silk, is as delicate as a rose petal. Yet it will cling for hours. It is the fine and clinging texture, the pure ingredients of Luxor, that bring your skin flawless smoothness . . . the essence of beauty!

★ Scent

Luxor is fragrant with the scent of an expensive imported perfume, La Richesse. (It sells for \$16 the ounce.) Subtle with a fresh, alluring charm, this is only one of the many qualities that will endear Luxor to you.

★ shade

It is your powder shade that brings out the radiance of your complexion. Luxor shades have been perfected to accent the loveliness of every type of skin. At the same time, they smartly blend with the latest costume colors from Paris. Have you tried delicate Rose Rachel, the new popular favorite?

★ price

Some women judge powders by price alone—a mistake! For expensive powders are an extravagance, while the purest and finest, Luxor, can bring you beauty with a worth-while saving! Try Luxor (50 cents a box), and be happily convinced! Luxor Rouge in newest tints is also 50 cents.

Luxor Complexion POWDER

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX
but we couldn't make it better for \$5.



CLIP THE COUPON

LUXOR, LTD., 1555 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

Check Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Rachel _____ Flesh _____

Rouge: Roseblush _____ Medium _____ Vivid _____

Radiant _____ Sun glow _____ Pastel _____

P-4

Name _____

Address _____

Spring Means Cleaning

by JANET HARPER



FROM time immemorial housewives have been in the habit of freshening up their homes along about the time spring arrives. In late years this annual task has become a mild and expurgated proceeding compared with the determined methods of former days when strong men were driven from home by the ordeal. Steady progress in the manufacture of improved tools with which to do the job has made it a much easier undertaking.

It is best to have a plan when setting out on a house-cleaning spree, a definite mode of procedure—and the proper equipment to do the job thoroughly and with the least effort.

Walls, ceilings, and picture moldings come first. With a long-handled soft brush or mop dust them lightly. There are many brushes and mops for this purpose, made of materials that seem to have a knack for getting into all the cracks and crevices and picking up every particle of dust and dirt that crosses their path. These mops are easily cleaned, and it is important that they be kept fresh while they are in use. Vacuum cleaners are also splendid for this purpose, using the proper attachment.

Wall paper responds beautifully to the dusting-down treatment. For the spots that need special attention there are commercial cleaners available that are splendid for the purpose. Soap and water are excellent for washable papers.

If you have painted or stippled walls they may be washed successfully by using cool water and a mild soap. Tackle only a small area at a time. After washing wipe with a cloth wrung from clear water and polish with a dry cloth. Some of the established cleaners are also effective for painted surfaces.

PERHAPS during the winter your polished furniture has grown dingy. If so don't be afraid to wash it. Use suds of a neutral soap, wringing out the cloth until it is fairly dry and doing a small spot at a time. Wipe with a cloth wrung out in clear water and rub the surface until dry. Then put on a good preparation for the wood, following the maker's instructions.

Furniture upholstery, velvet draperies, tapestries, silk lamp shades, rugs—indeed, many other articles that are generally considered unwashable—not only shed their dirt but regain their original freshness after a sudsy bath. Badly soiled spots may be gone over with commercial dry-cleaning and spot-removing fluids. Once again the vacuum cleaner lends its aid in getting the dust from the upholstery.

When it comes to the windows, household cleaners in cake form or shaker cans will be found excellent when used with clear water or water with a few drops of ammonia. Cheesecloth and chamois are good for washing and drying windows, and soft paper will give them a final polish.

If your floors are in need of a washing there are excellent tools available for the purpose. Some are triangular-shaped and can get into the corners with neatness and dispatch. If a floor is to be waxed it should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the wax is applied. Some waxes are available in liquid form that dry rapidly.

Other nonwax floor finishes are also excellent. Linoleum, always an easy flooring to care for, is easier than ever to clean with the special preparations now on the market.

When it comes to the household metals, be sure to give extreme care to your silver when polishing it, for silver is easily scratched. Pieces that are not in constant

use may be stored away in a special paper to prevent tarnishing. Pewter can be polished with a silver polish or one of the standard cleaners.

Copper is coming back into favor for cooking vessels as well as for trays and decorative objects, which makes its proper cleaning a matter of importance. Copper can stand vigorous polishing with powder, paste, or the liquid metal polishes and cleansers.

When not subjected to hot water or abrasions lacquered pieces will retain their original effect for a long time. If the lacquer becomes impaired remove it entirely by a thorough cleansing with lacquer remover, which may be bought at housewares stores.

As part of the spring household cleaning, clean and store away the winter hangings and put up the gay, lighter curtains and draperies, which can be tubbed as often as necessary to keep them fresh and clean throughout the dusty days of summer. Don't wait until the curtains are really dirty, for the harsh methods necessary to get out embedded dirt are not helpful to them.

When washing curtains make a soap solution in cool or tepid water, using a mild bar or packaged soap. Then wash quickly with a cupping motion of the hands, with as little rubbing as possible. Rinse in several waters of the same temperature as the suds; squeeze out rather than wring. Roll the curtains in bath towels to remove excess moisture, making sure that the towels are arranged so as to keep the surfaces of the curtains away from one another. They should be pressed while damp with a moderately hot iron.

IF YOU still have the time and the inclination to make a clean sweep of it, you might include your cooking utensils and other necessary adjuncts to everyday housekeeping. Shaker-can cleansers and steel wool have long been accepted for this purpose. As a rule soap and water are all that are necessary to keep Monel metal bright and attractive.

Iron and steel are the least of our troubles in the metal family. When necessary a coarse, abrasive cleanser can be used. Iron vessels and the iron tops of stoves will keep like new if you occasionally rub them with a household oil such as is available in handy cans. The oil should be covered with powdered alum, which should be removed after a few minutes. Wrought iron that has become badly rusted may be restored by rubbing with emery paper or steel wool and oil. Dry carefully and apply a good prepared wax to preserve the luster.

One final word of advice. When the house cleaning urge comes over you resolve to take things easy. Don't try to do the whole job in a day. One or two rooms at a time may be all your strength and disposition will stand. Have some regard for your family and yourself, and restrain your natural inclination to turn the whole house upside down. Before you begin outline a reasonable plan of action for yourself. Take time to assemble the necessary labor-saving devices and the right materials. Do not be content with doing things the old way. Find out about the short-cuts and make use of every modern idea that saves your time and energy.

The old way of turning everything upside down and making a mess of things is now past—thanks to the products of the present-day manufacturers, whose foresight and vision have taken much of the work out of this annual task. Let us do our jobs the new way!

But the job nowadays is far different from what it used to be in days gone by. The use of modern methods and up-to-date materials have taken much of the drudgery from the task

THE HOME BUREAU

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

PICTORIAL REVIEW April 1936

"34 Days without a Run"



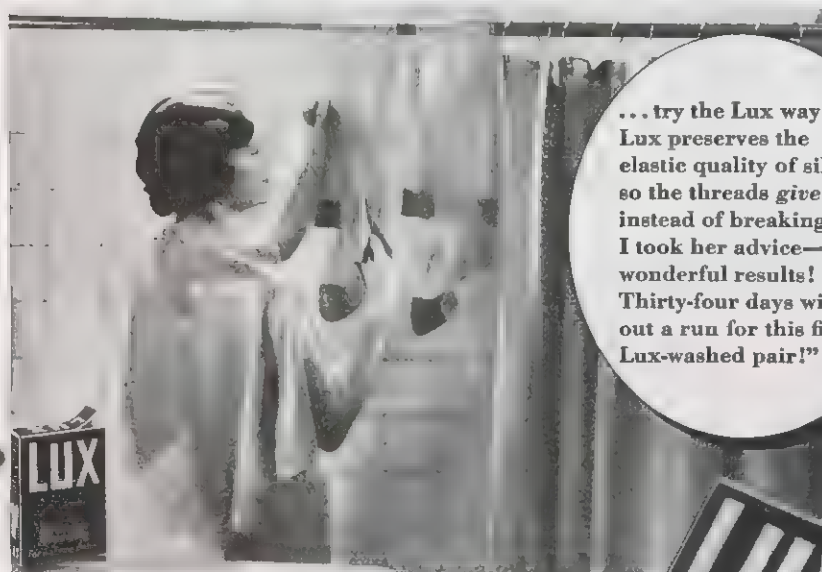
"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs..."



"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were ruinous. One day..."



... a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the elasticity of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you ...'



... try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads give instead of breaking. I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

*Madeleine Ingalls, above, who tells the story of a discovery about stocking wear which many other clever girls have made.

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than doubles their wear. Keeps them so elastic they fit better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!

"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

36 pairs silk stockings	173 children's undies
38 pairs children's socks	60 towels and washcloths
38 pieces silk lingerie	20 children's sheets
40 children's dresses	40 diapers

LUX saves stocking elasticity

Spicy Secrets

by MARGARET DENTON

IT IS rather a strain on the noblest-natured wife to hear her husband praise extravagantly every dish that Neighbor Mrs. B. serves, especially when she is quite aware that her own cooking suffers by comparison. "Why is it," ponders such a wife aggrievedly, "that everything Mrs. B. cooks tastes better and looks better than the dishes I prepare?" To answer this query, at least in part, I have tracked down many good cooks, questioned them endlessly, and have snooped brazenly in their kitchens.

For most good cooks onion is the staff on which they lean most heavily. Not only does onion redeem foods too bland to be interesting, but it also combines deliciously with more distinctive flavors. Do not be discouraged if you have a fanatic onion hater in your family. A few drops of onion juice, easily obtained by rubbing a peeled onion over a small grater, will escape detection.

For those who associate culinary success with the use of expensive tidbits and imported delicacies, the flavoring aids which appeared in each kitchen that I visited will seem lowly indeed: green peppers, onions, garlic, celery, canned tomatoes, catchup, lemons, oranges, candied orange and lemon peel, spices, flavorings, and other equally unpretentious things. The following suggestions reveal a few of the ways in which these staples are utilized.

Creamed potatoes are transformed into an unusual dish by the addition of onion and chopped green pepper, the latter to be parboiled before being added. Another palatable variation is to add grated cheese to the cream sauce, and after this has melted add a small can of chopped pimentos. Scalloped corn or corn pudding is also improved by the addition of a few drops of onion juice and chopped green pepper.

A steak accompaniment which will bring exclamations of delight from the entire family is baked potatoes, scooped out, mashed, and mixed with chopped onion and green pepper which have been simmered in butter until tender. The potatoes should be returned to the oven to brown.

For an unusual and delicious mushroom dish place peeled mushrooms, stem side up, in a buttered baking dish,

season with salt and pepper, and add 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of cream or evaporated milk. Then sprinkle them with a little finely chopped onion and bake until the mushrooms are tender, from 15 to 20 minutes, in a moderate oven about 375 degrees F.

French dressing lends itself to all sorts of variations. To the oil and vinegar base add at random a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a little dry mustard, celery salt to taste, chopped green pepper, chopped celery, capers, or catchup. Onion juice is good in French dressing, but the results are even better if a peeled clove of garlic is placed in the dressing several hours before serving.

A little powdered sugar, not more than a scant teaspoonful, is a desirable addition to both French dressing and mayonnaise. In making the latter it's a pleasant change to substitute half

Grated orange peel adds both color and flavor to the white frosting for a chocolate cake. Any spice cake is improved by the addition of a little grated orange peel. To make an unusual hard sauce for plum puddings combine butter and confectioners' sugar as usual. Flavor with a combination of almond and orange extracts and a little grated orange peel. Just before serving, thin it with whipped cream. The result is a creamy, subtly flavored sauce that invariably receives enthusiastic comment.

Grated fresh orange or lemon peel adds an especially delicious flavor to sweet potatoes. Add the grated peel, a little orange juice, and brown sugar to mashed sweet potatoes. Refill the shells with the mixture and bake. A little nutmeg dusted over slices of sautéed sweet potato is excellent.

A little salt added to candies and frostings counteracts the "too sweet" taste.

Slices of pineapple, sautéed to serve with ham or chops, gain by a dusting of cinnamon or nutmeg.

Canned or fresh peas and corn are improved by the addition of sugar, but one must take care not to overdo this seasoning. Usually 1 teaspoonful of sugar is ample for the amount of peas sufficient to serve 4 people.

In preparing meat for stews or casseroles be sure to sear it well, first so that the brown gravy will be rich in color. Sprinkle the pieces of meat with flour and brown them in hot fat, watching carefully to see that they do not burn. Diced celery is an unusual but acceptable addition to the vegetables that are added to a beef stew. If you are in doubt about your ability to season your gravy add a teaspoonful of prepared brown sauce, which gives both color and flavor to the gravy.

For variety spread lamb and pork chops with prepared mustard or sprinkle lightly with dry mustard before broiling. A few drops of onion juice also add flavor, or a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Veal steak, not very definitely flavored, is accented by sautéing sliced green peppers with it, and then serving the peppers as a topping for the veal.

A good cook always takes care that vegetables are carefully drained before adding the butter and seasonings. Instead of perching a dab of butter on top of string beans, peas, etc., the butter and seasonings should be thoroughly incorporated before serving.

THE HOME BUREAU

All Pictorial Review recipes are tested with definite heat and utensil measurements in our own kitchen on gas and electric ranges.

EXCLUSIVE! NEW

DEL MONTE brings you ORTHO-CUT*

—a new scientific grind that at last releases more and finer flavor—at less cost—in any type of coffee pot and only DEL MONTE gives it to you!



What's the use of buying good coffee—if a lot of its goodness stays in the grounds?

What's the use of trying all sorts of coffee pots—when it's the *grind* that determines how much of the flavor you get?

Yet, that's exactly what you have been doing!

And no coffee manufacturer has been able to give you much help either—until now . . .

But now . . . DEL MONTE solves the problem . . .

. . . by finding out exactly the sizes that most quickly release full flavor, and then . . .

. . . by building new machines that cut the largest possible proportion of those predetermined sizes.

HERE'S WHERE ORTHO-CUT* MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

That new grind is called Ortho-Cut.

And as a result: DEL MONTE Coffee gives you 30% to 50% more flavor, body, and richness in every cup of coffee.

If you'd like to know some of the reasons behind this achievement, read the panels below. But no amount of explanation can make you realize how much better it *tastes*.

Prove it yourself. If you want the thrill of an altogether new enjoyment of coffee flavor, make yourself a cup of DEL MONTE Ortho-Cut Coffee.

Make it in your own way. Try it several different ways if you like. Compare it with any other coffee that has ever pleased you.

The more satisfied you may be with the coffee you now use—the more set you are in any special method of coffee-making—just that much more quickly will you realize what an amazing improvement Ortho-Cut now offers you.



DEL MONTE COFFEE

Why ORTHO-CUT* gives you more and better coffee flavor in your cup

Locked in the thousands of cells in every coffee bean are the aromatic oils which constitute the true coffee flavor. The purpose of grinding is to make it easier for water to penetrate the cells and extract the flavor.

Most coffees are an uneven mixture of many sizes, permitting uneven flavor extraction. Ortho-Cut produces the largest proportion of the scientifically correct sizes for maximum flavor extraction.

Five well-known brands average 59% of the desirable sizes. Ortho-Cut, in four separate tests, averaged over 80% of the two most desirable sizes. That's why Ortho-Cut gives you more real coffee flavor.

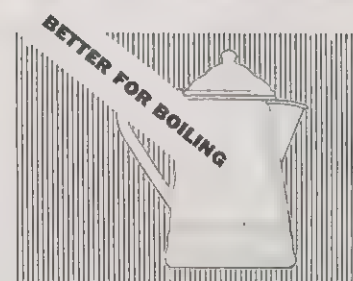
★ORTHO-CUT (from "orthos," meaning correct)—an exclusive steel-cut grind, scientifically accurate and uniform for any method of coffee preparation.



Ortho-Cut is ground exactly right for drip. Fine cut for full flavor extraction; sharp cut for free circulation of the water; clean cut to avoid sediment and cloudiness in your coffee cup.



Ortho-Cut, a scientifically exact and uniform grind, provides greater surface exposure to water and easier penetration of the coffee particles; hence more rapid extraction of flavor.



By eliminating the need for long boiling, Ortho-Cut assures quick extraction of the true coffee flavor and perfect protection against bitterness and cloudiness.

ALWAYS "THE MODERN COFFEE". . A BETTER BLEND . . SUPER-VACUUM PACKED . . NOW ORTHO-CUT*

What every Woman should know about REDUCING!

You have to be careful how you take off weight. Watch out! Only a physician can give you competent, unprejudiced advice on reducing.

There are a number of violent laxatives on the market that pose under the guise of "quick reducing treatments". The directions often tell you to take the "treatment" twice every day. Think of that!

The Government has issued many warnings against such treatments. It has analyzed them—and the Government knows. The only time to take a laxative is when you need it. And then, only as a laxative—not as a quick reducing treatment.

It's important that you take a safe laxative—one that is gentle—that leaves no harmful after-effects.

Such a laxative is Ex-Lax! It is so safe that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children. So scientific that doctors use it in their own families. So effective that powerful athletes use it when they need a laxative.

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!



Builders are starting fascinating experiments here and there and need the coöperation of labor groups to develop them on a large scale. Construction must keep pace with those recent household inventions that promise so much for cleanliness, comfort, and convenience.

So it is that you, Madam, all unaware, have been able to command the skill, the lore, the science, and the experience accrued throughout the centuries when you planned your house. Now you have an opportunity to contribute to this age-old process by helping all the progressive forces to establish in your community a sound, realistic, and inclusive program of housing.

IN YOUR own case, however, the more personal you are, the better for all concerned in building your house. Nobody except you can determine what will gratify your individual desire. So far as architecture is concerned, library bookshelves and current magazines are packed with suggestions. But don't imagine for an instant, however, that you can proceed without expert help.

"A great many people think they can contrive a house just as well as any architect," said Charles S. Keefe not long ago. He is famous for his designs of dwelling houses in New York State and in New England. "But that is as absurd as to think that because you can drive a car you can make the engine which runs it. To produce the greatest beauty and comfort from the materials and space available is a highly expert job, and a good architect is usually able to save his client the price of his fee."

Remember that the architect is prepared to do more than make a blue print. He checks materials to see that specifications are followed and supervises construction sufficiently to make sure plans are exactly carried out. This country is defaced by innumerable pill-box houses which, at small extra expense, might, if properly designed, have been charming cottages. To assure yourself of a well-qualified architect, you should examine other houses he has built and interview former clients.

A number of years ago the American Institute of Architects organized the Architects Small House Service Bureau. This non-profit-making institution sells for thirty-five or forty dollars plans and working drawings made by experienced architects for small houses. By writing to this organization at 1200 Second Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn., you can obtain a list of the regional offices where the service is available.

At the New York office buyers of plans are advised to engage an architect to supervise the construction of a house built from these ready-made drawings. Coöperating architects can be engaged for a specified sum per hour. Thus has a professional group opened a door into the future.

From the Atlantic Division of this Architects Bureau, at 101 Park Avenue, New York City, you can buy two booklets written by Arthur C. Holden, an architect, who has consistently striven to help people of moderate means. His "Primer of Housing," priced twenty-five cents, is a fearless outline of the truth about private building costs. "A Pocket Guide to Good Construction," for the same price, offers a short cut to comprehension of what good building is.

The great point about all this self-education is that a woman may better coöperate with the architect. "My husband and I worked for a whole year before we built our house," declared an enthusiast the other day, "and we never enjoyed anything more. When we finally engaged an architect we were sure of what we wanted."

In these words are expressed a primary economy. Changes of plan after work has begun are enormously costly. If you suddenly think of a closet you'd like to have, or fail beforehand to realize that the angle of your roof will cut off the height of an upper room, you achieve belated alterations at a staggering price. And it will be your fault alone that in consequence estimated figures will take a leap upward.

"When you get your first drawings," advises one architect, "imagine yourself walking from room to room, eating dinner, answering the telephone, bathing the children, washing the dishes. Ask yourself, 'Have I enough base plugs in the living

BE A BETTER BUYER

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room? Is the door just where I want it? Are the ceilings too high?"

"Every point should be carefully checked before the working drawings are made, and that's where a woman's concrete understanding of family needs are of incalculable advantage to the architect. What he wants, after all, is to create a house in which people will be happy."

Naturally your architect will advise you concerning the type of house best fitted to accord with your lot and its surroundings. As to the building material selected, each kind has its distinct advantages to be carefully considered. From the following list of trade associations you can get for the asking such attractive booklets that you may end by wanting to build a dozen houses.

American Concrete Institute, 2970 West Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

American Face Brick Association, 130 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

American Institute of Steel Construction, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

American Paint and Varnish Manufacturers Association, 1002 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Asphalt Shingle and Roofing Institute, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Associated Tile Manufacturers, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Building Stone Association of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

Clay Products Association of America, 906 Colonial Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Common Brick Manufacturers Association of America, Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, O.

Gypsum Association, 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

National Council for Better Plastering, Chicago, Ill.

National Lime Association, 927 15th Street, Washington, D. C.

National Lumber Manufacturers Association, 1337 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

National Slate Association, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Portland Cement Association, 35 Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Structural Clay Tile Association, 1400 Engineering Building, Chicago, Ill.

Unless you have unlimited funds, everything about your house means a compromise between what is ideal and what you can afford. That's the reason for meticulous plans. If you prefer to lavish money on the exterior you'll have to economize on the inside. If, on the other hand, you want two or three bathrooms and built-in cupboards galore, you may have to limit your outlay for the roof. In order to afford the fireplace which everybody wants, you might eliminate the dining room.

INDEED, you can't conceive how much unnecessary expense you can lop off, even under existing conditions, until you read that chapter in the "Better Homes Manual" called "Fifty Ways to Lower Home Building Costs" by Robert T. Jones.

You'll have no temptation, however, to follow the unscrupulous builder's example and skimp on the quality of materials or workmanship. If you want to get into your head the present-day essentials of a well-built house read "Recommended Minimum Requirements for Small Dwelling Construction," issued by the Bureau of Standards for ten cents.

This booklet gives one a healthy fear of building without sufficient fire protection. There's an absolutely essential item for your budget! Remember that no one can get a mortgage on a house unless it is insured and that your plans will be judged, among other things, for their adequacy in meeting protective requirements. Special information on roofing may be had from the Underwriters Laboratories, 207 Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. General advice is available at the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John Street, New York City.

Now we come to another expense which modern builders consider necessary. This is insulation. To have built into your walls, floors, and roofs some heat-resisting product enables you to snap your fingers either at heat or cold. In the first case, insulation permits you to keep the home fires burning so low as to reduce fuel expense.

A friend of mine who lives just outside

New York City said recently, "We've just compared our winter heating costs with those

of several neighbors who did not insulate their houses as we did. They were astounded to hear how much lower our bills for heat were than theirs. I'd rather have done without half our cellar than live in a house which hadn't been insulated."

"House Insulation," a ten-cent pamphlet issued by the National Committee on Wood Utilization of the United States Department of Commerce, describes in full methods of securing this protection. Then from the Bureau of Standards get its free Circular Letter LC-284, which lists publications and articles relating to home-heating problems. For the next job is to decide the kind of heating apparatus you are going to install. It makes quite a difference in the architect's plans whether you have hot-air, steam, or hot-water heat, and whether you burn gas, coal, or oil in your furnace.

Don't forget that heat will be the largest single item of your maintenance costs. Unless you have English blood and like a freezing house, you'd better get the best possible advice on keeping your family warm at lowest cost. The main trade associations which will send you free information are listed in the circular letter mentioned above. You can also consult at your library the "Guide," published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. Remember, however, that you and the architect will still have to decide what is the best system for your particular house.

YOU see, in every form of family expenditure the consumer has to make a mighty effort to assemble the information needed for intelligent buying. There is no one inclusive center where it can be found. For example, it is very suggestive to visit the Architects Samples Corporation room at 101 Park Avenue, New York City, and examine the permanent exhibit there of materials and equipment for the home. But, of course, those samples, shown for commercial reasons only, reveal rather the most de luxe and efficient devices than those suitable for the moderate purse.

It is exciting to see the shower-bath units, guaranteed against leakage, which are ready to be transported to your house and connected with its pipes. The toilet cabinets and medicine closets of latest date make new use of restricted space in the bathroom. But before going mad on the subject of bath and kitchen equipment, before ordering miles of tiling—a delirium to which every sane woman is subject—you'd best view with sober eye the expenditures which will keep down your future bills.

One of these investments, according to the best authority, is to forestall plumbing repairs by using rustless copper pipes. Free booklets from the Copper and Brass Research Association, at 25 Broadway, New York City, will disclose the peculiar fascination plumbing has for you. For outside connections with the city mains wrought-iron pipe is said to be most durable.

Now, when it comes to electric wiring, you ought to be really clairvoyant about your future needs. If you're going to install an electric range and refrigerator, laundry equipment and dishwashing machine, you must allow for a separate system to carry the heavy charge required.

Do you want overhead lights, a master switch for burglar protection, lights in every closet? Think it out and don't change your mind.

But here's a warning! Be sure to figure out the expense of operating the apparatus. Power rates vary widely throughout the country. If your community is stuck with high charges for distribution, you'd perhaps better keep faith with the old coal bucket and the dish mop. Moreover, you should get from the American Gas Association, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, a list of the new developments in equipment which are run by gas. Be sure also to have every piece of mechanism guaranteed for a year's service.

Your plumber must give you the same guaranty. Indeed, you must scrutinize with an eagle's eye all the subcontracts you countersign for your builder. And such is

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BE A BETTER BUYER

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the preposterous subdivision of the building trades that there may be nearly two dozen of these for your modest construction. The American Institute of Architects, with headquarters at the Octagon House, Washington, D. C., has issued "The Standard Documents," which contain standard forms of agreement between owner, contractor, and architect, and between contractor and subcontractor. Here is an excellent check for the guileless home builder.

Probably you know that the builder expects to be paid in instalments. Sometimes the building and loan company will attend to this for you. If the architect has assumed the entire responsibility for the job he will do it. In any case you must make certain as a protection against the possible filing of mechanics' liens that all subcontracts are paid up to date before the builder receives the money.

Long before this you've decided for or against having a garage. Even if you have no car now, there is always hope. Besides, a garage increases the value of your property. There are all sorts of trick ways of tucking a garage under the wing of a house—often a more economical plan than a separate construction, even one of poured concrete.

And do take a look at one of those novel garage doors which roll up on pulleys and slide back under the ceiling. They save space and effort. Indeed, if you're that sort of person, you can have installed a special electric switch, operated by a button at your gate, which opens the door by the time you drive in.

That's a typical instance of the application of science to modern building. Accomplishment is brilliant, but largely beneficial to the lucky few. Although we don't realize it, you and I have benefited more extensively by what the Department of Commerce has done. Its work for economy has affected all departments of building.

Do you remember how maddening it used to be whenever one moved to find that all the lamp connections had to be changed? Thanks to the bureau's efforts, plugs and fittings are now of consistent size. Due also to its persuasion, 1,114 types of sink traps have been reduced to 72.

Here are only two of the innumerable instances of a standardization which cuts down waste in production, handling, and storage and thus saves money for the individual home builder. The Division of Building and Housing has outlined for trade use every phase of building practice and has suggested improved methods. Soundproofing and the preparation of paint, varnish, and plaster are typical examples.

The National Committee on Wood Utilization has also given valuable service. In addition to its work for house insulation,

it has established the grading of lumber to assure the consumer of getting just what he orders. The committee teaches us that we can save by buying short-length lumber marketed at reasonable prices and perfectly satisfactory for the small house.

Send for the ten-cent pamphlet on this subject from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Also get from the Bureau of Standards Circular Letter LC-287, a free bibliography of published material relating to building.

Uncle Sam's experts have made many permanent contributions to construction work. These will doubtless survive the radical changes inevitably coming. Yet as we began by saying, costs are still far too high. New methods of financing and of technique must relieve present conditions. Real-estate men and labor must harmonize their practices with the nation's needs. As a result of the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, held last year, interest has been aroused throughout the entire country. Published reports of that conference offer the public new sources of information. But the plans suggested therein are orthodox compared to what will be demanded in the future.

JUST how the new terms will be met is a matter still veiled from the uninitiated.

All we know is that progressive builders, and designers are already busy with research and experimentation which promise much. Fabricated houses, steel houses, poured bathrooms, factory-made partitions, novel materials—such are the indications of future trends.

Let us watch and help as we can. We have all been shamefully passive about this great national problem, and as a consequence have all in varying degrees been victimized by our present system of housing.

Meanwhile we may find it essential to buy a ready-made house. How to judge it, what the new procedure in community housing is, how to take care of and improve the house you already possess—here are vital topics which will be discussed in next month's article.

NOTE: This series of articles necessarily deals with widely scattered bureaus and offices of commercial research. To make the whole content authoritative, without overburdening any of our contacts, Pictorial Review requested each bureau to check only the accuracy of statements relating to its own information and facilities. Each bureau is, therefore, identified with this article only to the extent of such statements as specifically refer to its own function. For further information on any of these subjects, inquiries should be addressed to the organization named as the source of that type of data.

THE TECHNIQUE OF MARRIAGE

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not snatching a few moments from an inimical world; they are not lovers who are about to be torn apart.

They are entering on married life. They are tasting for the first time a joy that is supposed to continue a lifetime. They are going to be together always.

IT WAS in a very polished and exquisitely bitter French classic, called "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," that I came on a phrase which struck me as profoundly true and very applicable to this subject. "Only in affairs that are meant to last but a very short time can one afford emotional extravagance," said the wise woman in this book.

She was proficient in the art of love; we are not, we Anglo-Saxons. We do not even like to admit that it has anything to do with art. Nor do we like to admit that the joys of love are not inexhaustible.

We pay so little serious attention to real passion. We are afraid of it. We have little respect for it. We are careless about it and profligate. A successful honeymoon is a very stupid form of emotional profligacy.

What simpletons and what nervous automatons we are! At the first explosion

of the spark of love, we are off. It is almost as if we were afraid that if we didn't grab our cup of pleasure, and drain it at one gulp, it would be snatched away.

I wonder to how many engaged couples the idea has occurred that perhaps they would enjoy being married just as much if they didn't have to go off on a honeymoon by themselves, but could walk straight from church into the normal life they mean to live together, with the wonderful stimulant of their new love to irradiate the pots and pans, the breakfast table, and the office desk.

I cannot help thinking that the young man who has been obliged to forgo his honeymoon, and whose heart is singing at his office desk such words as "I'll see her in two hours, one hour, half an hour, ten minutes"—I can't help believing that he is luckier and happier than the young man in the strange hotel who dare not leave his bride alone.

If you must have a wedding trip, young people, make it a short one and take it in some friendly place. But if you can, put it off for a while. Don't take it, that special holiday, till you've been married some time and are quite ready for your honeymoon.

You can have the Charm men find irresistible—



JEAN HARLOW'S

complexion
care will
make your skin
enticing!

IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen—and, of course, you have seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care will do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. And no feature adds more to a woman's loveliness. The whole secret is the right care—followed *regularly*. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

"The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin," she says—"and I have

found their secret—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

Begin now to use this fine, fragrant, white soap for *your* skin.

The Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

VOICE AND PERSONALITY

by DORIS LEE ASHLEY

IF YOU stood before a microphone or a blindfold assemblage, depending entirely on your speaking voice to sell your personality, what impression would you create on your audience?

The first opinion would naturally be based on diction, enunciation, clarity, and volume. But beyond that, and of greatest importance to an individual, if any members of the audience were acute students of the voice, they could readily make an accurate guess as to your size, height, background, character, profession, and what part of the world you lived in.

Thinking of the agony of such a test, most of us console ourselves with the thought that we have no ambition to use our voices on the radio, the stage, or in the movies. We are content to live our lives outside the glare of the spotlight. But that's poor consolation, for constantly, daily, the speaking voice is being used as a measuring rod for the personality.

Frances Robinson-Duff, a famous dramatic coach, who has numbered among her pupils such stage stars as Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, and Eva Le Gallienne, says that "the voice is not only indicative of the personality, but in hearing people speak I can tell if they are repressed, have an inferiority complex, are ambitious, or are educated. So accurately does the voice mirror the mind and emotions that weaknesses of character that the speaker is unaware of will creep out in the voice. It is perhaps the best index to character."

To those who have not made a study of the subject, the reaction of the voice is subconscious. The decision that so-and-so is a horrible bore, or a next-door neighbor is irritating, or certain friends are depressing is usually not founded on a close observation of the individuals or on the context of conversations you have had with them. In most cases you base your impressions entirely on the sound of the voice. The diction or accent may be forgiven, but not the tonal quality.

Ask a man what type of feminine voice he dislikes most. The answer is usually: "The whining voice." It even is characteristic of many women who are apparently cheerful. Psychologists say that whining is cultivated by children who learn it is effective with sentimental parents and nurses, or by wives who use it as a weapon to wheedle favors out of reluctant husbands. Americans instinctively respond to courage as the English to logic, and the whining voice of the "underdog" may gain sympathy, but not respect.

Or if you clip words short or hurry over sentences, you may be accused of trying to put over an idea without conviction. Too much hesitation is a certain label of not being sure of yourself. And why do we immediately attribute shallowness to the person who talks constantly in a steady stream?

Nerves in most cases cause a high, shrill voice, which doesn't minimize the agony of those listening to it. But however desirable the modulated voice may be, the shy, shrinking person who pitches his voice just above a whisper can make a whole roomful of people uncomfortable.

It's usually considered unfair to cite the example of actresses on the ground that their voices have been trained. Yet there is not one actress, at least among those with the best voices, who will not admit the

years of elimination and cultivation it took to gain that beautiful tonal quality.

Consider the celebrated voice of Ethel Barrymore. Critics have always gone into raptures over the beauty of the "low, throaty tones" of America's great actress. The charm of the Barrymore voice pervades every rôle she plays, even though the quality, the diction, and the accent are changed to meet the demands of the character.

Every word she speaks is saturated with meaning; and if you sat through one of her plays with your eyes closed her descriptive voice would etch the personality of the heroine on your mind. Miss Barrymore says the key to the cultivation of the voice is the ability to feel intensely. The emotions of the speaker leap from the sound of the voice like lights out of the darkness, and where there is no feeling there is no meaning.

Probably the greatest number of complaints are lodged against the colorless voice—that of the person who drones along monotonously like a smooth-running motor, without emphasis and seemingly without meaning. The words may be interesting, but the voice puts you to sleep. If you are at all analytically-minded you begin to ask sub-



Katharine Cornell's voice proclaims courage and belief in herself and her art

consciously whether the speaker's character isn't as dull, lifeless, and banal as his voice.

Just how definitely we connect character, voice, and personality is illustrated by Katharine Cornell. Anybody who has ever heard the exquisitely rounded tones of this actress, with their undercurrent of restrained emotion, could not fail to sense the courage, the supreme belief in herself and her art, which has characterized her rise from a stock player to the place on the stage she occupies to-day.

Miss Cornell says she is aware of her pronounced "r's" in speaking, a hangover from Midwestern upbringing, but she never worried a great deal about the quality of her voice. "The voice is molded to fit the character, and as you grow mentally so does the voice." But in choosing an actress for a rôle she would never be prejudiced by defects in the speaking voice. "They are too easily overcome with a little training," she says.

THE radio has greatly aided the urge to cultivate better voices. We are privileged to sit back and allow singers, lecturers, announcers, and speakers on commercial subjects to have their day only if we find the voice pleasing.

One of the feminine stars of radio is Elsie Hitz, starring in "The Magic Voice." For this series the broadcasting officials needed a voice of unmistakable glamour and appeal. Out of the thousands of applicants Elsie was chosen as fulfilling every requirement.

The direct antithesis to the melodious tones of Miss Hitz is the voice of Gracie Allen, another leader in the world of the radio. Their voices are as far apart as the poles, and while Miss Allen's voice is remarkably

appropriate for the parts she plays, it would be entirely out of place in Miss Hitz's rôle in "The Magic Voice," where her lovely, clear tones are so essential.

A prominent business man who admits he selects all employees for their voices states his requirements: "Modulated but vibrant; clear and distinct but not hard or cold. A woman who answers the telephone in my office must have a voice that exudes confidence yet invites sympathy. I do not bar a voice because of accents or of bad English, but it must be cheerful in a genuine way."



Above: Ethel Barrymore, whose voice is the inspiration of millions

To the left is Elsie Hitz, "the glamorous voice of radio"

Gracie Allen's twittering chatter amuses radio's multitudes





★
Copyrighted December 5, 1931

...FOR YOUR SAKE MADAM

What a chore it was to go poking through pile after pile of unnamed and unknown rugs... never really knowing which ones had more than mere surface beauty.

Well, above is our answer. A good visible out-in-the-open label which we attach to every rug and carpet that we make.

From now on you can tell *at a glance* just which rugs were woven by the Bigelow Weavers... remembering that every one of them is woven with our own private blends of Lively Wool, which springs back under foot... dyed with the fastest and most permanent dyes known... bound together by our special True Tension

weave, which holds each sturdy tuft firmly in place... richly designed in harmonious and livable color schemes, possibly faithful reproductions of rare old rugs, or fresh new versions of old domestic favorites.

And it makes no difference what price you want to pay... you'll find those qualities in *every* rug or carpet that bears our sign—the two hands tying the weaver's knot.

Rugs are now only \$18 to \$160 for 9x12 size, and carpet is as low as \$2.50 a sq. yd. But we won't say for how long!... Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc., 140 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

*This label was subsequently patented and the design registered as a trade-mark, United States Patent Office, 1932.



LIVELY WOOL...SPRINGS BACK UNDER FOOT

☐ Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!



Informality marks the arrangement of this room

Photo by Jessie Tarbox Beals

NEW ROOMS FROM OLD *by Florence Brobeck*

TO MAKE a room look *lived in*, as if friends and family sat about for hours of talk or lingered to read and rest after busy days—that should be the ambition of every decorator when she considers the family living room, whether she is a professional decorator or just the homemaker and owner of the room in question.

Furniture arrangement and grouping are of first importance in achieving this effect, although color schemes, kind of furniture, and general backgrounds are important factors. The most obvious groupings of furniture are determined by the major architectural features of the room, such as a fireplace, an unusual group of windows, or a bay window.

In the average family living room the fireplace is the center of interest during the autumn and winter months. This may be screened in the spring and summer, and a large window or group of windows become more important, the furniture group from the fireplace being turned about and arranged around the windows. This principle of decorating is so widely recognized that the treatment of the fireplace group has become more or less standardized. There may be a pair of sofas, facing each other, each at right angles to the mantel. Or on one side may be a sofa, and opposite, facing it, a pair of upholstered chairs, with a small smoking table between them, and perhaps a coffee table in front of the sofa. Adjacent to these two groups may be other reading chairs, with either floor lamps or table lamps, all within easy conversational range of each other.

Another popular treatment of this group is to place a sofa in front of and facing the mantel, and adjacent to it, at each side, large reading chairs, with end tables and lamps arranged to light the sofa and chairs. Perhaps a long

sofa table is placed behind this arrangement, and it holds the lamps. This plan, however, has a tendency to shut off the fireplace and its group from the rest of the room.

It is admirable in a large room where there are other centers of interest, and where there is possibly another conversational group of more importance.

Two rooms are illustrated here which give graphic lessons in room arrangement. In the one with the fireplace the paneled and painted wood might have given a cold and formal atmosphere. But the architect has inserted a series of friendly little bookshelves, which, with the colored bindings, introduce warm and rich colors. With these present the owner chose to leave the fine paneling above the fireplace bare until possibly some day when a good portrait or handsome painting should be found which would be appropriate for the space.

At the left she has arranged a pair of comfortable upholstered chairs, with a good-sized table between. This holds a lamp and small accessories, the lamp intended to light only one of the chairs for reading and to illuminate that end of the room in general. Opposite, another upholstered reading chair is placed with table, lamp, and books.

In the far corner a fourth armchair is shown, which is placed so that daylight falls on it for reading or sewing. Or it may be brought forward at night and share the table lamp. Forming a loose circle around this fireplace are two other chairs, each with a table and lamp. These are close enough to the fireplace group that easy conversation is possible, yet far enough away that members of the family, if they choose, may read undisturbed by the talk around the fire.

Another room shown illustrates the possibilities with a window and bookshelf group. Oak beams, oak woodwork, and rough plaster suggest a very informal type of living room. This informality is achieved by mingling several styles of furniture, as shown in the oak coffee table in the foreground, the large oak table and two French provincial armchairs at the left, and the English club chair and Windsor armchair at the right.

The oak table placed in front of the window helps form a secondary center of interest for the room. Its pair of *tôle* and brass candle lamps is well chosen and well placed, balancing the pair of built-in bookshelves and the double window. At the table's left the French armchair's occupant is expected to use one of the lamps when needed for reading or sewing.

At the right the club chair is lighted from the window and also with a candlestick electric lamp placed between it and the Windsor armchair, adequately illuminating both.



THE HOME BUREAU

WHAT I HOPE TO LEAVE BEHIND

Continued from page 4

hearts have been somehow so touched by the misery of human beings that they wanted to give their lives in some way to alleviate it. We have some examples of women like this to-day: Lillian Wald and Mary Simkhovitch in New York, and Jane Addams in Chicago. They were none of them actuated, when they started out on their careers, by any small personal ambitions. They have achieved great personal success, but that is simply as a by-product; for what they set out to do and have done was to alleviate some of the trials of humanity in the places where they were able to work.

The conditions which are governing the world to-day are obliging many women to set up a new set of values, and in this country they will, on the whole, be rather a good thing.

We have come to a place where success cannot be measured by the old standard. Just to make money is no gauge any more of success. A man may not be able to make as much as his wife, may not be able to make enough to support his family, and yet he may be a success. He may have learned to be happy and to give happiness, too, in striving for things which are not material.

A painter may do his best work and yet not be able to sell it, but he is none the less a success. You may make your home a success and spend one-tenth of what you spent last year. Bread and cheese cheerfully eaten and shared with other congenial souls may bring a larger return on the investment than do the four- or five-course dinners of a year ago.

There is no doubt that we women must lead the way in setting new standards of what is really valuable in life.

It is a far cry from our pioneer ancestors to a lady who owns a house on Fifth Avenue, and yet if you have to give up your house on Fifth Avenue and you have to change to some other conditions in life, it is not so very difficult to go back and reproduce certain conditions which have faded out of our minds and which, after all, were the essentials of life in, let us say, Governor Winthrop's time.

One of my favorite quotations is:

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

I often wish that more people would read Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon." He expresses a philosophy which, if it were carried out and accepted without bitterness, might make of us again a happy nation in spite of the loss of many material things.

As I grow older I realize that the only pleasure I have in anything is to share it with some one else. That is true of

memories, and it is true of all you do after you reach a certain age. The real joy in things, or in the doing of things, just for the sake of doing or possessing, is gone; but to me the joy in sharing something that you like with some one else is doubly enhanced.

I could not to-day start out with any zest to see the most marvelous sight in the world unless I were taking with me some one to whom I knew the journey would be a joy. It may be a drawback which comes with age—you do not crave any new sensations and experiences as much as you did in youth—but it is one of its compensations that you are so much better able to enjoy through other people. You can even sit at home and be happy visualizing others that you love enjoying things which you have prepared them to see and to understand.

ONE of the things which I hope are coming home to us with a lessening of the abstract desire for money is an appreciation of the fact that some people have an ability to enjoy where others have not, and that one of the things that we must do is to give that ability to enjoy to more and more people.

It is almost entirely a question of education. There is such a thing as going through the world blindfolded. I have known people who were quite unconscious of the play of the sun and shadow on the hills. There was no joy to them in the view from a high hill. A landscape was simply a landscape—nothing else.

As one political dignitary once said to me, "Don't ask me to admire the scenery. I cannot see anything in it." His eyes had never been opened. The waves on the shore and the sweep of the ocean meant little to him. The sound of the wind in the trees, the breath of a crisp October day, all went unnoticed and uncatalogued as a beauty or a pleasure. I doubt if his ear had ever heard music; and the pitiful thing is that so many people can go through the world with the same handicaps either because they will not learn or because they haven't had the opportunity to see things through the eyes and hear things through the ears of a really educated person.

With advancing years I feel I must give this question of what I want to leave behind me greater thought, for before long I shall be moving on to fields unknown, and perhaps it may make a difference if I actually know what I would like to bequeath to a new generation. Perhaps the best I can do is to pray that the youth of to-day will have the ability to live simply and to get joy out of living, the desire to give of themselves and to make themselves worthy of giving, and the strength to do without anything which does not serve the interests of the brotherhood of man. If I can bequeath these desires to my own children, it seems to me I will not have lived in vain.

LENTEN SOUFFLÉS

Continued from page 28

Crab-Flake Soufflé

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 2 Tablespoonfuls Shortening | ½ Cupful Chopped Celery |
| 2 Tablespoonfuls Flour | 1 Teaspoonful Cooking Sherry or Lemon Juice |
| ½ Cupful Milk | ½ Teaspoonful Salt |
| ½ Cupful Heavy Cream | Pepper |
| 1 Cupful Flaked Crabmeat | 3 Egg Yolks |
| Pinch Dry Mustard | 3 Egg Whites |

MELT the shortening in a saucepan. Blend in the flour. Slowly add the milk, then the cream. Add the salt and pepper, crab meat, and celery. Heat. Remove from the fire. Add the beaten yolks and sherry or lemon. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 50 minutes. Serve with Melba toast. Canned fish flakes may be used instead of crabmeat.

Rice-and-Shrimp Soufflé

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1½ Tablespoonfuls Shortening | ¼ Cupful Canned Tomato Soup |
| 1 Small Onion, Chopped Fine | ½ Teaspoonful Salt |
| 1 Teaspoonful Curry Powder | 1 Cupful Cut-up Fresh or Canned Shrimp |
| 1 Tablespoonful Flour | ½ Cupful Cooked Rice |
| 1 Cupful Milk | 4 Egg Yolks |
| | 4 Egg Whites |

MELT the shortening in a saucepan. Add the chopped onions and brown lightly. Add the curry powder and stir in well. Sift in the flour and stir well. Slowly add the milk. Add the tomato soup, salt, pepper, shrimp, and rice. Heat. Remove from the fire. Add the beaten yolks. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 hour.



You'd never think that we painted this room today!

I can't believe it. Wallhide Paint, you say? Marvelous!

Why, it took three days to paint my living room, and what a mess it was!

And they say it never cracks or peels because it contains some new discovery. Vitolized Oil, I think it is.

Everybody is talking about Wallhide One-day painting

THE news about this new paint is spreading fast. People who discover that it is actually possible to paint walls one coat or two coats and settle rooms the same day are so pleased they can't help telling friends about it.

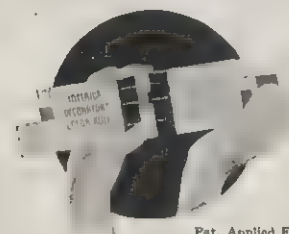
Wallhide is better paint, too—lasts longer, covers better. Rarely is more than one coat needed on old walls. Vitolized Oil keeps it from cracking, peeling, chipping or chalking. It is supplied in "flat" satin finish as well as in a new semi-gloss finish for kitchens and bathrooms. Waterspar, Quick-Drying Enamel, is used for woodwork in colors to harmonize with the 15 beautiful Wallhide colors.



Go to a Wallhide dealer and see this famous spot test. It shows how the action of Vitolized Oil differs from the action of ordinary oil.

Mail coupon for name of a dealer near you. The Interior Decorators Color Rule described at the right will be sent to you also.

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The ability to combine colors artistically is the secret of all successful interior decoration. With this unique sliding color rule you can actually see scores of color combinations to guide you in making your rooms and furnishings more attractive. Mail coupon to: Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—Paint and Varnish Div.,—Dept. 324, Milwaukee, Wis.

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The "Vitolized Oil" Paint

Interior Flat • Interior Semi-Gloss • Exterior Primer



"One week ago
Mrs. Risdon's hands
were painfully rough"

says Louise Berthelon,
Beauty Expert



"I advised using Lux
instead of harsh soap
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"After a week her
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often contain harmful alkali that dries
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pan is the finest daily beauty care for
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woman can afford it."

LUX for dishes
*Lovely hands for
1¢ a day*

Facts parents should know about Contagious Diseases in Children

By
Dr. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE
Director of The Babies' Health Department



DURING the late winter and early spring months our correspondence contains many inquiries about the most common contagious diseases. If there are several little children in the family, the mother wishes to know how long the child exposed to these diseases must be kept away from the others, when he may return to school, etc.

Measles, German measles, mumps, chicken pox, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria are the contagious diseases which are most often mentioned in our correspondence.

Measles—Incubation period, or the usual time it takes this disease to develop, is from 10 to 14 days. The exposed child may mingle for 7 to 9 days with others who have not been exposed. He should then be isolated from them for 9 or 10 days. After that time he will either have contracted the disease himself or will have passed the period when he is likely to contract it.

Measles is a serious disease on account of its many complications. Never expose a child to it just "to get it over." The child who contracts the disease should be kept isolated for at least 7 days, better 10 days, after the rash appears, provided there is no cough or nasal discharge; if there is, then he should be isolated for a longer period.

German Measles—Incubation period is from 14 to 21 days. The exposed child may mingle with other children for 10 days; then must be isolated for 7 to 10 days to see if he will contract this disease. If he comes down with it he must be isolated again for 7 days after the rash appears. While this is not often a serious disease, complications may be severe, as enlarged glands in the neck, etc., and other children should not be unnecessarily exposed to it.

Mumps—Incubation period is from 17 to 21 days. The child may mingle with others for 14 days after exposure. He should then be isolated for 8 days, during which time he may develop the disease or he may escape it. If he contracts the disease he must again be isolated for 7 days after all swelling has disappeared.

Chicken Pox—Incubation period is from 12 to 16 days. The child may mingle with others for 10 days after exposure; then should be isolated for 7 to 10 days. If he contracts the disease he should again be isolated for 7 to 10 days, or until all scabs fall off.

Whooping Cough—Incubation period is from 7 to 18 days. The child may mingle with others for 6 days after exposure; then should be isolated for 12 days. If he contracts the disease he must again be kept away from other children for 4 to 5 weeks after the first whoop.

Scarlet Fever—Incubation period is from 2 to 7 days. The child must be kept away from other children from the date of exposure for 7 days. If he contracts the disease he must then be absolutely quarantined for 4 to 5 weeks if there is no discharge from the nose, throat, or ears. If there is, he should be isolated for a longer period. Complications of scarlet fever are many, and often make the quarantine longer.

Diphtheria—Incubation period is from 1 to 7 days. The child exposed should be kept away from others from the date of exposure for 8 days and until 2 negative cultures have been obtained from the nose and throat. If the child contracts diphtheria he should be isolated as long as any germs are found in the nose and throat cultures. Two negative cultures from the nose and throat are now required by many health departments before the child may be allowed out of quarantine.

To prevent a disease is of course infinitely better than to cure it, and in a few of these contagious diseases we now have weapons at hand in the form of serums or vaccines; in others we have not yet discovered these aids.

If there is a delicate child or baby in the family who has been exposed to measles, it is best to have your doctor give that child an injection of blood from a person who has already had the disease. In many cases either the father or the mother can furnish this blood. While this treatment may not entirely prevent an attack of measles it will usually result in a very light case. No harm will come from trying it in any case.

In the case of scarlet fever all children who have been exposed should be tested by what is known as the Dick test to see whether they are naturally immune, as many are. This test is similar to the Schick test for diphtheria and is harmless to the child. If the child exposed is found to be immune it is a great comfort to the parents.

If not, then there is a treatment to prevent this disease; but at the present time we do not advise its use for all children, because it often makes the child very ill. In time it may be perfected so that this bad reaction will not occur. Only the family doctor, who knows the child, should decide as to the advisability of giving this preventive treatment or similar injections to the child who has contracted the disease.

The prevention of diphtheria has been mentioned in these columns many times, but once again we will state that it is the duty of every parent to exercise this precaution. Toxin-antitoxin or toxoid should be administered to all babies from 6 to 9 months of age. The Schick test should be made about 6 months after, and if the baby is not found immune another series of preventive injections should be given. About 80 to 90 per cent of children have been found immune, however, and this is supposed to last throughout life.

When a child who has not been protected as above is exposed to a real case of diphtheria, the Schick test may be given him if there is time; but if not, then a preventive dose of antitoxin should be given at once. This dose does not last very long, several weeks at the most, and he should be immunized by the toxin-antitoxin or toxoid after the temporary immunity has expired.

The child who actually has the disease should receive a full dose of antitoxin immediately on the diagnosis of diphtheria. Often it is not even best to wait for the report of the culture, which should always be taken from both the nose and throat of a suspected case. Early treatment has saved many thousands of lives. What the amount of the dose should be and how many times it should be repeated must of course be left to the doctor. Every mother should isolate her child if he has a sore throat of any kind, and keep him isolated until it can be determined what his illness may be.

For whooping cough we have a vaccine both for prevention and for cure. In some cases it is helpful, especially if it is given to an exposed child before the symptoms have begun, as it may shorten the period of the disease and make it less severe. Opinions differ much as to its helpfulness.

No mother should attempt to treat her child alone. If he has any of the contagious diseases the doctor should be called early, and treatment prescribed by him given from the start.

Our leaflet on "Contagious Diseases" will be mailed to any one who requests it, provided a self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed and the child's age is given. It gives more details than are possible here.

THE BABIES' HEALTH DEPARTMENT

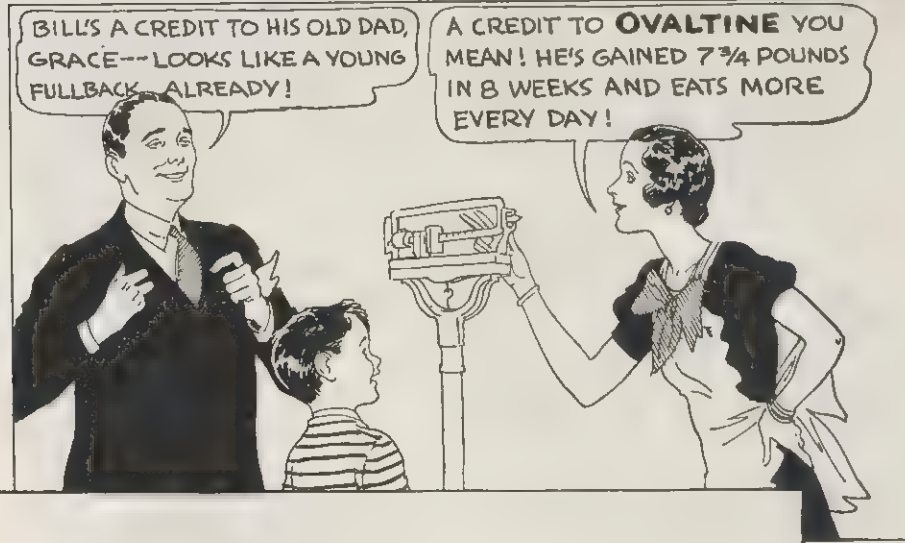
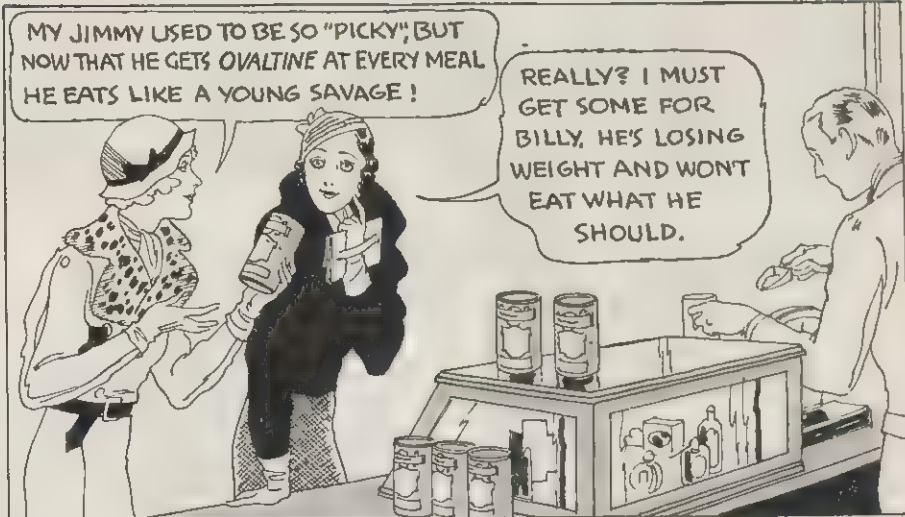
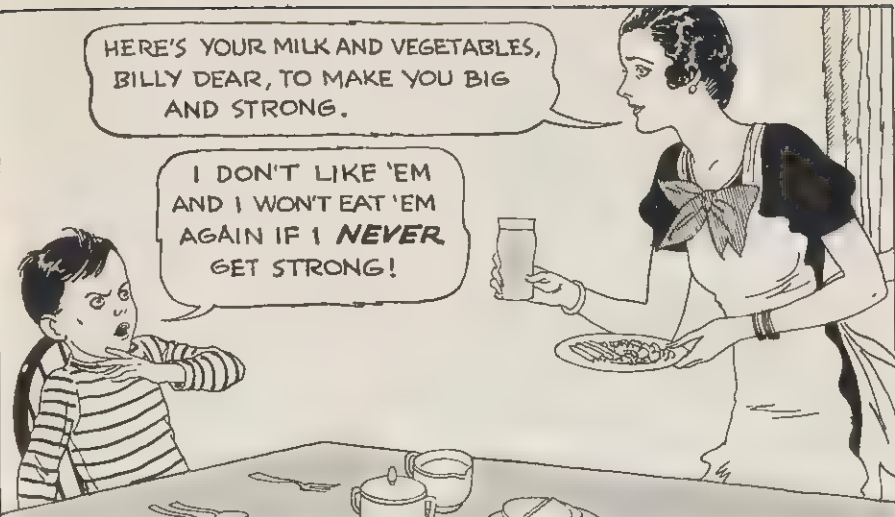
IF YOUR BABY is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help free until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, together with a snapshot, if possible, and a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and an admission blank will be sent you.

If you want advice, also without cost, about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed. No blanks will be sent or letters answered unless you inclose a United States stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE HOME BUREAU



Makes Your Child Hungry Even for Vegetables

And Doubles the Amount of Milk He'll Drink

By Aiding Digestion and Speeding Up Digestion This Remarkable Food Discovery Actually Creates the Feeling of Hunger. Such Things As Spinach and Milk, are Taken More Willingly—And More Nourishment Gained From Other Foods Eaten

Here's real news for every mother with a growing child. Especially if your child rebels at milk and "won't" eat vegetables!

For science has at last discovered an amazing natural way to make "poor eaters" eat. Not merely "tempt" the appetite—but a way to create the actual sensation of hunger!

A way to make the fussiest children hungry enough to relish any sort of normal, healthful food—even such vegetables as spinach, carrots and lettuce. And to double the amount of milk they'll willingly drink each day.

Literally Creates Hunger

Called Ovaltine, this unique discovery has been endorsed by more than 20,000 doctors and child specialists. It acts two ways to create hunger in the "fussy" or "picky" child.

First: Besides being extremely nourishing and easy to digest—it is particularly rich in the appetite-producing Vitamin B.

Second: Important and unique—Ovaltine contains a high proportion of a remarkable food element called "diastase." This substance has the ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach.

This means that Ovaltine not only aids a child's digestion, but also has the power to speed up the process so the stom-

ach is emptied sooner. This, in turn, makes a child hungry. For hunger is a sensation caused by the walls of an empty stomach drawing together.

Quicker Digestion

This speeding up of the digestive processes is tremendously important. For specialists will tell you that the child with slow digestion is the one who eats poorly—who shuns vegetables—who objects to drinking milk.

But once digestive processes are accelerated, a definite change takes place. The old objection to everyday foods gradually disappears. Milk is readily taken (because it's delicious mixed with Ovaltine) and even a "vegetable-hunger" is built up day by day!

Weight and Nerve Poise

With better appetite and increased nourishment, weight is usually added at the rate of a pound a week or more—steady gains in excess of 5 pounds a month have frequently been reported.

Tests show that Ovaltine has a marked effect in curbing nervousness, too. For instance, the New York school children were served Ovaltine each day and their nervous traits scientifically observed and measured. At the end of 2 weeks, nervousness among these children had decreased an average of 30%. And in some cases an improvement of 18% took place in a single week!

85% of the children responded almost immediately. Those who had previously been high strung became noticeably more calm. They acquired new energy, new stamina. And their mental alertness increased to a marked degree!

See For Yourself

For the sake of your child, try Ovaltine. Note how eagerly

he commences to eat the vegetables and other healthful foods he formerly refused. Keep track of the extra amount of milk he drinks each day. Note, too, the almost immediate increase in weight—in nerve poise, and in strength.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store—directions are on the can. Or, if you prefer to try it before you buy, mail coupon below for trial supply

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. Dept. PR4

Send me your sample package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)
(These offers good in U. S. A. only.)

SPECIAL OFFER
Orphan Annie's
Very Own Mug
With colored
pictures of Orphan
Annie and
Sandy, her dog. Orphan
Annie Mug and sample
package, 25c.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

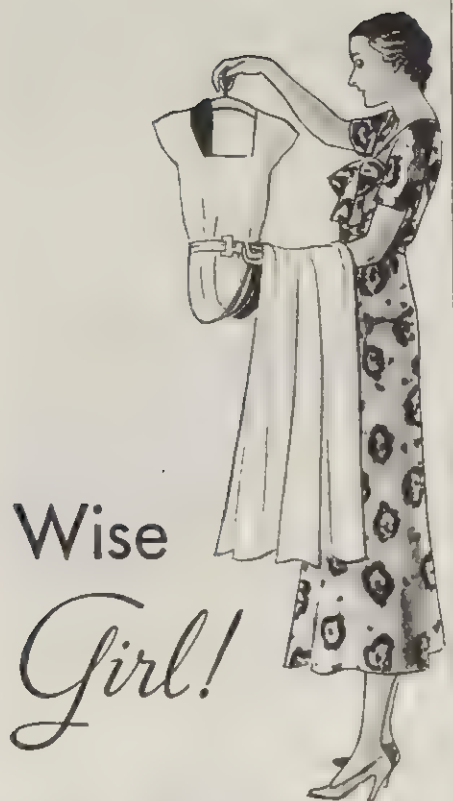
Address.....

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(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula



Wise
Girl!

35¢ saved her
many a friend
many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And former friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But now she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor by preventing the perspiration itself. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that does prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds



ODO-RO-NO REGULAR
for use before retiring—
gives 3 to 7 days' complete
protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1
—with the original en-
closed sanitary applicator.

INSTANT ODO-RO-NO
is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.
35¢, 60¢, \$1—with
applicator.



ODO · RO · NO

Drawing by
BERNHARDT E. MULLER, A. I. A.
Architectural Editor, Pictorial Review



CHARLES S. KEEFE, A. I. A.
Architect

A Modified Dutch Colonial

It can be built with either five or seven rooms

THIS little gem of either five or seven rooms is a modification of the Dutch Colonial type of architecture designed to fit in with the needs of the average American family of limited income. A glance at the plans will show that there are five rooms and one bath on the first floor, and two rooms and one bath on the second. Thus the first floor is supplied with all the necessary elements for a complete house-keeping unit; and it is unnecessary to finish off the second floor until conditions make such a change desirable or imperative.

As shown in the drawing, the cottage is white, with a weathered roof. The side walls are hand-split cypress shingles, stained white, and the roof shingles are of cedar, which were put on in their natural color and allowed to weather. The shutters on the house are green, making a pleasing contrast with the white shingles on the walls.

The interior is carried out in keeping with the note of simplicity. The floors are of oak and North Carolina pine, the trim is small in size, and Colonial hardware is used throughout. The walls of the bedrooms are covered with wall paper, paint being used

in the living room and dining room. The walls of the kitchen are tile, and the floor is covered with linoleum.

For a family requiring two bedrooms the arrangement shown for the first floor would be ideal. A slight rearrangement would make it possible to convert the dining room into a third bedroom on that floor, using one end of the living room for dining purposes.

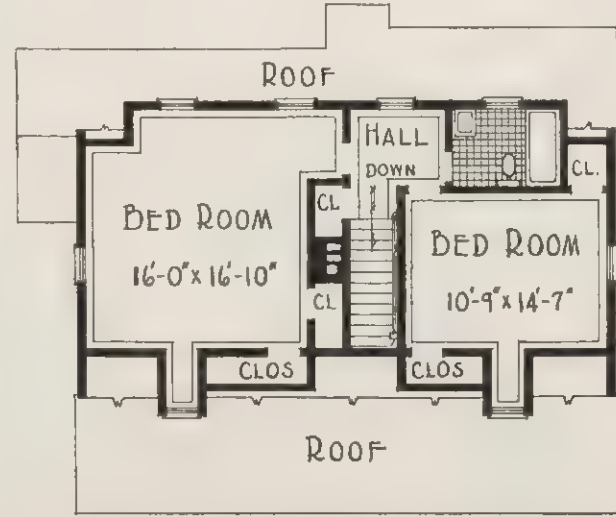
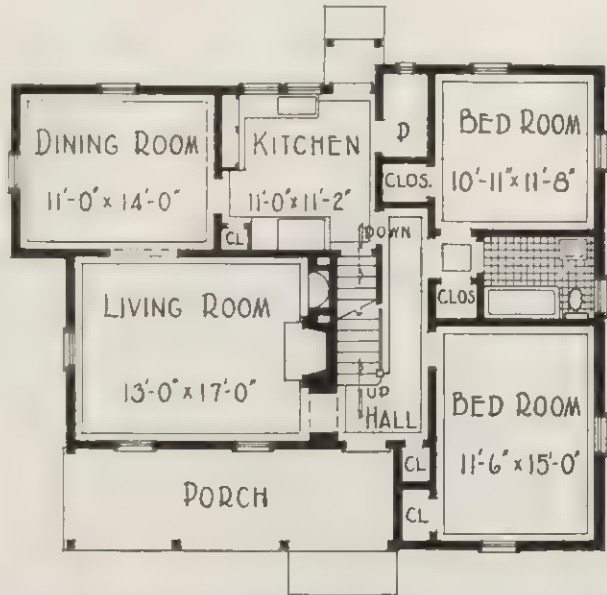
Exteriorly the house presents a particularly pleasing appearance with its recessed porch, its squat center chimney, its well-proportioned dormers, its multipaned windows. It is another splendid example of the well-designed small house that can be built at a low price.

The main doorway of this house enters into a hall, to the left of which is a living room of splendid size, 17 feet by 13 feet, which has light and ventilation from two sides. A fireplace is located on one wall. To the rear of the living room, and jutting out a few feet from the rest of the house, is the dining room, also arranged with cross ventilation. The dining room is 14 feet by 11 feet, and opens into the kitchen, in the rear of the house, adjacent to the rear door.

To the right of the hall at the main entrance are both of the first-floor bedrooms. The bath has been arranged between them. The front bedroom is 15 feet by 11 feet 6 inches, and the rear one is 11 feet 8 inches by 10 feet 11 inches. Both bedrooms have been planned with cross ventilation and are of ample size.

The stairs to the second floor start from the hall inside the main entrance, and go up to a small hall which connects the two bedrooms and the second-floor bathroom. The bedrooms on the second floor are both in the front of the house, and the larger extends the entire distance to the rear, which arrangement makes possible ventilation from three sides. This room is 16 feet by 16 feet 10 inches, while the smaller one, with two-way ventilation, is 14 feet 7 inches by 10 feet 9 inches.

The compactness of design of this cottage will be most appealing to the housewife. If the second floor remains unfinished she has a complete house on the first floor, with ample privacy for the bedrooms. With the finishing of the second floor additional complete sleeping quarters are provided.



THE HOME BUREAU

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

DAUGHTER OF STRIFE

Continued from page 9

"They were upon three sides of us," he said. "And the swamp was at our backs. The front was one blaze of fire, and we had to retreat. Then we were deep in the mire of the swamp—men, horses, and guns—and the Prussians' fire never slackened. It was a horror beyond telling; hell can be no worse. Despairing officers shot themselves as they stood before their men."

"None could bear the terror of that day, Anna; and so, in a little while, I, too, shall be dead. My blessings upon my mother and upon you. And if it be God's will that the spirit of a humble man, who loved you both greatly, may remain in the world for a time, be sure I will watch over you both. Evil and bitter days are coming; and if my presence and my unseen hand can keep danger from you, be sure it will be done."

Word of Peter's death came some time later; he had died a few days after the letter was written. The mother went softly about the house after that. Her face was gray. She'd look out upon the fields and the sky. Her eyes had an expression that made Anna's heart grow faint. A doctor came from the town to visit her. He gave her some simple things to take, but afterwards he said to the girl:

"Her body is still strong, but what has happened, and what might still happen, has numbed her mind. Her soul is frightened, and God Himself seems to have gone from His heaven. Keep watch upon her. She may die soon."

BUT it was not for some time. It was not until what was left of the Russian armies had retreated through that countryside. Wretched, tattered, bearded men, with eyes like frightened wolves; hungry, dragging great rusty guns by ropes and chains; their horses were gone; their generals and high officers were left behind in the swamps. Their one thought was food and then a safe place to stop, to reorganize, to once again face the enemy who had dealt them this dreadful blow!

For days they streamed along the roads. No longer were they laughing boys with kindly smiles and fresh from home. Yes, their eyes were like those of wolves, side-long and frightened. And the farm women kept to their houses with locked doors. In the roads guards were stationed with loaded rifles to protect the people from stragglers and other uncaptured men.

And when the armies had passed, the whole region had been swept clean of everything; not a horse, nor cow, nor goat, nor fowl was left. The store of food on the Maslova farm was gone; the scant new crop was trodden down. The two women were pitifully alone and unsupported.

AND then the mother died. And on the day of the burial the good people who had helped Anna in her sad work left her alone in the old churchyard. She'd wanted it so; it was her wish to kneel beside the new grave and pray to God; to ask for help and for strength to bear that which her soul whispered to her was fast approaching.

And as she arose from her knees she heard the sound of a bugle. There was a rush of troopers down the dusty road toward the village. They were mounted upon great war-horses; they carried lances, and they laughed and shouted to each other in a strange language. The girl's heart stood still, for she knew the Hungarians had come to Poland.

By nightfall the roads, the fields, and

the village were filled with soldiers of the invading army. And all through the dark hours they continued streaming in. They were not like the Russians or the Poles. They laughed and sang; they danced; they gesticulated and shouted from fire to fire; they seemed to love their weapons and horses and their uniforms. War pleased them.

They had crossed the borders of a strange country, and the defenders had fled before them. What could be better? They took food and drink and were happy; and then while they were happy and filled with food and heated with wine they lifted their eyes and saw the women of the village!

THEY were in possession of the Maslova farm, and Anna did not dare go home. The priest took the girl into his house, and his wife provided for her.

"There are soldiers quartered at your house," the wife said to Anna as she made tea and put a little plate of sweet cakes upon a table for the girl. "It is quite impossible for you to go back there. Indeed, it would have been impossible even if the Hungarians had not come, for you would be alone there, Anna, and a girl cannot live so, my dear."

"When these strangers have gone," Anna said, "I will send for a cousin whose father has four daughters and a small farm. She will be pleased to live at our place. The foreigners are here only for a day or two. Their officers will soon make them move on."

"Even if they do, more will come," said the priest's wife, shaking her head. "That is what war is. More will come, and more will continue to come, and it will be so until their army is defeated and falls back. And, even then, our own army will return; and the last time they passed through our village they were not pleasant to see."

"I am not afraid of Russians," Anna said. "They are our own race. But I hate these Tatar people, these fierce lancers."

Father Novic was trying to look cheerful.

"They are not kindly folk," he said. "They are quick-spoken and love their own way. But we must be careful not to anger them; we do not desire their ill will."

"Some of them will be placed in our house while they are in possession of the town," said his wife. "I hope they are officers, and are mannerly and respectful toward religion."

"They are sure to be," said the priest hopefully. "None but gentlemen will be billeted in the house of a clergyman; the commander will see to that himself. And, once we have an officer or two here, we need have no fear, for no harm will be done us."

The house of Father Novic was a stone one, set in the midst of a plot of ground, and with a walk leading up from the road. There were some large trees and a flower garden. From the door one could see the tower of the church. The house was cool and bright and furnished with good pieces, and hangings and pictures which must have been brought out of Russia years before.

There were some beautiful oaken chairs, carved with the arms of a noble family; upon shelves were icons of the holy saints; pictures of the quiet Jesus and His Blessed Mother were on the walls of the sitting room; in the hall as you came in, there was

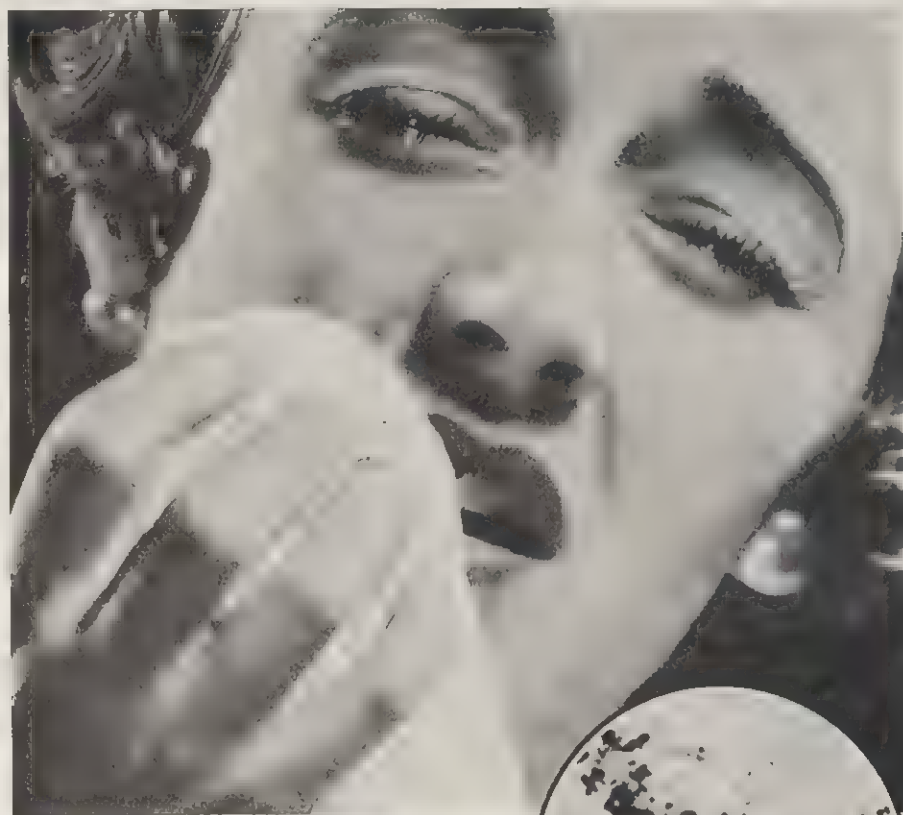
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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Readers requiring personal replies to questions pertaining to gardening, beauty, home decoration, cooking, vocational problems, and entertainment should inclose ten cents in stamps with their letters. This is to cover cost of handling, postage, etc. When information asked for cannot be furnished by us, the postage inclosed will be returned to the sender. This new ruling does not affect the baby department which is conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge. Requests for information as to where articles illustrated in Pictorial Review may be purchased need only be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

GERMS

fill handkerchiefs during colds



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Avoid self-infection and infecting others by using

KLEENEX
disposable tissues

Now **25c**

MILLIONS of germs in a single handkerchief! Scientific tests show this condition actually exists during colds.

And further: these germs are easily spread. Cotton and linen fibers hold them but loosely. Your hands are infected. Your clothing is infected. You pass these dangerous germs to others in countless ways. You carry germs back to your own face every time you use your handkerchief again.

Kleenex prevents this danger

A new era of handkerchief hygiene was introduced by Kleenex! Handkerchiefs of disposable tissue! Handkerchiefs to use and destroy! No laundering... no self-infection... no irritation from damp, unsanitary handkerchiefs.

Kleenex Tissues are handkerchief-size squares, made from rayon-cellulose. They are soft and soothing, gentle, absorbent. And inexpensive. Indeed, the cost is so

very little that Kleenex may be destroyed after a single use. Dangerous germs are destroyed, too, as they should be.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is now put up in handy rolls and packages, containing generous quantities, at 25c. In addition, an extra-size Kleenex is made, the tissues three times the usual size, larger than a man's handkerchief.

In whatever form you buy Kleenex, the quality is exactly the same. Kleenex softness is absolutely unequalled. Kleenex absorbency is several times that of cotton or linen. Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Ask to see 'Kerfs, too. They are real bordered handkerchiefs of downy tissue—disposable, like Kleenex.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES



MOTHER: My baby has a terrible croupy cold. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, just rub on Children's Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and the surest thing I know.



MOTHER: What do you mean by "counter-irritant?"

DRUGGIST: It's something that penetrates, goes right to the seat of congestion and breaks a cold in no time.

MOTHERS!

*Watch that cold
in children!*

● Children's colds can bring on serious illness. At the slightest sign of a cold, rub on Children's Musterole, once every hour for 5 hours. This pure white ointment is just good old Musterole in milder form. Used for 20 years by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a famous blend of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients. It gets action and results because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant." It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain and infection—pleasant and convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults, and milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.



a great crucifix of wood. It was a pleasant home, and managed well.

Anna was content to stay with them; indeed, she felt she was very fortunate, and her heart was full of gratitude toward these good people. But down the road and across the fields was the little farm where her father had worked. Only that day her mother had lain in the coffin in the big square room where they'd all gather. The light from the windows had paled the candles; the things which made her working day were all about, empty, silent, and unused.

Anna felt her mother might not know the nature of death; that her spirit, not knowing a change had come, still remained in the house. Maybe she was alone and, not knowing what to do, was calling; she might need her daughter's help and prayers.

Anna would have gone, her heart full of longing, and there were tears on her cheeks, but Father Novic would not permit it.

"No, Anna," he said. "Your mother is not alone or unguided in her new life. Do not think it. Is not your father there? Will not your good brother keep her safe? The farm is no place for you now, child; you will remain quietly here, where there is no danger."

The next day the two officers were billeted at the church house. One was a man with a huge, coarse-fibered body and a hard face. He gave orders about his baggage in a loud voice; he stamped when he walked; he spoke to Father Novic as though the good priest were a servant.

The other was a tall young man with fair hair and an aristocratic face. His voice was low, his manner was quiet, but there was a fixed expression in his eyes. And when Anna first looked into them her heart stopped for a moment, and she knew all she'd feared was to come true.

"WE SHALL be quartered here while the town is occupied," said the loud-voiced officer, who was a lieutenant. "The very best rooms, now! Show them to us. And have your people attend to our baggage."

Father Novic looked at him mildly.

"Sir," he said, "we shall place at your disposal any room which you see fit to take. And your baggage shall be sent up to you at once."

The other man, who was a captain, looked about the sitting room. There was a sneer upon his mouth; he was an aristocrat. Anna saw that at once; he had no feeling for the poor.

"I do not like this place," he said. "I thought, being a priest's residence, it would be comfortable." He looked at Father Novic with cold eyes. "You do not tax your people enough," he said. "They have broad backs and thick heads, and all such should be made to pay."

"My people are poor people and honest," said the father. "They give what they can afford."

"We shall expect good food and wine," said the Hungarian captain, "and our wants must be looked after with attention."

Father Novic bowed quietly.

"Sir, Captain, you shall have all that is in my power to supply."

"Our boots must be cleaned," said the lieutenant, "and our belt buckles and spurs; our clothes must be brushed and our buttons brightened."

"It shall be done," said the priest.

The captain looked at the elder woman.

"Is this your wife?" he said.

"Yes."

The Hungarian then looked at Anna. His eyes were light in color, a blue-green, with a circle of orange about the pupils. They were like a cat's eyes, and she was afraid of them.

"And this is your daughter?" he said.

"No. She is the daughter of a house the War has broken up. Only yesterday her mother was laid in the churchyard. Her name is Anna Maslova."

Again the girl felt the look of the man's eyes; cold, unfeeling eyes. His hands were held in front of him, caressing each other.

"You mean you keep her here?"

"Yes, Captain."

There was a little pause. Anna looked away. Troops were moving along the road, new troops; she saw them through the win-

DAUGHTER OF STRIFE

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dow. Then she heard the officer snap his fingers.

"Anna Maslova," he said, "come here."

She looked at him, but did not move. She feared the Huns. She trembled, but she would not let this man see; her heart was like ice, but she would not let him know. She was a freewoman. She was a Slav, and no man had ever snapped his fingers at her before. So she did not move. She stood quite still, and gave him look for look.

"I have spoken to you," he said coldly.

STILL she did not answer. The brutal lieutenant took a step toward her. He would have struck her, but the other held up a warning hand. Anna saw Father Novic stir, and his wife held to his arm, frightened. But the girl was like stone.

Was she not her father's daughter? Her father who had died upon the battlefield! And, too, she was Peter's sister, the good brother whose bones were buried in the wet earth of East Prussia, who had lost his dear life trying to keep back the Huns and save Poland from them. Why should she not keep her head up before this man? Why should she do his haughty bidding as though she were some mean creature without spirit or pride?

"Anna!" said Father Novic to her. "Anna Maslova!"

But the girl made no reply; she did not look at him, for she knew he meant to advise her. He was a good priest, but he was weak; he meant to advise her to submit. She did not answer him nor any one. She kept her lips tight shut; and then the Hun spoke again.

"You have spirit," said he. "Well, that does not displease me. I have always liked wild things; it's a pleasure to tame them. And when they hang their heads at last," he gestured as he said this, and there was cold malice in his look, "the pleasure becomes greater." He stood regarding the girl for a space; but as she made no reply he spoke to Father Novic. "As head of this house I shall require you to see that my desires are carried out. This girl is to be my servant. Do you understand?"

"But," and Father Novic gathered a little courage, "is it a fit thing a girl should attend you? There is a man who shall be put at your call!"

"I want no fumbling, thick-fingered clown about me," said the officer. "The girl is to be my servant, and let there be no more said about it."

The tone in which he spoke was not loud,



but it had the bitterness of one not accustomed to being refused; and so the meek little priest bowed to him.

"We are defenseless people," said Father Novic, "and the fortunes of war have put us in your hands. You are quartered upon us, as the usage is. Well and good. I shall do what I can for you. And Anna Maslova shall do the same."

SOME regiments of the invaders settled down in the village, while others passed through, gathering in armies upon the plains and awaiting the moment when they should again spring like lions upon the beaten Russians.

Through whole nights Anna would hear the rumble of their guns as they came up, adding themselves to the hundreds already there. Trains of wagons and motor trucks

appeared, carrying ammunition and stores. A great world seemed moving past. The vil-

lage people were frightened and amazed; this mighty gathering of power was more than they understood.

And from that first day the house of Father Novic was in the possession of the two officers. They claimed the best rooms, the best bedding, the most comfortable chairs. They did not like the holy pictures upon the walls, and ordered them down. They came in with dirty boots and tracked their way from room to room. They smoked strong tobacco and knocked out their pipes upon the furniture. And they had their friends in to play at cards, and drink brandy and Hungarian wines. They sat over these until very late of a night, and they wrangled and swore and sang.

"They are ruffians, except for Captain Erlan," said the priest's wife to Anna. "He is quiet. He sits with his cigar like a gentleman. I am told the Erlans are noble. There is a Count Erlan in Budapest, and the captain is related to him, I think. Men of family always conduct themselves properly. The lieutenant, Jotutso, is of common people. Mark how he takes God's name so often in his mouth. And see how he puts his filthy boots upon the table as he sits. He is a pig!"

It was true. Lieutenant Jotutso was unbearable; he reeked with brandy; his big hands were made for blows; he hectored and bullied, and scowled and threatened. Anna was told his soldiers hated him and that his life was not safe among them; but, for all he was a swine and they dreaded his coming into the house, the girl bore with him more easily than with Captain Erlan.

The captain was quieter-mannered; his voice never lifted above a given level, and he sat with his cigar, as the woman said, rather aloof, even while they were drinking or gambling, or while they told their filthy stories.

But, and Anna marked this, there was something frightening about his quietness. The blue-green eyes with orange rings about the pupils—there was always mockery in them; the mouth always wore a sneer; his white teeth showed behind his lips.

ANNA brought their drink to them of a night. She put the bread and cheese and sausage before them as they talked or played, and while she was in the room Captain Erlan's eyes ever followed her. She could feel them upon her when her back was turned; once or twice in handing him his glass his hands touched her own. She drew back. One of the officers who'd come to gamble and drink with them—a dissipated man with an evil face—noticed this one night and laughed.

"Erlan makes little progress with the women," he said. "Heavens, I never saw such luck!" He drank off a deep glass of Hungarian wine, and sat hiccupping and shaking his head. "Lucky in war, unlucky in love," he said. "Here's a man who thinks nothing of stopping a division of the enemy with a few companies of recruits; but, see, a farm girl turns her back on him, the vixen; she'll not give him a look."

The others fixed their eyes upon Anna. They were half drunken, and it did not need much to amuse them. They laughed and twisted their mustaches.

"Are you the priest's daughter?" said one to her.

"No," she said.

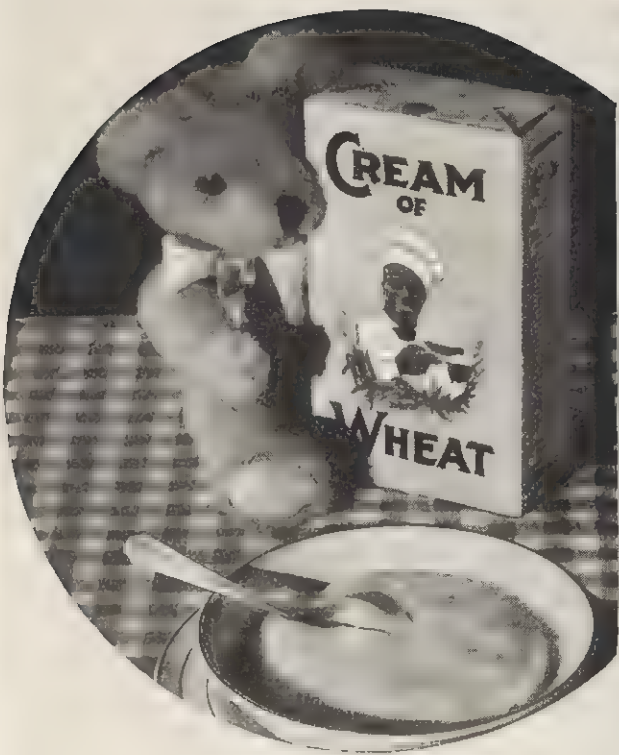
"By Heaven," said another, "no common priest could sire a creature like this! She must be the daughter of a patriarch at least."

They all laughed loudly, and a major of artillery asked the girl to refill his glass. While she was doing so he said:

"I've been gaining in wisdom since I came to Poland. I've always admired slender women, for I've fancied it showed better blood. But these girls of the fields on this side of the mountains have their qualities; their strong shoulders and deep bosoms catch the eye."

The artillery officer tried to put his arm about Anna, but she moved out of his reach. Captain Erlan had sat silent, his cold eyes filled with anger during the talk. Anna,

Continued on page 52



Research gives new emphasis to a vital need no wise mother will ignore

● They're so active, so independent . . . mothers sometimes hesitate for fear of pampering them. But children from 1 to 6 years do honestly *need* special care.

For these are the most dangerous years in all childhood, government records show. *Twice* as hazardous as those that follow!

It's a time of spendthrift energy. In playing—in growing—science finds that a youngster of 5 uses up energy as fast as a laboring man. Yet, *unlike grown-ups*, a child can store up less than half his energy needs for a single day!

Think of that when you plan your children's meals. At breakfast, give them Cream of Wheat, which is outstanding for its special energy value.

Delicious Cream of Wheat is not only extremely high in energy, but it digests with such ease that it releases its charge of energy for use *quicker* than any other type of cereal commonly served.

Thus it is particularly effective in preventing or relieving a dangerous condition of lowered resistance that often results *directly* from a lack of quick energy food.

Cream of Wheat helps youngsters gain good solid pounds of weight . . . steadily . . . naturally. It is a safeguard against the over-strain that, often unsuspected, wears many children down.

TUNE IN these: Angelo Patri, noted parent counselor, over C.B.S., Sunday evenings, 7:45 Eastern Time, 6:45 Central Time, 9:15 Mountain Time, 8:15 Pacific Time. Jolly Bill and Jane, week day mornings, 7:45 over N.B.C.

Dangers press close when children are 1 to 6



And all at a cost that is surprisingly low. Forty generous servings come out of each *triple-sealed* box at just a bit more than half a cent each.

Start your children off on Cream of Wheat today. Give it a regular place on their daily schedule all through childhood years. It's an important part of the special care they need from you.

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You can get a whole set of it . . . to make your table glisten with new charm. The exciting Coronet Pattern wrought in heavy silver plate by one of the world's largest makers of fine silverware. A really marvelous offer is on the Cream of Wheat package now. Order a package today or ask your grocer to let you examine one.



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...the perfect way to
UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS



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Deodorant applied like a Lipstick**

Perstik is the year's cosmetic sensation because it is easy to use and easy to carry in your purse.

A touch or two of Perstik each morning gives instant and lasting protection against under-arm odor. The mild astringent action of Perstik healthfully reduces excess perspiration without clogging or closing the pores.

Perstik may be used after shaving. It never irritates! It never injures or stains clothing. Apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

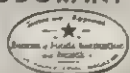
Perstik is so pure, so effective, and so safe, it has won the approval of prominent doctors, and the high endorsement of Good Housekeeping Institute.

A 50¢ Perstik lasts months. Try this sanitary, handy deodorant stick in its smart black-and-white enamelled case, the size of a lipstick. Get Perstik where you buy your cosmetics. Or, write—

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THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

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as she looked at him, thought that he was like a great cat, capable of terrible fury.

"It is a strange thing," said the dissipated officer, looking into the deep red of his refilled glass, "how some men fail with women, and how easily others make their way." He hiccuped and shook his head. "Try as they will, the women will not look at them twice. It is not lack of gallantry, or good looks or excellent position, or money or family name. No! It is a kind of magnetism that is missing. If they had the manners of a Viennese actor it would still be the same. They have not what might be called the approach."

Lieutenant Jotutso was drinking brandy at the far end of the table. He had a flask of it before him, and it had not been idle at any time since they sat down.

"This cursed talk about women!" he said. "It exasperates me. Headquarters posts notices about them. We are to do this thing; we are not to do that. It is enough to make a man of body walk up to a general officer and spit in his face."

A loud laugh came from the others at this; but the lieutenant was in no laughing mood. He turned his inflamed face from one to the other of them.

"We are soldiers," he said. "We are in the field; we are in the enemy's country. We have been taken from our wives. If an officer of our army wants a Polish girl why should he not take her? I ask you that! Why should he not reach out his hand and possess her?"

HE GOT to his feet. It chanced that Anna was at that moment quite near to him, attending to the wineglasses of two who were quite stupid with drink and yet desired more; and he took her by the shoulders.

"Here is a high-headed wench!" he said. "Here is an enemy woman who openly scorns the Emperor's soldiers, and I, let the blood mount as high as it might in me, am not permitted to touch her!" He put both his great arms about the girl, his brandy-reeking breath upon her cheek. "Some day I'll tell headquarters to go to hell," he said, "and then we'll see what we shall see. Eh?"

He was about to kiss her, but she pulled away from him with all her strength; and she struck him with her closed hand, and saw a spot of blood upon his mouth. The others were upon their feet at this, laughing and urging him on. He was cursing and stumbling among the chairs. And then Captain Erlan got up.

"Jotutso," he said. There was a sneer upon his lips; his blue-green eyes were cold. "Keep your hands from this woman."

But the brute's anger was deep. He touched his lips with his fingers and saw the blood upon them, and he snarled at the captain.

"I want none of your damned talk!" he said. "This is my affair, and I'll have no interference!"

The captain put one hand upon the table and leaned across it toward Jotutso. He spoke in a low voice, a voice that at once hushed the louder ones.

"It is you who shall not interfere, Jotutso," he said. "This is my woman. I marked her from the day we came here."

The lieutenant burst into a laugh at this; it was a loud laugh and forced. Under it he was uneasy. But he was drunk, and his friends were watching and listening, so he could not step back.

"Marked her," he said. "Well, the devil take me, it was but lightly, then. I have seen no trace of it. The girl's unsathed for all of you."

The other officers joined in the laughing; the dissipated one gestured toward Anna.

"In love, as in war, one must advance to win," he said. "Never a citadel of any sort has been taken but by determination."

He stood hiccuping and leering and winking at the others; and the lieutenant was encouraged to go on.

"You desire to play the dog in the manger, Erlan," he said. "But you'll not play it with me. I tell you again I want none of your damned talk, or none of your interference."

There was a huddle of side arms in one corner of the room, and Captain Erlan suddenly picked up a saber and jerked it out of its sheath. Of a sudden there was an up-

DAUGHTER OF STRIFE

Continued from page 50

roar; all were shouting and interposing and cursing. Anna saw a heavy stone pitcher, holding wine, thrown; and then a bloody mask showed through the group of faces. It was the priest who took Captain Erlan away and led him upstairs.

BUT the man, when he got to his room, sent the priest away and called for Anna.

"Be careful with him," whispered Father Novic as she came through the passage. "Speak to him fairly. For all he is so quiet he is as drunk as the others. The devil is in him. I can see it in his eyes."

Erlan sat in an armchair, his hands clutching at it, and his head erect. His face was still smeared with blood. There was the picture of a woman upon a table near him, one he'd placed there the first day he came—a handsome woman, cold and haughty and richly dressed. He was looking at it, and his broken lips were parted, showing his teeth.

"Zora," he was saying, "your husband has taken a blow from a clod! A baker's son has struck him and still lives! A thick-necked clown who wears a sword belt, but who should be cleaning a stable, has lifted a hand to him! What do you say to that? What will my father say to it?" His bloody lips were drawn back in a way that revolted the girl. But she spoke to him from the doorway, and he turned and looked at her. "Get warm water," he said, "and clean this blood from my face."

She got a basin and some towels and washed his face clean; then she tried to staunch the blood which was still trickling from his nose and mouth. There was a case bottle upon his dressing table, and he motioned toward it.

"Get me some brandy," he said.

The girl poured out a quantity in a glass, but he gestured it was not enough. The tumbler was half full when he took it, and he swallowed part of it. Then he got up and stood looking at her.

"I have taken a blow!" he said. "I have been beaten like a cur by a damned rascal. And it is your fault," he said. He looked at her, the blue-green eyes now dull, his hands fumbling with the breast of his coat. "You have a cursedly high head for a peasant. I favored you with my notice and you



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turned away. It was you who set those donkeys below laughing. They laughed at me!" He drank what brandy remained in the tumbler.

"I am not one to be made game of," he said. "And to-morrow I'll have Jotutso's life. But first," and he put down the glass, "I mean to settle this matter with you." He pressed a handkerchief to his mouth.

It still bled a little and a red stain showed upon the linen, and he went waveringly to-

ward the door. Anna saw the key in the lock and knew his meaning. She set one hand against his chest and pushed him back. Then she took the key and threw it through the open window.

"You have a wife," Anna said, and pointed to the picture. "She looks like a proud woman. She would hate you for this."

He smiled, and the blood showed upon his lips once more.

"She would hate you," he said. "Zora does not like handsome peasant women; it is her opinion that good looks are not needed in their work, and she thinks work is what they are made for." He came toward her. "Yes, Zora would hate you," he said. "And I do, too. But I will not turn from you as she would, Anna Maslova, I hate you in my soul for being the cause of the blow that jackass gave me, and I'll bring you to sorrow for it. Before I leave this place I'll have you weeping! Do you hear? I'll make you hang your head. When my division leaves this village you'll be pointed at in the market place."

He would have put his hand upon her, but she avoided him. She went into the passage and closed the door. And she could hear him cursing as she went upstairs to her own room.

Anna sat there for a long time, listening to the songs and the drunken talk of the party of men on the first floor. She was not afraid when she faced them, because then an anger filled her and held her heart up. But now she was alone, and her spirit began whispering helplessly to her, for after all she was but a girl and they were strong men; they were soldiers and ruthless.

WHAT could she do in her own defense if any of them, beastly in his drink, attacked her? Her scorn or bitter words would not be enough to beat them off. There was an icon on a shelf above her head, and she knelt before it. She prayed:

"Blessed Saint, from your high place in heaven look down upon me, for I am a young girl and in great danger from these soldiers. They recognize no law, not even God's, in this country of Poland, which is strange to them. The good priest is a kindly man, but he speaks with no authority and has no courage. He cannot defend me. Give me help! Put God's word between me and the danger that threatens. Let my heart be strong and full of trust. Amen."

Anna was still kneeling when she heard weeping and shouting below in the garden. She went to a window. A door stood open and the lamplight was shining out upon the path. Father Novic was there, and his wife. And the great, drunken Jotutso stood upon the doorstep threatening them.

"Get away!" he was saying. "You are but a mock priest anyhow, and your presence is poisonous among believing people. Who the devil are you to preach to soldiers of God's anointed Emperor? Be off with you both, or I'll take a stick and break it across your backs!"

Then the door was closed noisily, and in the darkness Anna heard the steps of the two as they went away. She listened to the woman's sobs, and to her meek little husband trying to comfort her. Then, after a space, all was silent. They had gone.

Anna was alone! She was alone with these strangers! Her heart was like ice, and she felt a sudden scream of fear in her mouth. But she kept it back; and once more she knelt in the darkness, and she prayed that somewhere in heaven a watchful eye might see her need.

THE night was still. Finally Anna got up and looked through the window. Off to one side of the town she saw the many small fires of the soldiers; she saw the shapes of their tents. There were movements; forms flitted about the fires, but she could not make out what they were. The sky was low and gloomy; there was not a star.

Though the countryside was still, the house of the priest was full of sounds. The drunken officers were singing Hungarian songs. Anna heard the glasses and bottles clinking; she heard the steady roar of talk.

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DAUGHTER OF STRIFE

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Now and then there were footsteps on the stairs. They were carrying drink to Captain Erlan as he sat in his room, nursing his hurts and his rage.

The girl would hear the door open and their voices would sound. They tried to persuade him to go below. They were all his friends, they said; they would force Jotiutso to apologize; they would make everything right, and all would be friendly and comfortable again.

But he refused. His answers were bitter. He'd have the lieutenant's life as soon as he was sober enough to level a pistol. Jotiutso was a clod; he was not fit for the society of gentlemen; he came of mean stock—tavern keepers, horse jockeys, panderers to the desires of their superiors. Jotiutso was as coarse-grained as a bear; he'd trade his own womenfolk for an advantage, however little it might be.

Word of these sayings must have been taken to the lieutenant, for by and by he began to storm about and curse. Anna heard the door open into the passage below. The bully was about to mount the stairs, when several of the others threw themselves upon him.

"Does he speak against me?" raved the man. "Does he lift his detestable voice against my people? I'll crush his body under my feet. I'll drag him at my horse's heels. Let me go! I'll teach this damned son of a count something. Give me a sword. I'll split him open from crown to belt!"

THEY gathered about him at the foot of the stairs and would not let him go. He struggled with them and fought and shouted challenges; but after a time his mood changed.

"Very well," he said, "I will do as you say. I will not go up to him; to-night he is safe from me. But the girl must come down. He must not have the girl. She is in his room. She must come down. She must be where I can see her."

"She is not in his room," said one of the officers. "I was there only a few moments ago. He was alone."

"She is there!" said the lieutenant. "He is deceiving you. I know his tricks. He has her hidden. She is in his room, and I will not tolerate it. What right has he to her more than I? At once, as soon as we came here, he claimed her. He was the high lord, the count's son. All the women were his! Damn him! I'll show him."

"I have drink enough in me to-night to say what I think, and he shall hear it all. The girl is as much mine as his. She is more! For I am a man; I can grasp and hold her." Anna heard his fists beating against his huge chest. "She is *more* mine than his. She must come down at once. She must be where I can see her."

THERE was a turmoil of speaking; they all tried to make themselves heard, and at last one voice came out of the confusion.

"Don't you think, Jotiutso, you are much the same, in this, as Erlan? I can see no difference between you. She is more yours than his, you say! You think she should belong to you in preference to any one else. Why is that? Why should she be yours more than mine? Why should she belong to you more than to any other man present here to-night? Who are you that you should claim her? You can take her and hold her, you say? Well, by God, you are no more able to do that than I am."

"You are a boy," the lieutenant growled. "You don't know what you are saying. You are drunk."

"I can hold my liquor as well as you," said the other. "A bottle of brandy cannot muddle my words in my ears nor my thoughts in my head. To be quite plain with you, Jotiutso, I like the look of this girl myself. Erlan has no right to her unless she prefers him; but, then, neither have you."

Jotiutso's voice lifted in a roar; he must have sprung at the speaker, meaning to throttle him. A confusion worse than any that had gone before followed: curses, blows, threats. Like frantic beasts, they seemed bent on destroying each other. Then the passage was cleared of them, the door of

the room where they'd been drinking was slammed shut, and Anna could only hear the blur of their anger. Little by little this died down; they still talked, but more quietly.

The girl heard the bottles and glasses clink. Her room was dark, and she stood, by the door, waiting. And after a time the thought came to her: waiting for what? She must not stay there; she must leave at once. But where would she go? The Novic house was set apart from the village. She must cross the fields to reach the protection of any one she knew, and the camps were in the fields. The Hungarian soldiers would stop her; and she would, perhaps, be in greater danger than ever.

ANNA went quietly down the stairs. She held her breath as she passed Captain Erlan's door. The girl was afraid she might stumble in the dark, or a board might creak under her feet. His door was a little open. She heard him walking up and down. He was saying something in a low, monotonous voice; it was as though he were praying. She paused and listened.

"Jotiutso has befouled my name!" he was saying. "Jotiutso had spoken of me slightly in the presence of my brother officers. I have a loaded pistol, but I have not used it. I hold it in my hand, but the cartridges are all unfired. My anger is not the anger of my father; he would have killed friend and foe rather than rest under an insult for a moment. He would have died himself." There was a little pause; the footsteps ceased, and then he began speaking again. "Zora," he said, "I desire a peasant woman. You would hate me for that, as she said, but first let me speak." Anna knew, as she listened, he had stopped before his wife's picture and was speaking to it.

"This girl holds her head proudly; she is cold; there is scorn in her eyes when she looks at me. She defies me! You, too, are proud, Zora. You are cold. How many times have you defied me! How often have you looked at me with scorn in your eyes."

"That is why I desire this farm woman. She is like you. For I love your scorn, Zora. I love your coldness; the contempt you sometimes show for me sets me on fire. Others, perhaps, could not stand being treated so, but I am strange. For when I hold you in my arms at last there is the feeling of having conquered you."

He began pacing once more, and Anna went on down the stairs. The door in the passage was shut; there was a chain upon it. She could feel it in the dark, and in unfathening it she let it fall. She was frightened, and pulled the door open and ran out.

The lights from the windows fell in regular patterns upon the ground, and she stood back from them in the shadows, wondering what to do. The doorway was a black opening.

She moved away, and then looked back. It was as before: there was no movement, but this time she was quite sure some one stood there, motionless, observant.

Anna looked swiftly away into the darkness. There were wide fields, with the lights from the camps between her and the village. She knew where to find the road and thought for a moment to hurry in that direction. She would appeal to the guards for protection; she would say to the officers that—

But were these not officers in Father Novic's house? Would not those she might meet in the fields be like them? They, too, were from beyond the mountains; they, too, were Huns! So Anna turned her look away in the other direction.

BEFORE the War that land was always full and rich at this season of the year. The grain would be stirring in the night breeze; you would hear the voice of it as you listened. In that direction was her home. She wept as she thought of it.

There, across the pastures and the trodden fields, was the little stone house where she'd been born, where her two kind brothers had been born, where they'd been so happy by the fire in the cold nights of winter, where they'd worked so cheerfully in the

Continued on page 54



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summer, where all had been so peaceful, and the future had seemed so bright!

And now there were shadows all around it; once a place of safety, now she dare not go there! Anna, as she stood there, whispered this over and over to herself.

"I dare not go there! It was my home; now it is a place of danger."

She felt abandoned and alone. She had no one. If she cried out there was none to hear but those who meant her harm. But her eyes grew more and more accustomed to the darkness, and as she looked across the fields she began gradually to make out the loom of a building.

It was the church! And, somehow, her heart grew strong again. She went toward it. When she reached the path leading to the building she looked back. The lights in the house were fewer. With a shock of dread she saw that the lamp in Erlan's room had been turned out. It was perhaps he whom she'd sensed standing in the doorway.

ANNA crossed a field by the path and reached the church. For all it was dark and silent there was something protecting about it. She felt it was a blessed place, a place of refuge; those who had fear in their hearts would find consolation there. The door was fast, but there was a low window open, as she knew it would be, and she went in.

Her steps were repeated in rattling echoes. It was as though unseen things were protesting against her presence at an hour meant for them alone. There was one corner she'd always liked, for a plaster figure of the gentle St. Stephen knelt there in a niche, a youth who'd been stoned to death for holding to the name of God. And Anna found the corner in the dark and felt safe.

As she knelt there she thought of a thing her mother had often said: How some lead good lives, and strive with all their might to be clean of sin, and yet peril is always shadowing them. Storms leap out of the sky into their paths; hands are lifted against them; the little they've worked for is swept away; they are left in tears, confused and not knowing what to do.

Others, again, are selfish; they have no charity; God is a stranger to their thoughts. Their cruelty is felt by many. And yet the world sees them prosper; their wealth grows and their power. They claim much, and it is given them. No vengeance overtakes them.

These were strange things the mother had said, and their meanings are not easily made known. And, Anna thought with pity, poor, bewildered people often lift themselves out of their agony and reproach God for rewarding sin and permitting virtue to suffer. He hears, but it does not change the direction of His hand, for in His sight time has no limits, ages are but days; the great wheel continues turning, and in the end all will be understood.

She knelt very quietly. The dim figure of St. Stephen seemed a real presence, and she did not feel alone. The church was very still. In the darkness its space seemed vast; it was like a world of itself.

She must have fallen asleep, for suddenly she sat up, listening, and startled. There was a step outside; a heavy step and a muttering voice. The girl got up and went toward the door. Yes, the sound was there. There were heavy boots upon the doorstep.

The latch moved as some one tried the door, and then the voice came again, thick, low-pitched, a man talking to himself.

IT WAS Jotiutso! There could not be any mistake in the voice; it rumbled deeply like a mastiff's. It was he who had stood in the doorway of Father Novic's house. He'd heard, drunken as he was, the fall of the chain as she'd unfastened the door; he'd followed her across the fields! Again the latch moved; the door began to creak as he put his weight against it. He cursed as it resisted him. All the girl's quietness was gone now; her heart was beating in fright.

The door was an old one and not strong. Jotiutso was heavy. If he put all his weight against it, and in the right place, he could break it down. There was a pause. Listening, Anna heard his hand moving about, testing the door's resistance; he was trying to find the bolts.

Again he put his weight against it. A fastening started; a keeper dropped to the

floor. He swore in gratification. Again his boots ground on the stones as he braced himself, and now the lock fell. And just as the frightened girl expected to see the door swing back she heard a second voice outside—the voice of Erlan.

"Jotiutso," it said, "do not put your hand to that door again. I order you. Be off with you; back to your quarters!"

"Cursed rat!" said the lieutenant. "So you have followed me. Well, I had not hoped for such luck."

"Do not draw a weapon," said Erlan. "Do not, I warn you. I have no desire for your life under these circumstances, Jotiutso. To-morrow I mean to kill you in the regular way of gentlemen in the army."

"You have defamed me," said the lieutenant. "Am I a coward that I should leave the words you've said unanswered until you are ready to set your damned formula in motion? Here you are, and here I am. And the girl is inside, there. She belongs to the one who lives to open the door and go in to her."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there came a shot. A body fell; then a hand was laid against the broken door, and it swung open.

IN THE increased light from outside Anna saw Captain Erlan. He was leaning against the doorframe, limp and ghastly.

"I've killed him! He's dead! He's as dead as a goat under the butcher's knife." He did not see the girl; the inside of the church must have been thick and dark to him. "Anna!" he called. "Anna, are you there? I have shot this villain, Jotiutso! He threatened my life. Anna, where are you? He shall not lay a hand upon you."

She saw him come in, and the door closed after him. It was darker now, and she moved away, deeper into the church. He must have heard her, for he came stumbling through the blackness.

"Where are you?" he said. "You damned Polish thing, where are you leading me? I'm a fool to give a thought to you, for you've caused me trouble since the first moment I saw you. But I've made up my mind about you, and I'm going through with it." He paused and struck a match. Anna

need not trouble about him any more." There was a pause. The girl could hear him moving about. "Why don't you speak?" He swore bitterly; he called her many filthy names. "You'll pay for this," he said. "So help me, you will!"

There were some winding steps in a little passage at one side—steps that led to the church tower. Anna found the door leading to the passage, and then went quietly up the stairs. It was a little church, but the tower was high. The bell hung far up near the top, and its ropes ran down into the passage where the old sexton always stood when he rang the peals for service. The girl could feel the ropes against her face, sometimes against her hands, as she went up.

From the top of the tower the country stretched away in one vast, black plain. The village was dark, for the invaders did not permit the people to light their lamps except for one hour after nightfall. The wind that stirred was cool and moist; there were huge dark clouds piling in the sky; murmurs came from long distances.

Anna shivered as she stood there. It seemed as though God's world were empty, that His work had failed, that His creatures had died away, and all space would be vacant forevermore!

She did not know how long she stood there in the tower. Then a faint sound came to her, a sort of rustling. It grew, and there was a creak. The bell was moving! The girl could see it in the dimness; it moved more and more, tipping to one side! And then the iron tongue fell and a single great "Clang!" went out across the fields.

It seemed like thunder; the whole countryside threw back the clash in many echoes. For a moment Anna did not understand; then the reason for it came to her. The Hungarian captain had, by some chance, found the passage, and in his drunken fumbling had grasped the hanging rope.

THE shattering clash of the bell was still in the air when she heard other voices from below. She leaned out at one of the narrow tower windows and looked down. There was a movement in the darkness at the church door; a confused outcry, and

flames Anna could see a group bending over the dead man on the doorstep.

"He's finished," said one. "Shot through the head."

"With his own pistol, too. Here it is beside him."

"It was the girl!" There was an angry outburst at this. The lights had gone out and she could not see the men, but she knew they gesticulated and threatened. "It was the girl! He overtook her, and she killed him!"

"The door is not fast!" There was the small flame of another match. "Jotiutso had broken it in; see, the lock is gone! He'd put his big body against it. She must have been waiting and seized his pistol and fired."

"The devil's whelp!" said another. "Would she lift a weapon against an officer of the Holy Empire? From the warning she's rung she's in the belfry; let's have her down."

"Wait!" said another. The light had again gone down, and the girl could not see them. "Just a moment. When we lay hands on her, whose shall she be, eh? We do not mean to turn her over to the guard just yet, I think. Come. We will make a sporting thing of it. We'll match a coin for her."

THERE was an outburst of words. All approved; they laughed drunkenly; they boasted.

"Here's a crown piece," said one. "Make a light there."

"These infernal matches are no good," said another. "They do not last long enough. Let us go inside. There will be candles on the altar, and we'll light a few of those."

They laughed again; the idea of gambling for a helpless girl by the light of candles from the holy altar seemed to please them. The girl shuddered; they were barbarians! Just then the tower bell tipped a second time, and the tongue struck the metal side. Again the dark fields awoke to the clash.

"Quick!" Anna heard one of the men say. "She knows we're here. These cursed peasants have hearing like rabbits. Up after her, somebody, and stop that bell."

Again the bell rang, and again. Captain Erlan was ascending the stairs. The girl could hear his steps; he muttered as he came. He was helping himself along by the rope, and each time he put his weight upon it the bell spoke. Anna was cold with dread. She looked across the fields toward the place where the Hun army lay. It was listening; armies always listened through the night.

The bell might save her if it continued to speak. She seized the wheel at its side and began turning it with all her strength. The peals, so close to her ears, sounded thunderous; they were wild and full of alarm. Her voice was in them, her fear!

She called for help. If there was one human man within the sound of that ringing bell she summoned him to her aid. It was a holy bell; it had called to God's children through many years; it called to them now. As she worked at the wheel she heard the shouting voice of Erlan.

"Keep back!" he said. "This pistol has more than Jotiutso's life in it. Keep back!" The others were upon the stairs behind him, and he was threatening them. "She's my woman. And no one takes her from me."

They answered. Then his voice lifted to a frantic pitch. He fired shot after shot, screaming as he did so. Anna let go the wheel. She felt helpless. She stood at one of the windows, gathering her resolution. She would not fall into their hands. It was a sheer height and there were stones below. If she leaped her death would be swift!

AND then she heard the rushing sound of hoofs. There were ringing commands. A troop of cavalry drew up at the church door. The night was lit by the torches they carried. Anna saw the leader leap from his horse. And then she slipped weakly down to the floor; her senses had left her. When she came to, she was outdoors. There was a rolled blanket under her head, and a young man was holding a cup of cold water to her lips and speaking kindly to her. And so it was that she saw Ladislaus Sandor for the first time.

To be continued

DAUGHTER OF STRIFE

Continued from page 53

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crouched behind some seats, and the flame went out without his seeing her.

"Anna, where are you? Jotiutso lies outside there. He faced me, the fool; if he'd been sober he'd never dared to. He's dead, Anna. Do you hear? He's dead, and you

then a single person spoke—one of the officers who had been drinking at the house of Father Novic.

"It's Jotiutso, I tell you! I know by the bulk of him. Strike a light, some one."

There were matches lighted. In the tiny

10 questions answered explain why PINEAPPLE-CANNED *has more known health values than any other fruit*

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1 *When was it found that canned pineapple is so valuable in diet?*

It has always been known that pineapple is generous in vitamin content and valuable in diet. Only recently, however, has it been proved by dietetic research that Canned Pineapple eaten daily actually has the power to correct many of the deficiencies which exist in ordinary diet.

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3 *Does canned pineapple do more than this?*

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4 *Does canned pineapple influence the elimination of waste products from the body?*

Yes. Canned Pineapple promotes the elimination of waste products from the body by stimulating kidney function.

5 *Does canned pineapple contain vitamins?*

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7 *How does canned pineapple compare with fresh fruits in cost?*

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8 *How should canned pineapple be eaten?*

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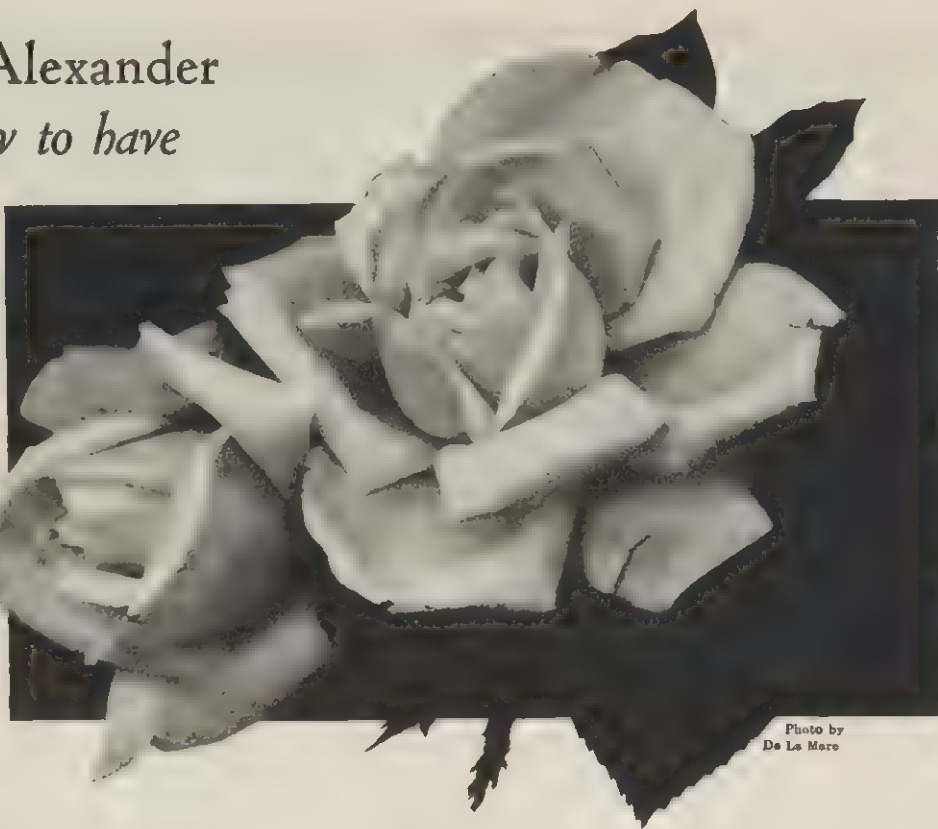


Photo by
De La Mare

FIVE MONTHS OF ROSES

IF YOU believe that June is the month of brides and roses you may also believe that the rose season is limited to June and that you can't have this flower in your own garden for a longer period. Yet you can. It's mainly a matter of varieties and care.

Last year my bush of Father Hugo's rose was literally covered by May 15 with blooms, and for nearly two weeks continued its prodigal display of wealth, with occasional flowers following for another week.

This spendthriftiness had scarcely ceased when Paul's Scarlet Climber on the south side of my house took its cue. These two plants had each a blossoming season of about three weeks. Before the former had ceased, its nearest companion on the trellis, Gardenia, began to burst its golden buds (the open flowers are white), and continued until late June.

My other climbers tried to rival it until the first week in July. The only one of these worthy of comparison with Paul's Scarlet Climber and Gardenia is Dr. Van Fleet, whose flesh-colored flower and glossy, healthy foliage are a joy to see. But, oh, the bloodthirsty thorns!

A neighbor has Mary Wallace, for one plant of which I would gladly exchange all mine except the ones already mentioned. To its extra large, semidouble, rose-pink flowers Mary Wallace adds vigorous growth and glossy, healthy foliage. Make it your first choice this year among climbers and you'll thank me!

OTHER excellent climbers to consider are Emily Gray (semidouble, golden yellow), Mary Lovett and Silver Moon (both with large, waxy-white flowers), New Dawn, an everbearing "sport" of Dr. Van Fleet, and Zephirine Drouhin, whose semidouble, silvery-pink blossoms are borne on almost thornless stems!

During June the bush roses make their usual lavish contribution. From then forward there are no more displays (except among the polyanthas), but until late November (in 1931 it was December!) there were very few days when we had no roses for cutting in my garden.

Whoever has grown roses knows that, in spite of care or suitability of site, not all varieties bloom during the entire summer. Most varieties blossom only once, but others have a second or even a third period of bloom, provided conditions are made

favorable for these later developments. Among old, stand-by hybrid perpetuals Paul Neyron (rose pink), Frau Karl Druschki (pure white), Mrs. John Lang (clear pink), Ulrich Brunner (light red), and Hugh Dickson (glowing crimson) are outstanding late bloomers.

Though the rugged rugosa roses bear occasional flowers during summer and autumn and are also attractive in fruit, their hybrids, in which polyantha "blood" is combined, are more liberal, especially F. J. Grootendorst, which displays clusters of bright-red blooms from June until November.

ITS counterpart, Pink Grootendorst, approaches it in beauty and lavishness. Mme. Georges Bruant (waxy-white clusters), Mrs. Anthony Waterer (red), and Philemon Cochet (white) also blossom more or less freely during the same period.

The hybrid teas nearly all bear flowers after the June display, some of them abundantly, especially Grus an Teplitz, which, however, has short, weak stems. La Tosca (silvery pink with darker center) is much better for cutting. Mrs. William C. Egan (delicate pink) excels in size and is better than other varieties that nearly resemble it.

With me Claudius Pernet is the best yellow that blooms in the autumn. Christine is less prolific and has poorer stems, but is otherwise worthy. Mrs. Aaron Ward (not so good a yellow as Claudius Pernet) sometimes does and sometimes does not bear well after June.

Of the coppery-colored hybrid teas Betty and Lady Pirrie are excellent, and of the pink and rose kinds Mme. Jules Grolez, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Mme. Caroline Testout, and Willomere are equally good. In the crimson, red, and scarlet tints Donald McDonald, Lieutenant Chaure, General MacArthur, and Hadley are all liberal late bloomers. Hoosier Beauty, though equally good in flower, is less generous.

Of all roses the most lavish late bloomers are the polyanthas, sometimes called "baby ramblers" because flowers of many varieties are similar to those of the true ramblers. I have seen them start in June and flower until November, or even later in favorable seasons.

The following are all good: Perle d'Or (nankeen yellow), Miss Edith Cavell (scarlet), Ellen Poulsen (cherry pink), Erna

Teschendorff (rosy pink), Mrs. W. H. Cutbush (peach pink), Orleans Rose (geranium red), and Triomphe Orléanaise (cherry red).

When the plants begin to bloom I feed them with liquid manure at intervals of two or three weeks until about August first. After that date I withhold all nitrogenous fertilizers, such as manures, nitrate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia, but do give wood ashes and bone meal (a double handful to the square yard).

All through the season I keep the surface loose by raking it every ten days or two weeks and after every rain that forms a crust. This saves moisture in the soil. Another good way to save moisture is to use a mulch three or four inches deep of such materials as buckwheat hulls, shredded corn fodder, or granulated peat moss.

After the plants have bloomed, cutting back the young branches to only two or three joints, liberal watering, and feeding with liquid manure during dry weather will encourage the development of new shoots from the buds at these joints, and many, if not most or even all, of these shoots in due time will bear flowers.

YOU should do less wholesale cutting than this of bushes from which you have cut many flowers, especially with long stems, because such removal corresponds to pruning. When cutting off flowers it is always advisable to leave at least two, preferably three, joints so as to assure the development of new shoots.

This rule applies to those varieties of bush roses grown for their individual flowers and to the polyanthas, not to the rugged kinds grown for their lavish displays of bloom—the briars, rugosas, species such as *Rosa hugonis*, and the climbers. You will get most satisfaction out of these (except the climbers) if you will cut out only old, crowded, and puny stems after the bushes are four or five years old, though dead and puny ones may be cut out at any time.

To get best results with climbing and pillar roses you should cut all stems older than three years close to the ground as soon as possible after the flowers have fallen. This will encourage the development of strong, new stems, which the following year will produce the flowering shoots.

To combat diseases and insects there are excellent preparations on the market.

THE HOME BUREAU

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

PICTORIAL REVIEW April 1933

still marked \$69.75. She was deep in thought as she made her way home. The silver fox was a magnificent specimen—a rare bargain. Lilian had tried it on. It went beautifully with her too white skin and her too blond hair.

"If we clubbed together," said Lilian that night, "we could buy the silver fox."

It came so unexpectedly and took Mabel so utterly by surprise that she dropped the tube of cold cream she was using. There was a grease spot long afterwards on Mrs. Hurley's carpet that had seen better days.

"If we clubbed together," said Mabel breathlessly, "but whose would it be?"

"Whose? Ours of course," replied Lilian.

THEN they clubbed together and bought the silver fox. It belonged to them both. Mabel wore it one day, Lilian the next, Mabel the next, and so on. It was one of the happiest solutions to a problem ever hit upon during the depression days in America. Of course the arrangement wasn't strictly adhered to. If Lilian went out three nights in succession—as she sometimes did—then for three nights in succession Mabel would relinquish the beloved silver fox.

But it might happen, on the other hand, that Lilian wouldn't bother with it for a week at a time, and Mabel could revel undisturbed in the precious animal, savoring the princely feeling of entering the office day after day with it over her shoulders. Lilian was really very generous about it.

Mabel had only to appear in her room with pleading eyes and say, "If you knew how I want that silver fox to-day!" and unhesitatingly, with a kind of careless grandeur, Lilian would reply, "Take it, darling. I'm wearing my green to-day anyway." (The green was a suit trimmed with Persian lamb. It was extremely becoming to Lilian, but it didn't go well with the silver fox.)

There was, moreover, a certain difference in the attitude of the two girls toward the silver fox. It was true each of them had paid half for it, but actually it was Mabel's and always would be. She had wanted it, hungered for it so long; she loved it so, it was *her* silver fox. She would blow tenderly into its silken hair, she would worry over it when it came home wet with snow. When she wore it she felt half queen, half movie star.

It must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that the silver fox was more becoming to Lilian. First, its luxuriant length was better suited to the height of her figure. Besides, she would wear it dangling carelessly from one shoulder, so that she seemed always on the point of losing it—as if, indeed, a silver fox more or less meant nothing to her.

Sometimes, when Mabel looked at herself in the mirror—a little too slight for the fur a girl too small with a silver fox too big—she realized that it was more becoming to Lilian, though it meant so much less to her. And somewhere deep inside she would feel a little pang of pain.

But otherwise the arrangement worked smoothly and successfully. Very smoothly and successfully from Tuesday, November 16th, when they bought the silver fox, until that Monday in April when the young man appeared on the scene.

The young man drove up to Madame Helen's Beauty Parlor in a beautiful gray roadster and asked for Mrs. Harris. He addressed his question to Madame Helen, who was sitting at the cashier's desk, and Madame Helen sent Lilian, who happened to be free, to the back of the shop for information about Mrs. Harris.

Amid the splash of shampooing and the whirl of the drying machines came the answer from one of the booths that it would take Mrs. Harris's water wave another half hour to dry. Lilian delivered the message, and the young man, who had been standing about rather awkwardly, murmured hastily: "I'll be back."

He and his roadster vanished, but not before Lilian's overred lips had sent their sweetest smile flashing after him. He was such an attractive, pleasant-looking young man, entirely apart from the fact that the charm of rarity attaches itself to young men in a beauty parlor.

As for the young man himself, he thought

THE SILVER FOX

Continued from page 13

—like every other young man at his first glimpse of Lilian—that she was a stunning-looking girl. And instead of coming back in thirty minutes he was back in twenty-four. Besides, every one knows what time is in a beauty parlor. When you say thirty minutes you really mean fifty. This time the young man didn't drive away again, but waited. And Lilian kept him company.

In those twenty-four minutes of waiting Lilian discovered that the young man's name was Joe Harris, that Mrs. Harris was neither his wife nor his sweetheart, but his mother, that his real home was with his mother in Westport, but that he had an apartment in town and came in almost every day because he was an architect and was working on a very important job.

Joe had the good-humored, faintly embarrassed smile that is characteristic of certain strong men. He had large, firm teeth.



He had huge limbs in a flexible, lustrous skin, like a well-cared-for thoroughbred dog or a good horse. He wasn't perhaps a remarkable young man—he was no genius or in any way out of the ordinary. But he was emphatically the kind of young man who would make a good husband. So, at any rate, thought Lilian, and she acted accordingly.

Mrs. Harris finally emerged from the depths of the beauty parlor, her gray hair freshly waved and smelling faintly of brilliantine—a charming lady in black, not very old—a well-bred lady—one of those ladies who disliked Lilian on sight.

The roadster departed. The roadster returned. It returned twice that week. Joe climbed out and asked for Mrs. Harris, which was obvious nonsense and the sheerest pretext. On the third occasion he didn't go into the shop, but caught Lilian at the door as she was coming back from lunch. He had a brief conversation with her. It seemed that he was often obliged to stay in town overnight, and the evenings were lonely and boring. Could he take her out to dinner, he asked with his boyish, bashful smile.

THE invitation sent a warm, pleasant little thrill through the pit of Lilian's stomach. She stood thinking for a moment, weighing everything—the Harris family, the Princeton education, the house in Westport, Conn., Mrs. Harris in black and silver gray, and Joe's expectant face with its honest, naive smile.

"With pleasure," she finally said. "If I can bring my friend along." And Joe agreed enthusiastically, even rapturously. "When shall we make it?" asked Lilian. "Saturday?"

But he always went to Westport on Saturdays to spend the week-end with his mother.

"How about Monday?" he suggested.

"Monday's O.K.," said Lilian. "It isn't often you look forward to a Monday."

This was Thursday. It was Mabel's day for the silver fox. Lilian had it Friday. Mabel had it Saturday. Sunday was Lilian's day. It was always considered an advantage to have the silver fox on a Sunday. But that morning Lilian trailed into Mabel's room, wearing her old Japanese kimono and her slippers.

"If you want the silver fox to-day," she said languidly, "it's O.K. with me. I'm staying home anyway. Headache. Besides I've got letters to write. And my clothes need fixing."

Mabel was radiant with gratitude. She draped the silver fox about her shoulders

and took it out for a walk. Softly, tenderly, it nestled against her face, smelling a little of the woodlands and a little of Lilian's perfume, though it was really Mabel's silver fox.

Shortly before bedtime Lilian appeared in her room for the second time that day.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said casually. "We're invited out to dinner tomorrow night."

"Invited out? Who invited us?"

"Joe."

"Who on earth is Joe?"

"You'll see. Nice chap."

"And how did Joe happen to invite me?"

"I thought it would look better to have you along," said Lilian. She wasn't always straightforward, but this time she was.

"Is he in love with you?"

"Looks that way."

"And you—are you in love with him?"

"Maybe," Lilian said vaguely.

"For Heaven's sake, talk, woman, will you? This is maddening! Who is he? What does he look like? Where are we going? Where do we meet him? What'll I wear?" Mabel's questions jostled each other as they tumbled out of her mouth.

"You'll see," answered Lilian. "He's going to call for us here in his car. Good night, darling." With that she left. And she took with her the silver fox, which, up to that point, had been hanging over the back of a chair to give the last trace of spring dampness a chance to dry out.

Mabel didn't at first realize what this meant. It took her several hours of the night and almost all of the next day to grasp it. Sitting behind her typewriter, it gradually became clear to her.

Lilian had simply juggled their days around. It was nice and kind and friendly of Lilian to take Mabel along to dinner. But it was revolting and it hurt horribly that, for this unique evening, for this great and rare occasion, she should have tried to appropriate the silver fox. According to every human law of right and justice, this Monday was Mabel's day. To-day the silver fox was her silver fox, and she was prepared to fight for it.

THE evening, between six and seven, the sparks flew in Mrs. Hurley's boarding house. There was a bitter quarrel about the silver fox. Mabel insisted that it was "her" day. And Lilian, pretending great astonishment, called Mabel's attention to the fact that she had had it on Sunday.

"But that doesn't count," cried Mabel. "I didn't ask for it yesterday."

"I paid half for it," Lilian said, "or didn't I? And so far I've only used it about a quarter of the time. It's simply that I'm generous about it and you're petty."

That was a blow that told because Mabel had always been a little oppressed by the sense of something provincial about herself as compared with Lilian.

"But what'll I look like?" she wailed. "I have only that old navy blue. You could wear your green." Her voice held pleading. But Lilian's reply was veiled in mystery.

"Any other time, gladly, darling," she said. "But to-day my future's at stake."

Mabel was silenced. She went into the bathroom, locked the door, looked at herself in the mirror, and cried a little. Lilian was making herself up. She had new gloves and new perfume, and looked gorgeous with the silver fox draped over a wine-red dress.

Mabel in her navy blue did not look gorgeous when Joe arrived in his roadster and threw Mrs. Hurley's boarding house into a hubbub with his furious honking. Her tears had faintly reddened the tip of Mabel's small nose, and her eyes were sad. When Joe first saw her he thought nothing at all. When she first saw him she thought: "He looks like Clark Gable." He didn't look anything like him, but that was the highest tribute Mabel could pay any man.

Joe had brought gardenias for them both, and, as he helped fasten the flowers to Mabel's shoulder, he had a passing sense of something very small, very defenseless, and very much in need of help. Lilian had a little too much on now, with the fox on her left shoulder and the gardenias on her



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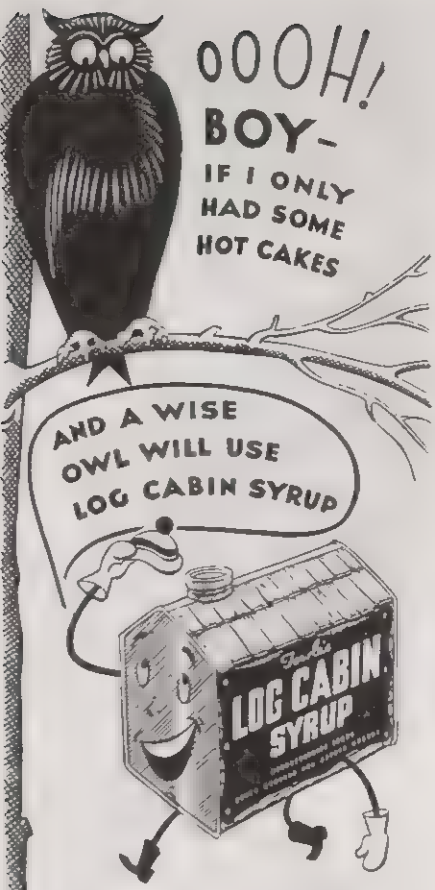
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Continued on page 60



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The New Wallpapers

THE 1933 designs in wallpapers give us more practical and beautiful papers than have ever been made before in this country. They are practical because many of the most delicate and delightful are, without seeming to fall into the class of washable papers, possessed of surfaces which may be cleansed with soap and water.

At the same time the dyes and methods of printing the papers have been so noticeably improved that the patterns are practically nonfading in sunny rooms, and will not show those distressing bright areas where pictures once hung, while the adjoining wall area is pale and faded.

While the manufacturers were improving their printing processes to make the nonfading patterns, the resulting methods of printing assured them a wider choice of tints and many more beautiful colorings than was formerly possible. When we discuss the beauty of the new papers we must pay a tribute not only to the designers but to the manufacturers who have sensed the changing taste of our time sufficiently to order patterns which might have seemed odd or eccentric or too unusual a few years ago.

The new papers are exceptional for these qualities and because their colorings are those most in demand for the schemes we shall be using in our rooms in the coming months.

In addition there is a noticeable increase in the number of pure period reproductions found in the 1933 papers, copies of old French, Italian, and English papers and of fabrics from the same sources.

It will be easy to find a graceful, delicately tinted paper for a bedroom furnished in painted French styles. One such paper is shown in No. 1. The medallions, scrolls, flower baskets, and foliage tracery make a suitable and harmonious background for French furniture in either painted or light-stained woods, with silk drapery, velvet carpeting, and brocade-covered chairs and stools.

Another paper, No. 2, suitable for the more simple French furniture in the Provincial styles, is well designed to show a small all-over dot pattern and foliage panels in which flower-filled urns alternate with

a pair of romantic fishermen. Color combinations in this paper are especially well suited to small living rooms, halls, bedrooms, or dining rooms and breakfast nooks.

No. 3, with its Greek temple and Greek ladies rowing out for a pleasurable day on the lake, is well suited to a little breakfast room in which Directoire or Adam furniture is used, to a hall similarly furnished, or to a bathroom where lighting fixtures, the mirrors, and other equipment show such influence.

Of quite another character is No. 4, which is sprinkled with modernized flowers arranged in casual stripes. This paper is pleasant for the walls of a bedroom, and its variegated and brilliant colorings give inspiration for very effective color schemes to be worked out with plain cottons, checked and barred and plaid fabrics and rugs. It is also recommended for the small breakfast room or dining nook.

So often the bird, butterfly, and wild-flower theme is poorly managed in wallpaper or fabrics. But No. 5 is charming and suggestive of the best in early English

papers which were modeled after simple Chinese flower paintings.

English Georgian furniture, our own Colonial Georgian of mahogany and walnut, painted furniture, American pine and maple, the Provincial furniture of France—all will be at home in this room.

The appealing little flowers and plants in the old botanical and nature books have been transplanted to another paper, No. 6. A delicate diamond tracery makes a pleasant background for these widely varied motifs. A perfect paper for the small bedroom where a too heavy pattern would crowd out the furniture and even the inhabitant.

Nursery papers are so often sentimental or obviously intended for the child too young to have an inkling of humor. No. 7 would help him develop that much-needed sense, and entertain and educate him too. Once on the walls of his room, there'll be no changing this pattern even with the years for something more grown-up and dignified.

And this year's prices are gratifyingly low!—F. B.

Patterns courtesy of
The Wallpaper Association
of the United States

THE HOME BUREAU

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PICTORIAL REVIEW April 1933

"A brilliant achievement"



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KROEHLER CARLTON GROUP (above) suggests Old England with its square carved feet, attached pillow backs and cut-back arms. Two of the five pieces in this group are shown. Choice of coverings and colors.

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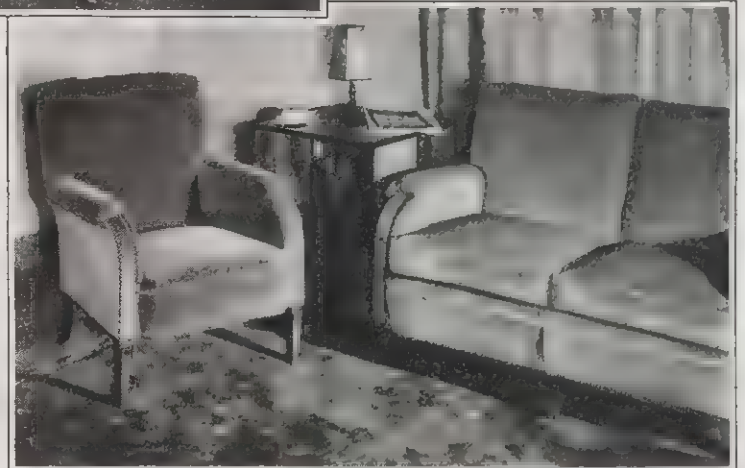
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KROEHLER DUFFIELD GROUP (left) with its soft pillow backs radiates rest—invites relaxation. Group consists of five related pieces of which two are shown. Offered in choice of smart coverings and colors.

Sofa . \$75.00
Chair . \$18.50

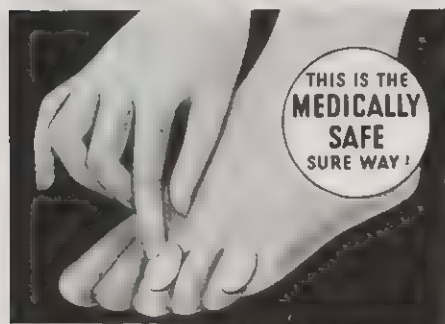
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right, French pearls around her throat, wine-red bows on her dress and also on her hat.

They squeezed themselves into the roadster, and the car was immediately filled with Lilian's perfume, with her laughter and her stories. Mabel sat quiet and tried not to take up any room.

They drove to the St. Regis, where they were to meet a friend of Joe's on the roof garden. But the friend wasn't there, and Joe had to steer both his ladies to a table alone. His ears were tingling before he had them seated.

It was impossible for Lilian to pass through any public place without attracting attention. The silver fox drooped provocatively from her shoulder. Joe liked neither the glances of the gentlemen nor those of the ladies. He knew how his mother looked when she found a young person of the feminine sex objectionable or open to suspicion.

Lilian had been at the St. Regis often, as she took care to announce. It was Mabel's first visit. Lilian treated the head waiter like an accomplice of long standing. Mabel sat abashed before the menu till Joe came to her rescue. Lilian drew out a large, flat compact, marked with her monogram, of which she was very proud, and freshened her make-up. Mabel sat still, with round, brown eyes, and the powder refused to stick to the tip of her small, tear-redened nose.

Joe himself couldn't have said later when he first began taking a good look at this unobtrusive Mabel, at this shy little figure in the background. But it was probably when they all laid their hands on the tablecloth to compare them. Lilian had a ring with a real stone and Mabel had none, just as she had no silver fox. Neither were her nails red-lacquered.

"They break off so easily on the typewriter," said Mabel.

It was such a small, meek, rather tired

THE SILVER FOX

Continued from page 57

hand, such an honest little hand that didn't want to pretend to be anything more than it was. Joe lifted it, all but kissed it, and then laid it carefully back on the tablecloth, as if it were something very precious and fragile.

Then Joe's friend turned up—an insignificant, rather plump young man, not at all interesting. He became still less interesting when he informed them that he had been detained by a long-distance phone call to his wife in Ohio.

When Joe introduced his friend, three things came to light. First, that Mabel's last name was Sawton; second, that Joe had known a man at Princeton named Sawton—Parker Sawton; and, third, that this Parker Sawton was Mabel's brother.

THINK of that! This demure little thing in navy blue had a brother at Princeton. That was something rather different from having a silver fox. Lilian felt the difference at once. Joe's chair crept from her side to Mabel's—a mere two inches, to be sure, but that was enough.

Joe was a kind fellow and no fool. Without having heard a word of it, he immediately understood Mabel's whole story. There were plenty of Mabels like this one, fighting their way bravely and sturdily through life so that the boy of the family might be educated at Princeton.

"My mother had a hard time too," he said, "before I got out of college. Women have so much courage. But we're getting along famously now, and Parker's going to make good too."

Mabel gave him a grateful glance. Lilian let the silver fox slip from her shoulder. Joe picked it up without looking her way.

Joe danced. First with Mabel, then with

Lilian, then with Mabel again. Lilian was a little too tall perhaps. Her mouth was too near his,

a little too red. Joe had a sudden vision of that mouth leaving red marks on all the napkins and towels and handkerchiefs that it touched (which, as a matter of fact, it did). It's an idea that robs a young man of any desire to be kissed by such a mouth.

Lilian was not in the best of humors and made one poor joke after another to conceal the fact. She danced with the friend from Ohio, which was no undiluted joy.

Mabel was quiet, but with a kind of intoxicated quietness. She felt buoyant, as if she were floating on air. Her brown eyes had flecks of gold in them, her brown hair had flecks of gold in it—Joe could see them quite plainly now—and her endearingly delicate throat and her slender shoulders that invited caresses and her slim back that was curved like a violin. Joe was happy, and asked Mabel if she were happy too.

Oh, no, if Mabel had worn the silver fox that evening, everything would have been different. As it was, Joe Harris, who looked exactly like Clark Gable now, arranged matters so that the man from Ohio should take Lilian home in a taxi, and that he himself should take Mabel in the roadster, and that he should drive all the way home with his left hand, because he couldn't bear to take his right arm from her faintly trembling shoulders.

As a matter of fact, nothing much was said. Only, as they got out of the car, Joe asked: "Won't you come up to Westport next week-end and meet my mother?" But that was enough for the first night.

The gray roadster must have made a good many detours, because Lilian was already at home. Her door was not merely closed, but locked. And there on Mabel's bed lay the silver fox, leering at her wickedly and slyly out of its glass eyes, as only genuine silver foxes can.

HARD TIMES

Continued from page 11

"How would you take it now?" Stephen had been known to ask.

"Oh, American husbands can't hope to get away with that sort of thing."

She was a beautiful creature, vital and high-spirited, but supremely selfish. Marcella, her younger sister, had not her looks, but she was a great deal more to Mrs. Clineborough's liking, for she was simpler and attracted no attention. She was engaged to Mr. Clineborough's secretary, a capable young man with whose services Mr. Clineborough was regretfully dispensing. He had, however, found him a position with a mining company in Arizona.

Loretta remarked, during lunch, that it would be a relief to get away from the perpetual talk of hard times.

"Stephen and I are thinking of going to an island in the South Seas," she said.

"A lot of people will be leaving soon," said Mrs. Clineborough. "You'll see; they'll follow our example."

"I guess not many people have fixed things so well," said Stephen. "Every one thinks dad's a marvel, the way he's invested his money."

"I've been in the game a long time," said Mr. Clineborough. "I can feel when it's time to get out of a thing."

"Yes, but lots of old hands are down now, and taking the count," said Stephen.

"Well, I've never taken any chances since I was sufficiently well off not to have to," said Mr. Clineborough, taking a cigar out of his pocket.

As they left the table and went out on the porch, Marcella said:

"What's the matter with old Day? His hands were shaking so he could hardly hold the plates."

"I had just given him notice," said Mrs. Clineborough.

"I guess that's the end of a perfect Day," said Stephen. "I'm sorry for the old boy, though."

"He must have money put away," said Mr. Clineborough. "None of my employees can complain of the wages I've given them."

"I'll say you've been generous, Dad," said Loretta. She had far more respect for her father-in-law than for any other member of the family. She thought Mrs. Clineborough's social pretensions merely silly, and spoke disparagingly of people whom her mother-in-law considered important. She had discovered that Stephen was weak, fond, and easily controlled through his affections.

BUT Mr. Clineborough had inherited and then enormously increased a great fortune; he had managed it with skill, and now, in spite of evil times, was in a position to live out the rest of his days in luxurious comfort. He was, moreover, a handsome man still, with gray hair, gray mustache, and fresh, healthy complexion.

He dressed well, better than Stephen, and she had never seen him lose his self-control. She admired him for his expensive hobbies, his collecting instincts. There was, to her, something princely about Mr. Clineborough. His library in New York was famous, and though by no means a great reader he had a real flair for detecting values.

As they drank their coffee on the porch Stephen said:

"Well, I wonder where we'll all be two months from now?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Mrs. Clineborough said:

"I want to live in England. I want a country place in Hampshire, or perhaps in Hertfordshire near Compton Lacy. Perhaps we could even get Compton Lacy for a few years. But your father thinks he wants to go to that chateau he bought."

"Haven't you seen it yet, Mrs. Clineborough?" asked Marcella.

"No. He bought it last year when he was in Monte Carlo by himself. I knew if I let him out of my sight he'd do something foolish."

"What's it like, sir?" asked young Peabody, the secretary.

Continued on page 62

VICTORIAN CHARM RETURNS

—in 1933 versions of "Lily Langtry" ruffled capes, snug bodices, and flaring skirts.



6464

6465

6464—Here's the Edwardian "coachman's cape" that's taken the smart world by storm. You can see why—those ruffles make a girl dangerously attractive. There are ruffles on the frock, too, as you see in the small sketch. Make it in taffeta—it's easy!

6465—And now it's new to look like a 1933 edition of Lily Langtry—in this frock with the very tight bodice, flaring Edwardian skirt, and pert "gay '90" jacket. It's wise to use plaid organdie for the frock, and velveteen for the jacket; they're "in".

6462—You'll be the belle of every party in this "lovely lady" frock. Of course it's in flowered chiffon. And of course it has those new period sleeves, shirred at the top and ballooned to the wristband. You can make it easily; and it will make you a success!

For sizes, fabric requirements and back views of these models see page 72

6462



New—straight jackets

and the long full cape

Want the very newest fashion? Then you'll want No. 6497, the velveteen straight jacket with modern leg-o'-mutton sleeves. It's Easy to Make.



6463

For sizes, fabric requirements and other details of these models see page 72.



6497



6466

They'll look twice when they see you wearing No. 6463. Its straight body, jacket and carriage-pleated sleeves are as new as tomorrow!

Doesn't it remind you of Lily Langtry? Yet No. 6466 is the latest coat from Paris. Make it now and be the first to wear it—



6468

This cape-suit is the sensation of the year. Make it in mannish tweed, wear it with a fedora hat, and win a reputation for chic!

... So easy to make, so smart in the
1933 cottons



6498

You'll have to expect a rush from the stagline if you wear No. 6498—especially if you make it in a crisp new striped organdie.

Going to a party? You'll be the smartest girl there in No. 6457, with its svelte lines and chemise top. It's stunning in matelassé.



6457



6479

New — the waistcoat evening jacket with puff sleeves, newest in white waffle cotton worn over a black frock.



6454

Here's the important longer evening wrap, with mannish lapels and girlish puff sleeves. You can make it in velveteen for a small cost.

For sizes, fabric requirements and back views of these models see page 72

Every model is fashion news! Front-page styles: capes, straight jacket, the latest puff sleeves—all so simple you may make several and still balance your budget. Front-page fabrics: eyelet cotton, matelassé, polka-dot crêpe, plaid piqué, flannel, and the new 54-inch bordered silk print.

For sizes, fabric requirements and back views of these models see page 72



6467

6461

6469

6458

6483

6459

6461—So simple and girlish, this French frock with the deftly handled seams is a winner in white cotton matelassé.

6467—They're out at the elbows, these new long-short sleeves. That's because they are cut to puff at the point.

6469—The jacket looks like a blouse, and buttons in the back. The frock beneath has a contrasting white top.

6458—If you want to look "Edwardian," and who doesn't, make this frock with its separate cape and looped jabot.

6459—First, because it's stunning in a bordered print. Second, because of its box-jacket you *must* make this costume.

6483—Portrait of a lady smartly groomed for travel or spectator sports. It's flannel with piqué. Separate cape.

Make these in plaid piqués, bordered silks, and matelassés



6485

6480

6496

6478

6485—This vest-like jacket covers a sun-frock with the new chemise-top, and very little back. Easy-to-Make!

6480—The straight piqué jacket and the front-buttoned frock of printed crêpe make the smartest costume of 1933.

6496—To be smart, you must have a mannish suit like this, made in novelty cotton in mannish checks. Note details.

6456—Grand for teas and matinees, this frock features the latest pointed, decorative seaming and puff sleeves.

6478—Here's your new beach frock. It wraps and buttons in the back and has a cape. Easy to Make in novelty piqué.

6455—Contrasting twin prints are a wise choice for this frock with the important cape collar. Simple to make!

Will you go mannish or feminine for Easter? Boyish types will want No. 6496 or No. 6480, with its straight jacket. The very feminine will choose No. 6456 with new puff sleeves; or No. 6455 with the cape. And note the fabrics mentioned below. No. 6480 combines piqué and silk!

For sizes, fabric requirements and back views of these models see page 72.



6456

6455

Boyish suits and feminine frocks compete for Easter honors

Look slim and chic in these Little Women and Larger-Hip styles



Larger-Hip
6482

Larger-Hip
6494

For size, fabric requirements and back views of these models see page 72

6482—Larger-Hip. There's nothing more youthful than the under—and this too, the under—side, even though these new three-quarter sleeves are ready attached. A surprising way to use fabric contrast.

6495—Little Women. Rejoice if you're "me!" Here's a costume that will make you our new favorite. That raffish jacket with provocative sleeves tops a printed skirt—fringe with periscope silhouette.

6460—Little Women. We're back to the "Gibson Girl" era and don't we love it! Everyone is mad over this marvelous pale jacket with unexpectedly feminine sleeves. And it tops a crisp crêpe evening frock with a stunning decolletage.

6494—Larger-Hip. Coin dots make you *look* expensive, so what if your clothes budget is cut in half? You'll look slim in this, too—the frock has clever diagonal seams, and the caped jacket's straight.

6490—Little Women. Your Easter ensemble in the smartest of fabric combinations—crested sheer and printed crêpe. The frock has a gay printed top, and the short jacket boasts the very newest thing in sleeves.

Little Women
6490

Little Women
6495

Little Women
6460

The most popular junior girls you know will make these new models and save many many dollars

These are the styles every smart junior will want—the "shirt-maker" frock, cape frock, and jumper effect, Nos. 6477, 6474, and 6493. And every junior can have them, for they're simple and inexpensive to make.



6491

Scallop 11747

6492

6477

6474

6493

6491—Coat. Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch material, 1 yard 39-inch lining. Even the kiddies have their modern-Victorian coats now—look at the drop-shoulder yoke and leg-o'-mutton sleeves on this one! Isn't it darling? Of course every mother will want this coat for her child. To scallop collar, use Trans. Pattern No. 11747.

6492—Frock and Panties. Designed for sizes $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 years. Size 5 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch plain, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch eyelet-embroidered material. Since the Spanish influence is smart, this cute frock boasts a bolero effect. It's most effective, incidentally, in eyelet-embroidered linen with plain. And do note the tiny flared sleeves. This frock is easy to make, too.

6477—Frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 36-inch striped material. Boyish shirt-maker frocks are the hit of the season, so every junior must have this one—in men's striped cotton shirting. Best of all, this design is so simple every junior can make this frock, quickly and inexpensively. Note the high collar and mannish shirt-front.

6474—Frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch print. Now that capes are so important, the capelet collar is more popular than ever, especially when it's set off by a bow. This frock, incidentally, is a real "beau-catcher"—that's why so many wise juniors will make this model in, say, printed muslin. It's easy, and costs but little.

6493—Frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch plaid, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain material. Every clever sub-deb knows that smart clothes make for popularity. And this is just the sort of frock that causes the "smoothest" males to have heart-trouble. You'll see why when you notice the demure collar, huge puff sleeves, and flattering yoke.



6491 6492



6477 6474 6493

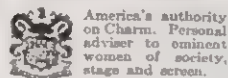


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My Address.....



Nancy Gray enjoying the cat-oats in her mother's favorite magazine.

FASHION DESCRIPTIONS

Descriptions of models on pages 65, 66 and 67

6464—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch material for frock and cape. Width 4½ yards. "Coachman's" cape.

6465—Frock and Bolero. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 39-inch plaid, 1 yard 36-inch plain, 1½ yard ribbon. Width 3¾ yards.

6462—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 39-inch print for frock. Width about 4 yards. Note new sleeves, puffed to wrist.

6463—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard. Full sleeves in new straight jacket.

6497—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material, 2 yards 39-inch lining. Tailored, boxy coat and the latest sleeves.

6466—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch fabric, 1½ yard 39-inch for tie, 2¾ yards 39-inch lining. Fitted lines.

6468—Suit and Cape Ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5 yards 54-inch material. Width about 1½ yard. You must have a cape!

6498—Frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch striped, ½ yard 39-inch plain fabric, 3½ yards ribbon. Width 4¾ yards.

6457—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3¾ yards. The chemise-top gives an entirely new look to this princess gown. It's Easy-to-Make, too!

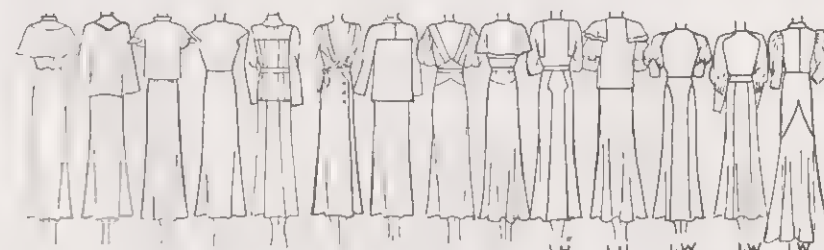
6479—Jacket. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. The mannish tailored details of this "waistcoat" jacket contrast smartly with the very feminine puffed sleeves.

6454—Wrap. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Here's the important new "longer-than-hip-length" evening wrap. Those puffed sleeves have a cape effect in back.

Back views of models on pages 65, 66, 67, 68, 69 and 70



6464 6465 6462 6463 6497 6466 6468 6498 6457 6479 6454 6467 6461 6469



6458 6483 6459 6485 6496 6478 6480 6456 6455 6482 6494 6495 6490 6460

Descriptions of models on pages 68, 69 and 70

6467—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric. Width about 2¾ yards. See pattern envelope for jacket.

6461—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 38-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard. Note the new sleeve detail and slenderizing seams.

6469—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch dotted, ¾ yard 39-inch plain material. Width about 2¾ yards.

6458—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plaid, 1¾ yard 36-inch plain material. Width about 1¾ yard. New!

6483—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch fabric, ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 1½ yard.

6459—Frock and Jacket Ensemble. Designed for sizes 12 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch border printed fabric, ¾ yard 36-inch plain. Width 1¾ yard.

6485—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 36-inch white for jacket, 2¼ yards 36-inch contrast for frock. Width 1½ yard.

6496—Suit. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch check for suit, ½ yard 36-inch plain for scarf. Width about 1½ yard.

6478—Frock and Cape. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch white, 3¾ yards contrasting ribbon for frock. Width 1½ yard.

6480—Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white, 2½ yards 39-inch print. Width 1½ yard. Pique and silk.

6456—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print, 1½ yard 3-inch lace banding, 1 yard ribbon. Width 2¾ yards.

6455—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch dotted fabric, 1½ yard 39-inch contrasting twin print. Width about 2¾ yards.

6482—L. H. Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed, 1½ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 2¾ yards.

6494—L. H. Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch dotted, 1½ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 3¾ yards.

6495—L. W. Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12½ to 40½. Size 20½ requires 1¾ yard 36-inch plain for jacket, 4½ yards 39-inch printed material for frock. Width about 3¾ yards.

6490—L. W. Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12½ to 40½. Size 20½ requires 4¾ yards 39-inch ribbed fabric, 1 yard 39 inch printed material. Width about 3 yards. Note the jacket.

6460—L. W. Frock and Jacket. Designed for sizes 12½ to 40½. Size 20½ requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric for jacket, 3¾ yards 39-inch dark, ¾ yard white for frock. Width about 3¾ yards.

HARD TIMES

Continued from page 64

borough. "You were quite young then, I suppose?"

"Weren't no more'n a boy. We come around by Denver. Turrible hard days, them were. Turrible. My pa got killed by them Injuns; Potawatomes, they wuz. They killed my pa an' druv away a lot o' the hosses an' mules. They wuz only a sick man an' some women an' me. I looked arter 'em all. I were sixteen year old, I reckon. I brung 'em all safe across."

"That was remarkable," said Mr. Clineborough. "Are you sure it doesn't tire you to talk?"

"It don't tire me none. Not when I don't disremember. I been lyin' here, tryin' to piece it all out. Jim, he puts me right sometimes."

"They must have been interesting days," said Mr. Clineborough. But the old man did not heed him.

"Settled in Tringo fust," he said, "an' the fust thing I done wuz to build a house made of adobe bricks. We trompled the adobe with our feet."

"Oh, yes, I've seen those houses," said Mr. Clineborough. "Some of them are still standing."

"They wuz four rooms, I recollect. We purty nigh starved them fust years. Used to live on sego root sometimes, an' mebbe a few grains o' corn. My little sister, Sary, she took sick an' died. We didn't hev no shoes, nor no stockings. I recollect I useter herd the cattle in winter times in the snow, barefoot."

"That seems terrible," said Mr. Clineborough.

"It were turrible hard. But I reckon I growed up tough. Ma, she up an' married ag'in, so they wuz two of us men."

"Did you take up much land?"

"Thirty-four acres we had then. Some years wuz good, some wuz bad. One year 'twuz so bad my ma's husband, he said to pull up stakes an' quit. So we went down South to Bear River an' started fresh. Built another house, staked out a farm, an' planted it, an' two year later the durned river overflowed an' washed the whole outfit away."

"That was hard luck," said Mr. Clineborough.

"That killed ma, I reckon. Seemed like it wuz too much for her. She were purty nigh worn to skin an' bone anyway, with hard work. I reckon she weren't sorry to quit. Them wuz hard times, hard times."

"Hard enough," agreed Mr. Clineborough. "Can you remember what you did next?"

"Well, I up an' cut loose from my stepdad; reckoned I'd do better paddlin' my own canoe. So I come back an' staked out a piece o' land at the foot of the Bluebird Mountains. I raised barley an' flax, an' I got along purty good. Then I married a gal over Black Creek way, an' we started in to raise a family."

"Pretty soon sickness come along an' took off two of 'em in one year. We wuz all mighty sick that winter, an' the two littlest ones, they wuz took. Well, my wife she reckons she don't want to stay there no more arter that. So we pulls up stakes ag'in an' starts growin' fruit over north o' Fort O'Connor."

"YOU'VE had many ups and downs," said Mr. Clineborough. "You had plenty of courage."

"Some years wuz good, some wuz bad," said the old man. "We had a baby there, a little gal, an' Eliza, my wife, wuz real pleased. One day Kitty, the little gal, wuz playin' on the verandy, an' she takes it into her little head to run off in the hills an' hide. Her ma an' I wuz busy, an' didn't see. 'Long about nightfall we sets out to look for her, an' there she is, 'bout half a mile away, lyin' dead. Been bit by a rattler." The thin voice quavered and broke.

"How dreadful!" said Mr. Clineborough. "My wife an' me wuz gettin' along in years, so they wa'n't no more little ones arter that," the old man went on. His toothless jaws worked for a moment, then he began to speak again. "We made a bit o' money outen that fruit farm, an' one day Jim an' me thinks it's time to drive to Tringo an' put it in a bank. So we hitches

up an' off we goes. Seems like that wuz yesterday, I recollect it so good. There wuz bad men about in them days—"

"There are still," said Mr. Clineborough.

"So we takes a couple o' guns along. 'Bout halfway to Tringo we sees a man with his head tied up an' limpin' like he's been hurt. He signals us to stop, so we pulls up. Well, 'twuz jest a trick. Them wuz a couple o' outlaws. Another of 'em wuz hid behind a rock. They holds us up an' takes all our money an' our guns an' drives off the hoss too. Jim an' me has to walk all the way back to the farm, nigh onto forty mile. They never did catch that pair."

"YOU were certainly pretty unlucky," said Mr. Clineborough.

"Oh, ups an' downs," said the old man.

"Ups an' downs. I disremember," he went on, "what we done then. Jim would recollect. Seems to me we went to Tringo then an' opened a store. Seems so." His hands began to move restlessly. "I can't quite call to mind jest when that wuz. I recollect we opened a store somewheres, but Jim an' me wuz both raised out in the open, an' city life didn't suit us none. So purty soon, I guess, we sold out."

"You must be tired," said Mr. Clineborough. "Perhaps you'd better not talk any more."

"I'd like mighty well to recollect," said the old man. "Mebbe it wuz arter that that Jim an' me found them ores. Lost our way in the Cache Mountains one day, away up above Burford Cañon, an' Jim—he allus had bright eyes—sees some bits of bright rock full o' metal. We picks up as many as we can put in our pockets, an' goes to the assay office in Tringo. 'Rich copper,' they says. 'Where'd you find 'em?' Well, Jim an' me ain't tellin'."

"But we stakes out a claim up there in them mountains, an' begins to work the mine, quiet, jest Jim an' me. Rich? Why, that mountain wuz jest so darned rich we'd never have come to the end of it in a hundred year. Well, one day along come a rich man from out Chicago way an' says, 'You ain't got no claim to this land. Look-a-here.' An' he shows us papers provin' he made out a claim afore we did. 'Vamose,' he says."

"An' pretty soon a lawyer come to see us, an' he says, 'Vamose,' an' the sheriff, he come along, an' he says, 'Vamose.' So thar ain't nothin' for it but for Jim an' me to quit. I never did rightly understand, but there wuz them papers an' maps, all made out real pretty. Arter that—arter that I don't rightly recollect. I reckon I wuz took sick. Mebbe we come here then. That's where I allus gets mixed up."

"Perhaps if I went out on the porch you'd sleep," suggested Mr. Clineborough.

"Seems as if I'd ought to know," said the old man. "It's too bad. It's jest too bad. If I could only recollect—"

"I think it's a mistake to try," said Mr. Clineborough. "I'm sure it will only tire you."

"Seems as if I'd ought to know."

The old man stared up at him in a puzzled way; then his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Reckon there is," he said, "reckon there is. If I could jest be sure where this place is, this here place I'm in now—it's jest too bad the way I don't recollect. When Jim's here he fixes it all right, but when I'm alone, seems like things jest slip out o' mind."

"Just tell me what I can do," said Mr. Clineborough.

The old man dropped his voice to a whisper and averted his eyes.

"If ye'd jest go round the corner of the verandy," he said, "an' round to the back, mebbe ye'd see a cottonwood tree all alone. If it's there, mebbe there's a grave under it, an' if there's a grave, then I know where I be." He turned his puzzled gaze on Mr. Clineborough again. "'Eliza' is wrote on it," he said.

"Why, certainly I'll go and see," said Mr. Clineborough. "Wait just a minute."

He stepped out on the porch and paused beside Mrs. Clineborough. "I'm just going to see—" he began.

"I heard," she said.

Continued on page 74

Every move I made was torment!



threefold action, Pazo not only relieves the pain and itching, but tends to correct the condition of hemorrhoids as a whole.

Correctly Applied

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Detachable Hemorrhoid Pipe, Perforated. The Perforated Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes the Ointment very easily applied high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. The importance of thorough interior medication in cases of hemorrhoids is plainly important.

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He walked round the corner of the house and disappeared. Presently he was back again. He reentered the old man's room and closed the door softly behind him. His lips felt stiff, as though he were about to say an unaccustomed thing.

"It's all right," he said. "The grave is there."

A look of intense relief came into the old man's face.

"Well, now," he said, with a little chuckle, as though amused at his own folly, "well, now, that wuz silly. I'd ought to 'a' known I wuz lyin' right in my own home. I'd ought to 'a' known." He settled down into the bed with a little sigh, as of satisfaction, and closed his eyes.

Mr. Clineborough, watching, saw that he fell asleep almost at once. He sat down again. He heard Mrs. Clineborough leave the porch and walk away toward the car, but he didn't move.

Then the door into the other room opened, and Harry came out, rubbing his eyes.

HARD TIMES

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"I feel O. K. now, sir," he said. "I guess I'll be all right."

"Ssh!" said Mr. Clineborough. "Don't wake him. Go and start the car."

Harry tiptoed out and found Mrs. Clineborough sitting on the rug under the shade of the cottonwood trees. Mr. Clineborough still lingered. He took a notebook out of his pocket, tore out a page, and wrote on it, "Thank you for your hospitality." He then took five twenty-dollar bills out of his pocketbook, and left them, with the bit of paper, on the chair beside the milk jug.

"Inadequate, I suppose," he said to himself. "But there are those smaller mines near by—the Willis, the Krel—it might have been any of them." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he too went softly out, and got into the car.

"We probably can make Ogden by dinner

SUGAR HOUSE

Continued from page 25

one evening after Bea's remonstrance at a gift of fifty dollars to some fantastic Order of Liberian Ewes of Christ.

The endearment spun around Bea like plates off the hand of a juggler. "Dear" from Flake!

She tried to keep down any evidence of her excitement as he continued to look at a book of snapshots that Jessie had sent of a skiing party at Zermatt! Never before had she captured such a moment, and now the precious thing had fallen at her very feet. "Dear."

"Flake, put that album down. I want to talk to you."

He closed it with a little bang, crossed his long legs and slumped down in his chair. "Flake, has it ever occurred to you how impersonal we are?"

They had been discussing a cable received that day from Empire Chain, enumerating certain aspects included in the original offer, and expressing hope of an ultimate decision: "We have further decided that this project should be pushed into Scandinavian countries, possibly as far north as Helsingfors."

"You know what I mean by impersonal, Flake," Bea said.

"On the contrary, Bea, it seems to me that the entire discussion about this Empire Chain matter has been based upon personal reasons. You have reached the stage in life where you can afford to do the things you want to do. And why you should go traipsing over Europe when you are indifferent to this Empire Chain idea, and anxious to unload your American interests, is beyond me. Certainly we are reckoning with your personal equation. Not to mention my own. Each of us, in our own way, wants to begin to live."

"Oh, Flake," she said, and put a hand on his knee, "that's it! You see, everything from now on, in my business, even European success, would be anticlimax. I'm tired. I want to rest. I want my personal life to take up where my business life leaves off. I want us—you—Jessie—me—to have everything we want. I want to begin to build my home. I want to break ground for our new life, Flake, as well as for our new home."

DURING the silence that ensued Flake held the position of flicking an ash off his cigarette, as if shocked into sudden mobility. And Bea, her bare shoulders laid over with lamplight, her body tilted toward him, sat intently watching him.

All this talk, all this hullabaloo, all this anxiety about the prospect of Universal Sales Association and selling the business, underneath it all, surely by now, he must see her love for him.

Bea tried not to breathe into the gossamer web of his silence. But Flake tore into it by rising and kissing her on the forehead. Then in a moment she heard him fumbling in the hallway in a crazy haste, and the sound of a door opening and closing.

The days of that spring came in shod like Mercury. Wing-tipped days, they flew by on their own momentum.

It was April, and as Bea dressed, a box

time, sir, if we hurry," said the chauffeur.

"Very well. Hurry, then," said Mr. Clineborough.

The heat had lessened perceptibly, and the descending sun was coloring the mountains' deep purple, and casting purplish shadows on the ground under the sagebrush. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Clineborough seemed greatly concerned with the beauty of the scene. Nor had they any intention of sharing that which occupied their minds. At last, bored with the long silence, Mrs. Clineborough spoke.

"Well," she said, "there's not the slightest doubt that those people, those pioneering people, had all the best of it. They had plenty of adventure and excitement, and all the fun of building up a new country. I don't suppose they realized how lucky they were. And there was a sort of romance—"

Mr. Clineborough harshly interrupted her.

"Would you mind," he said, "drawing down that blind? The sun is in my eyes."

of orchids had arrived—the third in the eight weeks that had sped by since his lips had pressed against her forehead. Her stream of life flowed along its rutted channel but suddenly its waters had been charged!

"I am the same," she told herself, "except that something is shaping itself to change me. He is!"

It was then that, leaning into her mirror to fasten the orchids at her throat, a trill of laughter escaped her.

But, after all, laughter was in the air. It hovered in the drapes Delilah was removing against the onslaught of summer heat. It lay in something sly and sudden in her father's stony eyes.

Delilah knew too. The knowledge lay in the beds of her eyes and across her smitten face. But how much was her imagination and how much did she really know?

FOR months now the approaching of the return of Jessie had been animating that small household.

By the device of cutting a door into an adjoining apartment, a room and a bath had been transformed into quarters for her.

"Thar ain't gonna be no room in de Fishrow house more fittin' for Miss Jessie dan de one right here in dis little flat. Dat chile be den livin' over whar dar's kings an' queens. Her's gonna come home to a place fittin' for a princess."

Undoubtedly some of the high excitement of these days was due to Jessie—to her return—the return of a native into a fold from which she had virtually been absent for eight or ten years.

How would this girl, this strange, slim, beautiful product of her indulgence, this child who had only flashed through her life, fit back into a pattern—a pattern suddenly shot with unexpected hues.

They were such strangers. Years of gay letters after all told one so little, and the thought of Jessie coming home into the maelstrom of her new emotions was like taking a dive into surging waters.

The days began with the sly new manner of Delilah, with the inscrutable gaze of her father, with the barrage of eyes that followed her as she strode through her outer offices.

The eleven o'clock conferences with Flake, preparatory to sending him on his deferred survey! There was an eagerness now to have him gone, and the impending trip completed, before the understanding between them came to its consummation.

True, what happened the morning before his departure, in her private office, practically constituted a definite seal upon her happiness.

The first direct communication from Universal Sales Association, signed by the president, requesting an early conference over the lunch table of the Sky Club, on the roof of the Usa building, lay on the desk between them, adding its burden of suspense and excitement to this day of Flake's departure.

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Flake was leaving. Universal Sales Association was making its first gesture. Jessie was on the Atlantic. A second cable within the week from Empire Chain was expected in terms which would make her ultimate gesture of refusal almost sensational. B. Pullman shares, due to rumors connected with Usa, were rocketing. The city had granted the Fishrow riparian rights, the boat landing to be located directly at the foot of her garden. And on this morning, Flake, the instant before leaving, had kissed her good-by.

"When you come back, Gerald, everything will be set."

What she meant was, "by the time you come back the Usa offer will probably be in my hands. Meanwhile my child must be made to realize the significance of her share in our happiness. The dream of our home will be ready for its first spade into the ground. And here is your surprise. The whole top floor is to be your medical library."

Bea lifted back her lips that had been kissed and placed her fingers against his mouth.

"Gerald—"

But the door of her office opened and her secretary announced H. Pryne, Jr., the Vermont member of her board.

Greeting him as he entered, Flake passed out on the first lap of his six weeks' survey of Pullman, Inc., South and West.

THE first intimation that something was amiss came out of a restless night in which Bea had lain half awake. It was not easy to sleep when the break of any day might usher in the victory or defeat of the weeks of negotiation with Universal Sales Association.

These were harrowing nights, filled as they were with the immense desire to be free of this incubus of a business; filled as they were with new dreads; the terrifying dread that was slowly moving like a tide over every expectation connected with the return of Jessie.

Was this girl in whom Bea's hopes for eighteen years had been centered about to find herself returning to the spectacle of a mother angling a man eight years her junior into marriage? Was that the spectacle of herself as others would see her? Was it her sensible middle-aged rôle to turn aside from these belated stirrings? Dared she risk revolting her daughter with desires which all these years must have lain buried in the depths of her being?

Dared she, whose flesh felt old, risk revolting youth, any more than she dared risk facing a future of bigger business?

Or worse: Suppose—just suppose she were to decide on the Empire Chain, which at its ultimate peak could only mean repetition of her initial victory. Whence, out of her tiredness, could spring sufficient momentum to give her the pulling power to start over again a European repetition of her American victory?

Into such a night, filled with its intermittent despairs and brilliant hopes, there came Delilah's cry.

What was that? It seemed to Bea, sitting up in the dark, with her father's night light lying palely across her face, that such a cry had frequently come through to her before. And yet again it seemed to her that here was a cry too terrible ever before to have found articulation. A croak from the floor; from the ground.

One leap from bed, and Bea and her father's nurse met in the hallway over the vast body of Delilah, who had evidently been crawling on all fours toward the room occupied by John.

"Delilah!"

"Go back to your bed, chile. John—misery's got me more dan I kin stand—John—give me something—"

As the lights went on, Delilah, there in her huddle on the floor, was the color of her own gray eyeballs. Her enormous neck ran with sweat that rolled onto a clean red-and-white-striped bungalow apron that evidently served as nightgown.

"Git away, honey-chile. 'Lilah can't suffer her own way wid you aroun'—"

"John, call a doctor! The one across the street. Quick!"

"No, no, ain't no doctor gonna gitten his hands on mah misery. I've lived alone wid it for three years, day an' night. An'

SUGAR HOUSE

Continued from page 74

de wusser it gits, de closer it gits me to my Lawdagawd."

"Delilah, you mean you've had attacks like this before?"

"Lordagawd, honey, if to-night it hadn't pinched me jes' a little wusser than I could stan' it, I wouldn't have made a nuisance of mahself bawlin' out. Oh, Lordagawd, ease it while mah missy's standin' by. Oh, Lordagawd—"

"Oh, my poor Delilah—can't you tell me where—what—"

"Doan' wipe dat sweat off mah face, honey. It helps me hurt. Git yourself back thar to bed. Maybe it won't catch me ag'in to-night. Jes' lemme lay here quiet an' not take no chances on dat ole debbil bitin' me ag'in."

"Oh, Delilah, tell me about all this—"

"Nothin' to tell, Miss Bea. Ole debbil I calls him. Cain't tell when he's gonna strike—mostly nights—"

"I've heard you! I know now, time after time, and I've always thought I was dreaming. Oh, Delilah, and you've suffered all this in silence."

"No, I ain't, honey. Lordagawd has had to listen to me."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Feel."

"Oh, my God!"

It was hard, the great swollen protuberance under the striped awning nightgown of Delilah. This mammoth woman of the last years was not huge with additional flesh. Poor Delilah had been enduring some dreadful growth.

"Delilah, why haven't you told me this? And why, oh, why doesn't John come with a doctor?"

"Ain't nebber seen one worth his salt. I've got herbs in mah room in a tin box under mah mattress. Knockout drops for ole man debbil inside me. Uh, uh, honey-chile, ole man debbil ain't nebber befro chased me lak dis."

THERE they came again, the croakings—the terrible noise!

"Delilah, a little more courage. John is coming with some one to help you."

In the din of her battle Delilah was past hearing now, her suppliant eyes rolled in their straining whites, and the living-room floor became the dreadful arena of her agonies.

"Oh, Lordagawd, have mercy. De River Jordan is on fire an' arunnin' down mah soul. Oh, Lordagawd, have mercy. I've



acomin', Lordagawd, in a white hearse wid plumes an' de tootin' of horns—"

"Delilah, save your strength."

"Lissen, honey. Sometimes I thinks it. Sometimes I dreams it. Remember Peola calling her boy A. M.? Come heah. Come heah close. Dat's mah blue-eyed boy out thar in Seattle, what we nussed through de 'fuenza. 'Member? Wid de mammy who was layin' on her last bed when she writ me. A. M. Dat's our Allen sojer boy we nussed through the 'fuenza!"

"Delilah, you're imagining—"

"Didn't I tell you thar wasn't no good ahead for him? He's Peola's man down thar in dat white man's jungle."

"Delilah, that's nonsense."

"No, 'tain't. It's writ in all mah tea leaves, an' I've close 'nough now to de Lawd's book to read it. Lordagawd, have mercy on mah chile."

At six o'clock in the morning, on a pallet that John had managed to contrive for her on the floor, Delilah, lifting herself out of a hypodermic-induced sleep, began suddenly to press hot kisses against the bare ankles of Bea, who stood beside her. In that act she died.

SO FAR as the spark which set off the forest fire could be traced, the newspaper-reporter-brother of one of the sixty-five stenographers in Bea's outer office, scenting a story in the demise of Delilah, started rolling the ball of furor occasioned by her passing.

Broadcast over the face of the press there flashed the laughing picture of Delilah in the savory act of flopping her famous waffles.

WAFFLE QUEEN WHOSE FACE IS KNOWN TO MILLIONS DIES IN HOME OF B. PULLMAN

RUMORED TO HAVE LEFT LARGE BEQUESTS TO BAPTIST CHURCHES IN HARLEM, BROOKLYN, RICHMOND, VA., NATCHES, MO.

ELABORATE FUNERAL PLANS AFOOT

FAMOUS BLACK WOMAN LIES IN STATE IN HARLEM CHAPEL WHILE THOUSANDS PASS IN REVIEW

This last was literally true.

For two days, an unbroken procession, young and old, black and white, wound around the bronze bier that contained the enormous body of Delilah. Potted palms led in an aisle to her. Lilies banked her. Blankets of roses tucked her in, and there, through the glass window of her coffin in the fluted cap in which she had requested to be buried, shone her polished teakwood mask.

Harlem, of which she had never been part, poured forth to view the dead face of one of the humblest members of its race.

The Order of the Sisters of the Rising Star spread a huge banner and two hundred marching members of the Amalgamated Lodges of the Sons and Daughters of David turned out in caps with visors and spears tipped with tin foil.

Fourteen hundred employees of B. Pullman, Inc., sent illuminated resolutions on parchment and a floral piece of lilies and stuffed doves.

Every hymn that she herself had sung rolled over the dead Delilah as she lay in state.

All of her guttural ecstasies were folded into the salvo of stanza after stanza.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,

Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,

Comin' for to carry me home.

Hallelujah! Death had come for Delilah in a chariot of bronze and lilies. Hallelujah! Not one lodge, but four, into which, atoningly, in the name of pride of race, she had poured funds, lined up before the splendor that was Delilah. Trumpets poised, horns with fringed banners tilted, domes in two-foot hats, ready.

The pastor of her foreordained choice, flanked by deacons, extorted to ringing rafters the godliness and the righteousness of Sister Delilah Cilla Johnston.

Oh, yondah comes the chariot, The horses dressed in white, The fore wheels arunnin' by the grace of God, An' the hin' wheels arunnin' by love,

sang fifty from a choir loft.

"She should have had it in her lifetime," sobbed Bea into her handkerchief.

In their roped-off pew the hand of Flake, who had returned by plane from the West, reached out over hers.

"Don't cry, Bea. Remember this is her jubilee."

"You're right, Gerald. It is. Tell that to father. He'll understand."

In his chair, which had been wheeled into the aisle, sat Mr. Chipley, his rigid china eyes frozen into their centers.

Locked within the hulk of himself, was it possible he was seeing and hearing, and down in the secret areas of his sensation crying?

Oh, yondah comes Sister Mary,

An' how do you know it's her

Ashoutin' Hallelujah?

An' praises to the Lamb.

Yes, bless de Lawd, praises to de Lamb.

Continued on page 76

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SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper, his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

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Slowly, on the twenty white cotton palms of bearers, there rose from its lilies the bier of Delilah for its lofty ride down the aisle.

Fifty school children, trying to keep eager, curious eyes cast downward, lifted shrill voices in the words she had loved, "They crucified my Lord, an' He never said a mum-ba-lin' word," and scattered rose leaves down the aisle. Organ music rolled, and closed her over like a sea. At attention, caparisoned in lodge aprons, fringes, insignias, brass of instruments trembling, the members of five orders flanked the steps that had been cleared by cordons of police.

Four motor-cycle policemen in goggles whined down the cleared asphalt of the avenue. Delilah's escort! A white horse-drawn hearse, plumed, with purple drapes, gold-fringed, backed up against the curb.

May sky, clear, aloof, and a little colder than spring, spread high over the scene. And tilted on the springs of those white cotton hands rode the casket, the faces of the men who bore the burden standing out in ready sweat.

An' He never said a mum-ba-lin' word, Not a word, not a word, not a word,

sang the children.

"Sistah Delilah, Sistah Delilah, Sistah Delilah's on de pearly road!" chanted and swayed a woman spectator standing wedged into the sardine pack of the sidewalk, and suddenly, so chanting, thousands of voices began to boom beneath the bier.

"Sistah Delilah, Sistah Delilah, Sistah Delilah's on de pearly road. Oh, Lord—Oh, Lord."

Hoisted, chair and all, into an open automobile, rode the old gentleman, leading the procession along with Bea and Flake.

"They mustn't make you ride this way in an open car!" Flake had expostulated.

"It's the way she wanted it. Don't let any one else in except John, beside father. That empty seat is for—some one. Delilah wanted it so."

Led by two brass bands, by the bearers of the banners of the societies honoring the deceased, twenty-five carriages, filled with only about one-fiftieth of the brethren who had fought for place, the horse-drawn cavalcade moved into slow procession along the highway of upper Seventh Avenue.

"Great Scott, this is awful! They are taking movies. Look at that crowd!"

"She would have wanted it."

"I know, dear, but it's terrible. Let's have the top put up."

"No, she would have wanted it this way."

"Didn't know there were so many people in the world. Poor Bea, it will be a queer world without Delilah."

"If only," Bea said, trying to talk through her tight throat, "if only she could have waited a few more days. It's—terrible for Jessie not to have Delilah to come home to."

"She'll have you, darling. Poor dear darling—"

NOT even the barrage of snapshots during the past three summers, and the flying visits home prepared the way for the slim marvel of this adult Jessie.

"It's your legs, darling! They're so long that when you rise to your feet I need an introduction to you."

"That's the way I feel about you, Bea. You're still yourself, but you're also different. You've grown so young! I miss your whalebones, darling, and your starched panties, and much as I admire the new way in which you make connections with your hats, I somehow can't get used to you."

The mutual adventure of timid exploration took place that first week between these two, to whom each hour revealed surprises.

"Bea, look at this letterhead I found! I'd no idea you were on the board of trustees of the Alton Trust Company!"

"Why, child, what are these? Water colors signed by you, and I never even knew you could hold a brush! Why, Jessie, I love them. I'm going to hang this sailboat one in the front room."

"Over my dead body. You see, sometimes when I'm driven to live up to being my mother's daughter, I try to cultivate an urge. But I haven't one really, Bea,

SUGAR HOUSE

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except to be happy. No ambish' is what ails me."

"No what?"

"No cosmic urge beyond a yen for a castle in Spain or in Fishrow, where I can dig in for all the permanent things that are said not to interest my generation. Just a plain home girl, ma, willing to shed her dancing sandals for any simple lad who can support her in even greater style than that to which she is accustomed."

JESSIE, talk to me really—about the things you think."

"Of course I will. I'm finished being awed by you. There's something almost human about you these days. You're as grand as ever, dearest, but you are different. I'd say you're in love or something."

"Jessie, now that you're making it easy for me, there is something I do want to say to you."

"I know. You're dead right. Don't feel delicate about rubbing it in. I'm a lazy, aimless—"

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes. No matter who you are nowadays, you're supposed to have an urge. Muriel Stroheim, in my class, with twelve million in her own name, is learning to make beds and change dressings in the American Hospital in Paris. Vicky Ness, whose father owns half of Buffalo, is coming back to beg a job on one of his newspapers. If I had any gumption I'd be your right-hand man by now. Or at least, out on my own, making good."

"You don't understand, darling! I don't want you for my right-hand man or anybody's right-hand man, except right-hand man to your own personal happiness. You see, dear, I've reached the point in my life—"

"Speaking of right-hand men, where is the immaculate snowflake? The boy beautiful who has developed into the boy wonder?"

"Oh, Flake will be back from his last trip any day now. That's why I want to talk to you, Jessie. I want to tell you what kind of a mother the daughter has—"

"I wonder if you've any idea how much time I've given to studying this daughter's mother. Why I know more about you this minute than you probably know about yourself."

"Perhaps. But there's one thing— Oh, Jessie, why am I so anxious for the Universal Sales Association to buy my business? Why am I passing up this opportunity to travel and see the world and establish a European chain? Why am I giving up everything in order to build our kennel in Fishrow?"

"Because you're tired —"

"Oh, darling, so tired! I can't bear the thought of business any more. I'm too tired. I haven't the energy left. Jessie, a part of my body, a part of my spirit, a part of my mind that seems to have never come to life, is actually awake now. I'm greedy, Jessie, for what I've missed. I'm demanding it of myself. I'm demanding it from you. Your rights still come first, but granting me mine will not rob you of yours. We'll build our kennel just the same, dear. The most beautiful kennel in the world. You and me and—"

"You darling Bea. I don't know what it's all about, but I'm for it. We'll dig into Fishrow together, ma. Retirement of B. Pullman Stirs Wall Street. Declines Offer to Establish European System of B. Pullmans. Why, who knows, darling, you may even decide to settle down to romance. Only I couldn't bear that! Now I've got you, I mean to keep you."

It was simply no use. The way for Bea to tell her story would have to be by leaping into the middle of it. "Jessie, I am in love with Flake. I want to marry him. I promise to subtract nothing from your life, but to add immeasurably to it." That way she must plunge.

But with all this still unspoken, Bea tucked Jessie into bed. Then she walked into her own room where she found upon her dressing table, a box of thirty-six red roses and a telegram from Cleveland, announcing Flake's return.

It was, Bea told herself again and again

during a wakeful night, it was really better so.

Especially now since the telegram announcing Flake's coming back. There would be so much less to explain, once Jessie had observed with her own eyes her transcending love for him.

Let them meet first. They were little more than dim images to one another. Let them meet now. Then gradually—

And that was precisely how it seemed to happen. If at first the full-fledged maturity of Jessie had the effect of creating a certain reserve in Flake, the same was true of Jessie.

"Thank God," thought Bea to her fevered self that first evening the three of them had dined at the hotel, "that I didn't tell her anything in advance."

"Would you have known her, Gerald, if you had met her on the street?"

"If I had met her at the docks, I would have searched for the same leggy youngster Delilah used to cart into the office."

"But I'd have known you, except that I might have taken you for your older brother."

"You've grown pretty."

"You've grown handsome."

"You should hear, Gerald, some of her ideas for the house!"

"A castle in Spain, perhaps?"

"Not a bit of it. A castle in Fishrow that will make you and Bea want to build a bonfire of all your old blue prints."

"Let's drive over to the lot after dinner, Gerald. Jessie's new ideas make it exciting!"

"Yes, let's. The days of castle building in Spain are over for the Pullman family. I hereby nominate us three as the Break Dirt Committee for Number Nine Fishrow!"

We three. How fortunately she had not made any revelations! How much better for it to happen this way! We three! These two were hers. Bea's eyes, with the impulse for tears across them, felt thick and warm as she fastened them on the yellow radiance that was Jessie. Underneath the table, for the first time, she let her hand rest lightly for an instant on Flake's knee.

These two were hers!

LATER, as they drove in the darkness over to Fishrow, her gloved hand held Jessie's hand, and her body, conscious of Flake's long flank, yielded, ever so slightly, to his pressure.

Why not? Jessie would be the first to understand. A married spinster had begot Jessie for a stranger called B. Pullman. Locked into her, frozen in her up to now, had been the stream of life.

The lights of Fishrow, except for the Pullman empty lot, shone in lamps at windows and in fanlights over doorways. "Block Beautiful," born of her sleepless nights, her loans, notes, mortgages, collateral, was now about to yield her a castle.

How often had she and Delilah, seated in this same soft gloom, erected that castle! And presently the three of them, hand in hand over the spongy dampness of her vacant lot, were imagining this castle.

"It's too beautiful! Fancy living right in the heart of New York with the river lapping your garden wall. If only we had more width! I've the grandest idea! Bea, is the Grinnelle place next door for sale?"

"Yes."

"Why don't we buy it and tear it down?"

"Why, child, that house is only three years old."

"But, Bea, we're rich, aren't we? Didn't you spend all morning drawing up a rough outline of a letter rejecting a million-dollar offer on the European chain? What's two hundred thousand, darling? With those extra feet of width look at the frontage we could have. River rooms for all of us, even a week-end room for Gerald."

"By Jove, the girl's bright. Buying in the Grinnelle place won't be a luxury; it's a necessity."

"Look, Gerald, how we could manage! By dropping the dining room a few feet lower than the living room, and doing away with walls between, you get the sweep of one huge room and yet the effect of two."

"And say, why not carry out the same

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idea upstairs between your bed and sitting room?"

"Exactly. And I know a way to do convex windows! A girl I visited in Nice lives in a villa where every window is slightly convex, so that it does nothing much to the exterior of the house, but makes all sorts of little bays within."

"Say, that's great! Give me a room with window seats every time."

"Shows your lazy temperament."

"You don't mean that."

"Every word of it. But seriously, Gerald, come here and I'll show you what I mean. Look up. Imagine that room up there. Say it's your week-end one over the library. Both your windows, in case you want to sit around of an evening, or fool with your medical books, or—"

"In case I want to sit of an evening with medical books or—with you—"

"Of course, if you won't be serious—"

"Don't look at me like that. I am capable of only one idea at a time."

Who would have thought Flake could unbend like that to Jessie's nonsense. Once or twice on the drive home Bea gave back shyly what seemed to be the pressure of his body against hers, while the two of them, her two, having struck a key of delightful persiflage, spun laughter into the darkness.

FOLLOWING that first luncheon at the Sky Top Club, where the major issues were skirted over, flurries of rumors began to fly.

Negotiations for the out-and-out sale of the B. Pullman interests became "street" gossip. There was anxiety on the part of Universal Sales Association not to have the news leak out. Both on the part of USA and B. Pullman, Inc., comments were denied, and for ten days, while two sets of corporation lawyers sat in preliminary conferences, B. Pullman remained within the walls of her apartment.

This brief and enforced seclusion to escape the press made possible for her a little oasis of days the like of which she had not enjoyed since the time when, as a small-waisted, large-pompadoured bride, she had sat sewing in the little house on Arctic Avenue.

"I suppose," she confided to Jessie, "that I ought to be chafing to get back to the marts of men. But I'm not! So far as I'm concerned, these preliminaries could go on forever. I want to stay right here at home."

"Oh, Bea, if your public could only hear you now!"

"I'm a curtain hemmer at heart. A totter of some man's carpet slippers."

"Bea, were you ever in love with my father?"

"Why, Jessie, I don't know what you mean."

"You do. Only the Arctic Avenue in you won't let you be frank about it. I'll answer for you. No, you weren't."

Now, now! Now was the time! "Jessie, you're right. My marriage to your father was the marriage of a sleeping spirit which he never succeeded in awakening. That had to wait eighteen years. For Flake. That's why I'm greedy. I'm forty, sweet. Let me have what is left. I'm not sure that Flake is any more awake than I was twenty years ago, but he's mine, Jessie. Let me have him, darling."

Here, if ever, was opportunity to tear these words out of her silence. Here, if ever! The two of them hunched on the chaise longue in Jessie's room. Opportunity was at hand.

"Jessie, you and I, because of the strangeness of our lives, haven't had the opportunity up to this precious present to get really acquainted."

"Don't I know it! I've stood in awe of you for years. No two ways about it. Up to now I've always shared the idea of the teachers at school and of everybody who ever heard I was my mother's daughter. Thrilling and all that to be the daughter of a famous mother, but too grand for comfort. But it's this selling the business or perhaps my discovering for myself how human you are, has thawed all the awe out of me. I'm crazy about you, Bea. Not just admiration and being impressed. I think you're such a darling."

"Oh, Jessie, now that we are this way, so close—things that would have been difficult to discuss have suddenly—"

SUGAR HOUSE

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"Don't I know! Easier to say. Bea, darling, I'm so happy—so ridiculously happy. Oh, ma, don't look at me. If you do, I'll cry."

"Jessie, what do you mean?"

"Nothing; that's the ridiculous part. I only know that I'm happy, Bea. Happier than I've ever been in my life."

"Silly. Has it to do with being home?"

"Yes."

"With me?"

"Yes."

"Is it—Fishrow—"

"No. Yes. Oh, Bea, don't you see—"

Strangely enough, to what was to be her subsequent despair, she did not see.

THAT she did not see was almost immediately to be borne in upon Bea's humiliation in heaping coals.

The growing tautness of Flake, which at first she attributed to the importunings of USA that in the event of sale he remain on



with the new combine for a minimum period of three years, was obviously of deeper source.

There was something apprehensive in his manner. And then came the occasion, as she entered the room one evening where he sat poring over blue prints with Jessie, that Bea, placing her hand lightly on his shoulder, had felt his body start to its feet, as if to throw it off.

Here was every indication that under the strain she was imposing upon him, Flake was breaking. Jessie or no Jessie, the time was at hand, the time had come! But there was Jessie.

From her position on the other side of Flake as he rose at that touch, it was almost as if Jessie, who now sat on a cushion at his feet, must have slid there from his knees.

The thought almost stopped Bea's heart, and then it passed away. Why, these two were giggling. They were feet apart and apparently had been hard at the blue prints for Number Nine, because the curled sheets lay between them, and as for the brightness on the face of Jessie, that was constantly there these days like a floodlight—like a flood of brightness. But still Bea did not see.

Over years of strange, foreign nights filled with tormenting musings, she was never to cease to marvel over that.

Over years of letters from them, of affection, of deepest nostalgia for her return, and later, over the first scrawled letters of their children, all three born in Fishrow, Bea was never to cease to marvel at what had been the paralysis of her perceptions.

THE seeing, when it did come, she cried out to herself from the fastnesses of hotel suites at Deauville, the Crillon in Paris, the Savoy in London, or the Australia in Sydney, had to be ground into her consciousness as concretely as gravel under a heel.

For years, in the constant peregrinations of her affairs, while her enterprises joined hands around the world, that thought was to continue to torment her.

She practically had to be told in words of one syllable, when an ounce of intuition would have spared her son-in-law a future of abjectness in her presence. As a matter of fact, it would have spared them both the self-consciousness which was forever to caparison their manner, and which was ultimately to condemn her more and more

to prolonged absences from the home in Fishrow where her grandchildren were growing up to regard her as a legend.

She never ceased to be abashed at the feebleness of her perceptions. She should have been able that night, not only to grasp but to hold the revelation that Jessie, at her entrance into the room, had slid from Flake's embrace.

Not only, as she walked in upon them, did the flash of her initial impression of these two in the propinquity of an embrace streak across her mind, but immediate contrition for the thought flooded her.

Plain to see all that had happened was this:

Her touch upon his shoulder, spurring him to his feet, had been something, something more than he could bear. Jessie or no Jessie, the time had come!

"Jessie, I need to talk to Gerald. Will you leave us alone?"

"Of course," said Jessie, rising from her cushion, as if glad to be released from an uncomfortable moment.

"Gerald," Bea said, in their sudden aloneness, and went toward him.

Since her return Jessie had rearranged the lights of the living room so that they were dimmer and pinker, and suddenly Bea felt grateful for their protective glow.

"Gerald, I know you're hurt with me. I know you're baffled with me. But the reason I haven't let this thing happen as—as it started to before Jessie came, is because I've been playing for time. I've wanted to tell her—prepare her—silly nonsense thinking I owed it to her. Gerald, shall we both tell Jessie—now—together? My dear, am I being terrible— If I've been crazy, dreaming, tell me, my boy. I thought that everything between us—in spite of the fact that it has never quite been spoken out—was—as real—as your hand on that table. Gerald, are you about to tell me that the thing that has been between you and me has existed—only in my imagination?"

"Good God, a man like me—one-tenth your caliber—to have to tell a woman like you—the lay of land between us. You're right. Of course I came to know what was brewing in that blessed head and heart of yours. I—was biding my time—glad that you were biding yours, in order to make sure that what was happening to me was not some quirk in my brain."

"A man, I kept telling myself, would be insane not to want it. A woman like you. Me, actually having the power to interest a woman like you! I don't know, Bea, I don't honestly know how it all would have come out. Only now—now I know what a terrible mistake has been averted—for you as much as for me, Bea. God, what a mess!"

SHE tried to draw his palms away from his closed eyes.

"Why, Gerald, there is no mess. Everything is what it has been, but I'm through playing for time. I haven't any pride where you are concerned. Only humility, and the passionate desire to try to return some measure of the happiness you have given me. Age is not necessarily a matter of years, Gerald. My capacity for loving—"

"For God's sake," he cried, turning his body away from her, "for God's sake—don't make me have to speak plainer—"

On his turning, the door swung open to Jessie in her canary-colored frock.

"Did you call, Bea? Of course I know you didn't. But I've been so afraid he might be the first to tell you. Darling, has he? Of course he hasn't! As a matter of fact he hasn't quite told himself. He's a terrible lover, ma. Blows hot. Blows cold. In mortal awe of you. Would escape if he could. Couldn't if he would. But I love him and he loves me. Relieve his terror, and give us your blessing, Bea."

Here was the scene which was to be preserved so perfectly in the retina of her mind's eyes, that looking back at it across the years, the living picture of it, even to the yellow of a frock and the smear of anguish across a face, were never to grow dim.

They were so young, standing there—so right.

Joy of an immemorial kind surged through Bea's terror.

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THE MINX

Continued from page 17

woman of considerable experience in such affairs"—it was as if Sir John underlined these words, although he spoke as lightly as ever—"may prefer greater circumspection. Hold off, my boy! You'll lose nothing." He pressed his nephew's elbow with kindness, watching the effect of that subtle emphasis.

It was immediate, but almost imperceptible. Into Jack's eyes flew a realization of Sir John's meaning, but his quick turn of suspicion told him nothing. For a moment there was silence. Jack's face grew very red. His mouth was sharply closed.

Then Sir John looked at his watch. "God bless my soul!" he ejaculated, rising. "Come, Jack; we'll sleep on this, I think." To himself, speaking as it were for both of them, he murmured, "But shall we sleep at all?"

"SIR JOHN," asked Millicent abruptly, "have you ever seen a man condemned to death?"

They had lunched—Mrs. Caister, Millicent, Sir John, and Jack—in Monte Carlo; and now, pierced by a cold breeze, they were strolling in brilliant sunshine. Jack was ahead, with Mrs. Caister. He constantly looked round, as if with anxiety, while Millicent, in a becoming dress of light blue, with an enchantingly absurd small parasol to match, demurely walked, a few yards behind, with Sir John.

"I have," answered Sir John.

"Somebody you'd been against? What does it feel like?" questioned Millicent.

"Horrible," he told her. "And yet bitterly satisfying. The more serious the charge, and the consequences, the more anxious one is—"

"To convict?" she quickly suggested.

"No," replied Sir John. "At any rate, not to convict without certainty. The atmosphere of the court is very tense." Sir John glanced aside at her. Millicent's face was averted.

"But if a person has done wrong?" she presently asked.

"Then to convict—yes," said the lawyer. "Dreadful. Do you imagine the man's feelings?" she inquired.

"You think a little of the victim—of the victims," said he.

"Ah, yes, but I was thinking—" He did not clearly catch the next words because she had lowered her head and had turned away. He thought he heard "society—an individual—one's self."

"You think that to understand all is to pardon all?" Sir John asked smoothly.

"No. No. Not wickedness," she answered. There was a hesitation. "But foolishness—if it could be explained?"

They had not met upon the previous day. It had been understood that Millicent was visiting friends; but Sir John knew that, in fact, the girl had not left the hotel. Why?

"The foolish have a way of injuring others as well as themselves," he told her. "When they're found out they wish they'd been—shall we say more careful? But you have to remember that they're only frightened. They haven't really changed. Do you think they have?"

AGAIN she turned away. They walked on in silence. Far below the startlingly blue waters shimmered and the white buildings gleamed; the sky overhead was cloudless. Trees and shrubs, scattered here and there in the vista, made pleasant dark-green resting places for the eyes. It was a dazzling, spectacular scene.

As if she wished to thrust aside the menace of his words, Millicent looked about her—at the sun-bathed, shuttered houses; at the gardens and the distant sea. He could not tell what her expression was. His own eyes were curiously intent, as if he were listening and watching. Presently she said in a subdued voice:

"I've wanted so much to meet you, Sir John. From the first time I ever met Jack." Sir John stiffened. His eyes were almost closed. He waited. Stammering, she continued, "He's idolatrous, you know. He makes one afraid. It's rather too bad."

A gleam of mischief! Sir John was surprised. His interest quickened. There was more here than he had expected. There was character. He must not lose touch with it.

"I've taken care of him since he was a child," he responded blandly.

"Great care, I'm sure," said Millicent. She sounded innocent.

"Great care," agreed Sir John more ominously.

For a moment he supposed that he had met sarcasm with irony; but Millicent's lips had parted in a quick smile, and her eyes had warmed.

"He's awfully young," she went on, unchecked. "Young and unspoiled. I think you've been very—very marvelous, you know. Because, although he's young, he's—"

"Yes?" inquired Sir John at that long pause.

"Well, one likes him," said Millicent, smiling again. "He's not a bore."

"There was no perceptible delay. Sir John's voice was quite sweet, but he asked very significantly, 'Does one like him as a child? Or as a man?'"

Millicent bit her lip. She delayed. She did not look at Sir John. At last, "As a friend," she answered demurely. Then, as if quite serious, "He's a good friend. That's one of the rarest things a woman finds. It's better than almost anything else."

"Almost," murmured Sir John dryly.

"Almost," she insisted, paling under his unconcealed scrutiny.

"But you're very young, Miss Gilbert. Very young and, may I say, very attractive."

"Young and very lonely. Not young and innocent. I don't pretend that. Or do I?" she asked.

"I'm not in your confidence," stated Sir John.

"Would you like to be?" she asked. "I'm an orphan too, you know. Sir John, I wish with all my heart that I'd had somebody like you to watch over me."

"But, surely—" began Sir John courteously.

"Don't pretend! Oh, don't pretend! I've been desperately in need of a friend all my life," she said in a breaking voice.

SO, HO! Sir John saw daylight. He almost grinned. "Then why not make a friend of me?" he asked.

She drew her breath quickly.

"Do you mean that?" she demanded with excitement.

"We must have been dawdling," she said radiantly. It was to Sir John that she spoke, with familiar, intimate mock reproach; and Sir John smiled suavely to Jack, concealing grim exultation. By God, he had saved the boy! She had bitten! "We'll be with you at once," he announced. "Don't leave Mrs. Caister standing in this wind, my boy."

SIR JOHN'S room was upon the second floor of the hotel, and it overlooked the sea. He always breakfasted upon the balcony, basking in the morning sun and watching the early promenaders, at first few, and then, as the hour advanced, increasingly numerous. He could have stayed here for half the day with pleasure, so great was his delight in passive observation.

But it was also his habit at night, when the air was less favorable to the act of sitting out of doors, to stand leaning upon the balustrade in cap and overcoat. The roadway below was as nearly as possible deserted, but the moonlight, the mysterious water, the sparkling lamps, and the general darkness filled his meditations with melancholy satisfaction.

A week after his conversation with Millicent, while regarding the world at night from this altitude, he became aware of two dark figures in the roadway below. They were in each other's company, but apart, walking quickly. One of them was obviously feminine, for her outline was slighter and—because she wore a cloak of some pale color—more ghostly. The other was a tall man.

Sir John heard, very distantly, a voice speaking sharply, as if in despair, and saw the slighter figure throw out a hand, as if in protest or as if to silence her companion. Stooping, this figure then ran forward a few steps; while the other followed, again crying out. The two were then lost to sight. They did not reappear.

His heart beating more rapidly with a faint excitement, Sir John realized that these two had entered the hotel. Some instinct, or unconscious recognition of gesture, told him that they were Millicent and Jack. That which he had foreseen had happened.

Sir John withdrew into his room, closing



FRANK SWINNERTON has been a busy publisher all his life, accepting and refusing manuscripts; but the most important part of his work was done in the evenings and

week-ends, when he devoted himself to his own writing in his study at Old Tokesfield, his delightful sixteenth-century stone cottage in Surrey, England.

He is a charming host and loves to take his friends walking through the flower gardens and old orchards that surround his home, and displays his rows of growing vegetables with pride.

If you do not care for that reddish, pointed beard overlook it, since it was grown at the order of a doctor.

Frank Swinnerton's many books have been popular on both sides of the Atlantic. His latest book is "The Georgian House."

"Of course," Sir John said with every appearance of sincerity.

"Oh, glory!" she cried.

"I say, you two!" came Jack's impatient voice. His shadow fell upon them. They looked up and saw him, dazzlingly fair and young in that brilliant sunshine, his eyes dark with a kind of jealous anger. "We've been waiting for you. Come along!"

Millicent's eyes were turned first to Jack and then to Sir John. She laughed at the contrast between them—Jack all excitement; Sir John unruffled, all-seeing, all-understanding.

the windows. Without knowing what he did, he slowly drew off his overcoat and hung it soberly upon a hook, throwing his cap upon a table. He did not switch on the light, and the room remained accordingly in a kind of tranquil dusk, lighted only by the cold ray of the moon.

Every object was palely illumined, blanched and rendered beautiful and mysterious. Still overwhelmed by what he had seen, Sir John turned to a chair and sank into it. His hands came together. His head was bent forward. He might have been praying.

Some expectation caused him to listen

intently. He had not long to wait. There came a knock at his door. Then, for one instant, Sir John hesitated. Should he open? He had never been wanting in courage, but a sensation of dread assailed him as he went to the door and as he stepped back from it. Jack stood without. He came into the room as if in a dream, standing upright in the shadow. Sir John could see that he was deeply agitated. When he spoke his voice was dry and hard. "Well, it's over," he said hoarsely. "Over!"

"Jack!" Sir John caught the boy by the elbow. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry? You meant it to be, didn't you?" whispered Jack in a terrible tone. "You meant it to be. You came, meaning to stop it. You succeeded. Oh, God!"

"Sit down, my boy," pleaded his uncle.

"No! I couldn't. I've simply come here—I mean, I—I suppose you plotted and planned—oh, but, my God! How could she? And you! Both so much loved. Both of you. My two—my god and goddess. And both to cheat me, fool me, break me like this! How could you?"

HE WAS haggard and trembling, as near to tears as he had been for half his life.

"Come," said Sir John quickly, impatiently. "You mustn't talk so recklessly. What is it you say has happened?"

Jack gave a laugh.

"You ask? Absurd! You know what has happened. According to plan. She's refused me."

"And the world's at an end?" asked Sir John with bitter scorn. "It will pass."

"Never! It's my life!" cried the boy.

"In six months you'll have forgotten her," asserted his uncle.

"Never, I tell you. Not this. And that you—" He raised his hands in the air, as if in amazement. "I saw it. I saw it suddenly as I came up the stairs. Of course, you'd arranged it. You and she. You made up your mind—"

"I made up my mind," agreed Sir John coldly.

"To ruin me," said Jack.

"To save you," said Sir John.

"Save me? What from?" Jack seemed genuinely taken aback. "To save me from her? What folly! You don't know what you've done! You've ruined me—killed everything I had."

"Come, Jack; be quiet. You're beside yourself." Sir John spoke sternly. "Enough of this. You don't know what you're saying."

Jack uttered a vehement exclamation.

"Hypocrite! I feel as if I could kill you!" he almost shouted. "No, not kill, but wound—stab—injure, as I've been injured." His hands were raised again above his head, but not in violence.

As he caught sight of them he stared, brought his arms again to his sides, and stood very quietly by the door. Sir John thought he was smiling. They faced each other for a moment, both erect. At last, in a low tone, Jack continued, "You think she loves you. You think— Poor fool! You're wrong. Ridiculously wrong. And you'll find it out."

"If? Good Heavens!" cried Sir John.

He took a step forward. Too late—the door of his room had slammed. He was alone.

THE next morning Sir John received a note:

DEAR SIR JOHN: I should like to see you, without being seen. It is important and urgent. Will you suggest something?—M. G.

To which Sir John replied:

DEAR MISS GILBERT: I will be in a car outside the restaurant Panier d'Or at ten o'clock; and we will drive in the mountains.—J. R.

At ten o'clock they were in a car, skidding upon the sets beside the white tramcars which run along the road toward San Raphael.

Sir John had seen in the instant of greeting that she was pale and languid. For a few moments, therefore, as they drove, he made no effort to force conversation; and indeed there was an unfamiliar confusedness in his mind that made speech a matter of difficulty. How pretty she was! How apparently sweet and candid!

Continued on page 79

Uncontrollably, as they neared that turn in the road which begins the impressive ascent to the mountains, he smiled. A little hand stole forward, to be pressed gently in his own. Then, breathlessly, Millicent exclaimed: "You may have guessed what I wanted to see you about."

"I know," said Sir John. "I saw Jack." "You saw him? Last night? Poor boy!" She was silent. "And you blame me?" "On the contrary," he said.

She sighed. "Sir John, you said you would be my friend. I feel you are my friend. I don't pretend to you. Or at least I pretend as little as I can."

"You pretend beautifully," said Sir John. "You think that? Splendid!" Millicent said. She was momentarily disconcerted. Then she smiled in return, with great simplicity. "I want to tell you about myself. The truth. I don't know how much you've heard."

"Probably less than you suppose," Sir John answered.

"But more than the truth?" questioned Millicent.

"I believe that is quite usual," he responded.

Millicent nodded gravely.

"Yes. I told you I was an orphan. Not only that, but with a little money. I was rather precocious. When I was nineteen I met a man who attracted me very much. I wasn't in love with him, but I was flattered. He pretended to be charmed with me—perhaps he was—and I didn't realize that he was bent on ruining me. He didn't succeed, but there was some unpleasantness. You know?"

"I know," agreed Sir John. "His name was Matcham."

"I was dismissed from the suit, but I had suffered a lot. I was cold-shouldered. Wherever I went I felt that people were whispering about me. If I met a decent man or a decent woman I always found that the whisper hurried on to separate us. For a time I grew reckless. I felt that good people were all horrid, and that I was a lost soul."

"In a sense, you were," said Sir John.

"In a sense I was," Millicent agreed. "Then I met a man—another married man! And I fell in love with him. Perhaps he did with me—I shall never know. He died That was three years ago."

For a time she could not speak.

"I've never done anything I consider wrong. I've always tried to do no harm to anybody; but I've had five years of wretchedness because of my affair with Harry Matcham. I swear to you it was innocent, Sir John."

"I believe you," said Sir John in a very low tone. "I am your friend."

"Thank God!" She was struggling to restrain tears. "I must finish. I must go on. Three months ago I met Jack. I liked him very much. He was good to me. I thought—I thought—"

SHE could not continue. When at last she did so, it was to say, "I thought he loved me. I tried to tell him something about myself. He stopped me—he didn't understand. But I had made up my mind that if he asked me to marry him I'd say, 'Yes.' I was so tired of having nobody. I told myself that I'd been as honest as I need with him. I encouraged him. I thought it was settled. And then you came. I saw at once that it wouldn't do."

"You thought I had come—" he said. "It was obvious. I knew you wouldn't allow it," Millicent interrupted.

"My dear Millicent!" Sir John exclaimed.

"Wisely. Wisely. I saw him as you see him. I knew that he'd marry me, and find out all I hadn't told him. I knew everybody would take care that he should know. I saw that he'd be horrified, then it would break his heart. He's a boy, Sir John. I'm a woman. It was no good."

"No," said Sir John with white lips. "It was no good. You're quite right."

Again she gave a sigh, but it was a sigh of relief.

"Well," she said. "That's all. I shall go back to England to-morrow, and he won't see me again. He'll forget me. Do you think he will?"

THE MINX

Continued from page 78

"I'm sure he won't," replied Sir John. At this she burst out crying.

"You're so cruelly kind!" she stammered as Sir John took her hand. "So kind and so cruel! But how I bless you for saying that!"

Sir John quietly released her hand.

"There is something more," he said. "Having refused to marry Jack, is it possible that you would do me the honor of marrying me?"

They had not moved, and had not spoken another word, when they became aware of a mighty humming upon the road behind them. Their driver looked back apprehensively. A large car was thundering up the narrow road. They could see it upon a bend behind them; then it vanished. The noise came nearer; a flash of silver seemed to catch all the light that crossed the mountains from the south. An instant later the big car shot past them, and with a storm of stones and loose fragments of the red mountain side it left their car standing.

"It's Jack!" screamed Millicent.

"Good God!" Sir John started forward.

THEN both uttered a cry of horror; for the big car, approaching the following corner, had been confronted by another car, coming from the opposite direction. Jack had swerved; his wheels had skidded; he had disappeared!

Fainting, Millicent clung to Sir John. Their own chauffeur, having braked hard, shouted, waving his arms. The car which had so suddenly appeared came to a dead stop, unharmed. Its occupants craned their necks, looking back along the road. They descended and ran, while Sir John, flinging open the door of their car, jumped

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Embroidery

out. His face was ashen. He was an old man. He could hardly stand.

"Drive on!" he cried to the chauffeur. "Drive on—there!" Pointing a trembling finger, he stumbled back into Millicent's arms.

"HE'LL live," they said at the hospital.

"Yes, he'll live." And Sir John and Millicent, having waited for this news in anguish, were too thankful to demand more. They had gone about, alone or together, for days of uncertainty, while Jack, broken and unconscious, lay beyond reach of their sympathy.

They had not been strangers in that period of waiting, but they had seemed to be paralyzed. Both had sought the company of Mrs. Caister, who was always ready to put aside her game of patience in order to comfort one or other of her friends.

"Because, you know," she told Sir John, "I really do feel that there's something good in that girl. If she weren't a—well, call it a minx—I think she'd be extremely nice. Don't you think so, Sir John?"

"Quite," agreed Sir John absently.

"She's been quite admirable with Jack, of course," Mrs. Caister declared.

"Admirable," said Sir John.

"And had a marvelous effect. The nurses told me. When she went in he left off raving, you know. Quite quiet. Went to sleep holding her hand. I think—it seems a little cruel—but I think there was a danger there, Sir John."

"Yes, very cruel," said Sir John. "I beg your pardon; yes, certainly a danger."

"But that's over, of course," she said. "Yes," said Sir John thoughtfully.

"I'm so glad," added Mrs. Caister.

Millicent came into the lounge at that moment, and crossed to them.

"He's quite conscious," she said. "Almost boisterous. He insists on getting better. They let me stay for half an hour."

Sir John gave her a swift look without speaking. He did not smile, but in his eyes there was an expression of confidence that made a smile unnecessary.

It was Mrs. Caister who protested, "But he can't really—I mean, they told you, didn't they?"

"He may not walk again, Mrs. Caister," said Millicent steadily. "They think he won't. I'm going to make him. Perhaps he'll astonish us."

"It would, certainly," murmured Mrs. Caister.

Presently Millicent and Sir John went out together, and for a walk along the Croisset. The evening breeze had risen and was blowing a little strongly. Specks of light were popping up here and there in the enchanting smoky grayness that would last but an instant. Figures loomed, then passed. Gradually they grew more indistinct. At last Millicent and Sir John were alone in the darkness.

"WHAT good news it is!" murmured Sir John. "The best; or if not the best, better than we had hoped."

"It is very good," said Millicent.

"Will he see me?" asked Sir John.

"Soon. He wants to," she answered.

"He really wants to?" he questioned, gratified.

"Yes," Millicent said. She had taken Sir John's arm, as if to give herself confidence. He felt her hand trembling there, and bent toward her. She was shivering.

"You're cold," he said.

"No," she replied. Her other hand was upon his arm. Sir John's heart sank. He faltered for an instant. His lips were dry. Then he said, as if to set her at ease, "The doctor must be very grateful to you. You've given him laurels. Because it is really you who have saved Jack's life."

"Yes," whispered Millicent.

"You'll bring him back to health and strength," Sir John affirmed.

"Yes," she responded.

"And happiness," he continued.

There was a silence. He saw that her head was lower, that it was nearly as low as his arm; but he did not hear any response to his speech. So he added:

"And your own, I think, I hope."

"John," Millicent said, "I've said that I'll marry him."

"Yes," she heard in that low voice of his that was never strained and never inaudible. "I felt sure you must have done that."

She was crying, pressing his arm to her side.

"I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" she sobbed. "You'll be all alone."

"Hush, my darling," continued Sir John. He held her closely, and could feel the convulsive trembling of her body. "I'm glad. I'm glad. It's what I've wished. It isn't what I've hoped; but I must learn not to be so selfish. At my age it isn't seemly."

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THE PACE OF THE ARTS

A monthly survey of the outstanding events in the creative world

by LLOYD MORRIS

Painting

IN FEBRUARY, an exhibition of seven pictures furnished a climax for one of the strangest stories in the annals of American art.

These pictures were the work of Louis M. Eilshemius. Until about two years ago Eilshemius was probably the most ridiculed painter in America. Now approaching his seventieth year, he began to paint when little more than a boy. At about the same time he began to write, and to compose music.

For two years his pictures were accepted and exhibited by the National Academy. But the hospitality of this citadel of conservatism proved uncongenial. Eilshemius quarreled with the academy officials. He submitted no more pictures.

That was about forty years ago. He then embarked upon the campaign of publicity which, until lately, made his name a byword for ridicule in the art world. His versatility in the arts was its keynote. In letters to editors, in an angry stream of pamphlets, Eilshemius announced himself as a world genius.

A master mind, a mahatma, the peer of Michelangelo and Shakespeare: no pretension daunted his conceit. People laughed, then grew bored, then forgot him—when he gave them a chance. But they scarcely ever looked at his work.

Some fifteen years ago a little group of radical artists "discovered" Eilshemius. That is, they examined his pictures. What they saw amazed them. They hailed him as a great painter, a neglected American primitive. Eilshemius, who didn't regard this as news, continued to paint and pour out his fiery pamphlets. A few of his pictures were exhibited. And nothing happened.

About a year ago a New York gallery "sprang" on the public, in two successive weeks, two exhibitions of his work, covering the forty years of his career. The critics were puzzled but enthusiastic.

Here, some of them reported, was an authentically American painter of high rank. A poetic painter, like Ryder. A mystic, like Blakelock. A notable delineator of landscape, like Inness. Eilshemius, it appeared, was capable of producing with excellence in a variety of styles. He had always said so himself.

Last summer his work was exhibited in Paris. French artists and critics proclaimed him a master. The French Government bought one of his pictures for the Luxembourg. And over here more than fifty of his paintings were purchased by museums and private collectors. You will find him represented in the Metropolitan, the Cleveland, and the Detroit Museum, the Duncan Phillips Memorial in Washington, and in such collections as that of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Belated honor has not made him happy. He doesn't seem concerned by what is happening to his paintings. Perhaps success came too late.



Music

FULLY as aristocratic as the splendor that is Shan-Kar's dancing is the singing revealed to American audiences by the Vienna Saengerknaben. This choir of boy singers was founded by Maximilian of Austria in 1498, and under the present republic the Saengerknaben choir has become a state school of music.

It is fascinating to hear these lads of from eight to fifteen years. Their repertoire is amazing. It includes

early church music, folk songs, the wonderful masses by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as well as secular songs and a couple of operas by Mozart and Haydn, which they do in costume.

Of course, they sing with remarkable brilliance and the purity that can be found in the trained voices of young boys, a purity that is rarely found in any other type of voice. But more interesting is the quite apparent delight they find in their own singing and the music. It is when they do the works of Mozart that their high, flute-like voices completely transcend any effect within the range of adult singers.



The Theater

AN ITALIAN marionette show that has been famous in Europe for nearly a generation is the most diverting novelty the theater has had to offer recently. It is Vittorio Podrecca's "Teatro dei Piccoli."

The program includes vaudeville turns, parodies, ballets, a stylized circus, and comic opera. The Italian artist probably could not conceive of the sacrilege of including grand opera. When you have seen this company perform you can understand why dramatists like Yeats and scene designers like Gordon Craig have wished to substitute puppets for actors.

"Autumn Crocus" is certainly the most moving among the current plays, perhaps because it is sentimental tragedy in a minor key. There really is something very close to simplicity in the story that deals with an English schoolmistress on holiday in the Tyrol, where she meets a handsome innkeeper. Overnight they fall in love, acknowledge it, and then separate forever.

The heart of the drama is really built into two fragile love scenes, and it is played sensitively by Dorothy Gish and with ardor by Francis Lederer, who formerly was quite the rage in Berlin musical comedy.

Another play worthy of some discussion is "Evensong," in which the talents of England's most intelligent actress, Edith Evans, are displayed. The play is a dramatization of Beverly Nichols's novel. It deals with an aging opera singer, and is a rather caustic study of egotism in an artist.

The Screen

THERE are a couple of movies worthy of serious attention in "Rasputin and the Empress" and "Cavalcade."

The former, which brings the three Barrymores, John, Ethel, and Lionel, together in one of the most puzzling episodes in Russian history, may be a bit beyond the interest of American audiences in theory. But those who go to see it will find their interest aroused and carried along. Furthermore, those who have had any doubts about the ability of Lionel will be convinced. His performance is magnificent.

"Cavalcade" is founded on the noted play by Noel Coward, presenting the great moments of British history since 1900, as witnessed by a single family. The production is lavish and the accuracy of detail scrupulous. Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Frank Lawton are splendid in their roles.

Sculpture

THE greatest living French sculptor is Aristide Maillol. He is old, the contemporary and rival of Rodin, but still vigorous and productive, as was quite obvious at a recent exhibition in New York.

As in the work of so many great artists, nature's always present in Maillol's heroic things. His figures

are unmistakably creatures of earth, men and women who have labored in the fields and suffered hardship.

There is a curious similarity about the female figures. They are stocky, thick, heavy. It is said in France that the only female model he used was his wife, but there is vitality, force, and power in his art along with a classical simplicity. Above all, he is an artist who has discovered nobility in the common things of life.

Books

OF THE latest books my favorite is David Garnett's "Pocahontas." There are few more moving stories in history than that of the Indian princess who was beguiled and destroyed by European civilization. Garnett tells it superbly.

"Ann Vickers" marks a departure in Sinclair Lewis's work. For the first time he writes about a character whom he admires wholeheartedly. The career of a social worker and pioneer suffragist. Easily his most appealing novel. And the social problems involved make it of particular interest to women.

"The Enchanted Winter," by "Martin Hare," introduces a new Irish novelist whose real name is Zoe Girling. She is the daughter of a rector in County Cork and not yet twenty-five. This is her first book. A quiet story of country life in Ireland during the uprising of 1922. Notable for its lyrical quality. And beautifully written.

Anthologies of poetry are seldom enjoyable. But Aldous Huxley's "Texts and Pretexts" is an exception. He brings together his favorite poems, and provides a commentary as expert as it is candid. A revelation of what great poetry can mean to the perceptive mind.

If you admire Huxley read also his introduction to the "Letters of D. H. Lawrence." A discerning account of Lawrence the man and artist. The letters are magnificent, revealing, and sometimes pathetic.



The Dance

AN EVENT of signal importance was the American debut of the Hindu dancer Uday Shan-Kar. It brought to us a very great artist. And a new field of experience.

Scholar as well as dancer, Shan-Kar seeks to interpret for Western audiences the culture of his race. Hindu music and dance make spiritual meanings explicit through patterns of motion and sound. These are, in effect, symbols. Each having a precise connotation.

Using them as a basis, Shan-Kar has composed dances which illustrate the poetic and religious ideals traditional among his people. A troupe of native musicians, many of them likewise dancers, accompany him.

Shan-Kar is one of the most remarkable dancers of our time. He has made his whole body a single responsive instrument. It modulates from one emotion to another in a disciplined flow of beautiful movement.

In some dances he wears the jeweled, embroidered raiment of a god. In others the humble tunic of a peasant. But always creates a kind of visual poetry. Movement incomparably lovely in itself. Unfolding to, and fusing with, the throbbing rhythms of Hindu music.

Hindu dancers invariably begin their training in childhood. Shan-Kar is an exception. He was in England, studying art with Rothenstein, when he was persuaded to abandon painting for the dance. By a French girl, Simone Barbier. He studied diligently. Returned to India for some years.

Later, in Europe, Simone Barbier became his pupil. Now, under the name Simkie, she dances with him. The only Occidental in his company. Following a New York season, they are touring the country.

THE GOSSIP ABOUT MRS. F.



by Timmins



People DO talk about "B.O."

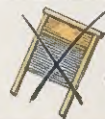
(body odor)

WHISPERS—yet what harm they can do! Ruin you socially—hold you back in business. Take no chances with "B.O." (body odor)—any time of year. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—gives extra protection. Its rich, creamy, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Lovely complexion soon

Lifebuoy does wonders for the skin. Its gentle, deep-cleansing lather frees pores of clogged impurities—brings fresh, glowing health to dull, cloudy complexions.

OUT GOES ANOTHER WASHBOARD



by Dalton Valentine



Now you can wash clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter... safely

ONCE YOU see a gleaming, snowy Rinso wash—you'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps. For only Rinso can give that amazing Rinso whiteness, and Rinso is safe for your finest cottons and linens, as well as colors. It's easy as can be on your hands, too.

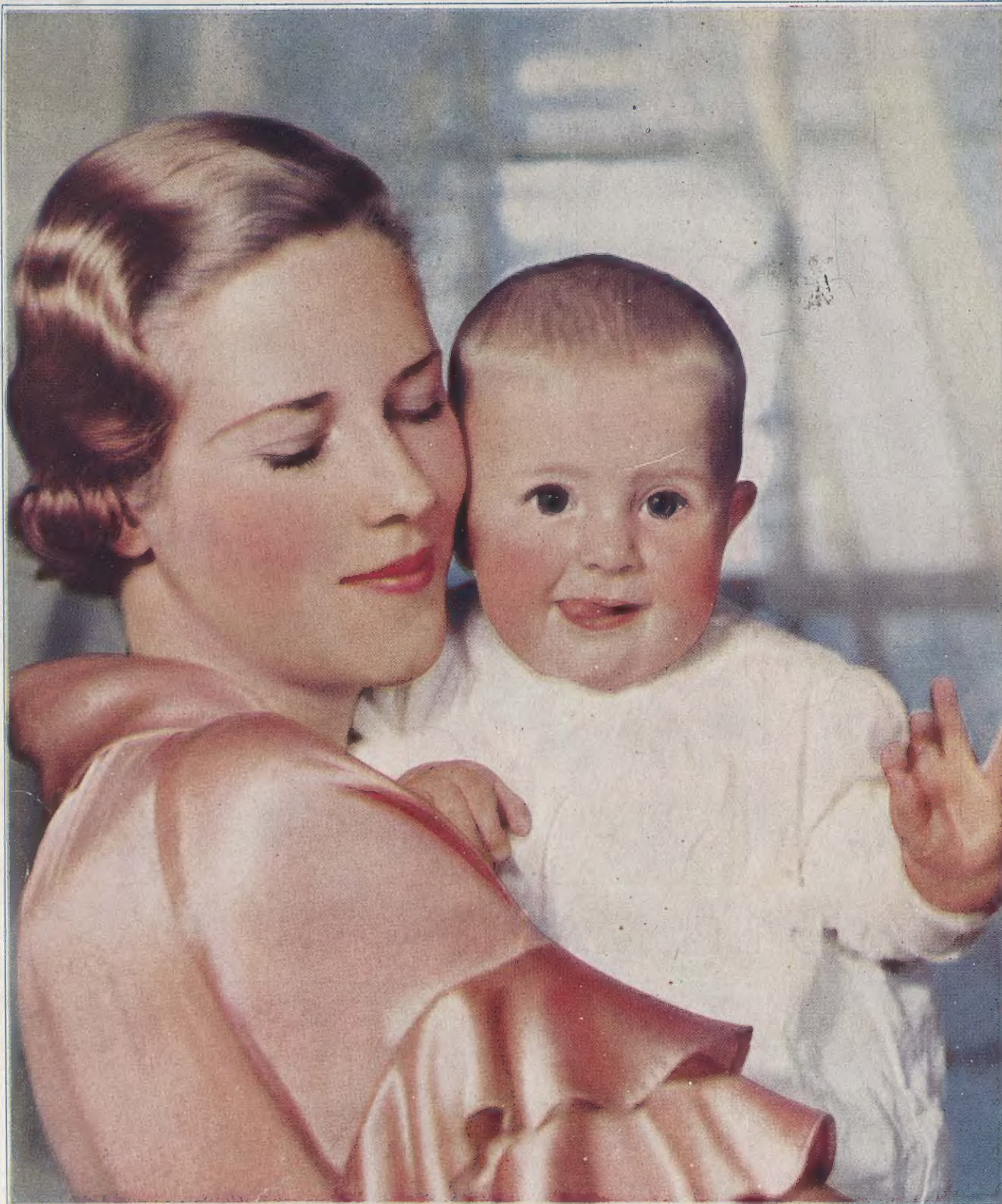
Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, in the hardest kind of water. These lively suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing. Clothes last 2 to 3 times longer.

Great suds in washers, too; the makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. And it's like magic for dishes! Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

17K/#MAC 244 #5-



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

"I'M STARTING YOUR BEAUTY PLANS NOW"

SIXTEEN years from now, Mary Ann, you'll be powdering your nose for your first real party! Now cuddle up and listen to your mother—I'll tell you why Ivory Soap will help you keep your lovely complexion!

You'd be the silliest baby alive if you didn't stay true to Ivory Soap. Why, the doctor prescribed Ivory for you when you were 48 hours

old. He knew that a sensitive skin needs a pure kind soap!

Don't let your mother find you experimenting with colored or perfumed soaps. For it's priceless to your complexion to remember that Ivory is pure. Besides, mother's own, I have proof for you that Ivory is the real beauty soap. Smooth your cheek against mine. Why,

Ivory is a beauty secret that runs in our family! It has been taking care of my complexion since I was a baby!

You're too small a chick now to realize what a clear sparkling complexion will mean to you some day. But I promise you that a lovely skin starts heart trouble with men. And if you don't believe me, ask your father!

Keep a baby-clear complexion with the baby's beauty treatment • Ivory Soap • 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

IVORY SOAP

❗ Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!